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"These books form a series constructed for the purpose of enabling teachers to bring their children up to the level of the several 'standards' appointed by the authors of the new revised code of education. They are by an author who has already done remarkable service to this good cause, and whose name would of itself be a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the books. But, not satisfied with our knowledge of this fact, we have examined very carefully these three little books. They appear to us not only admirably adapted for their purpose, but also extremely interesting in themselves. Every arrangement that can possibly smooth the path of the learner, and lighten and sweeten the labors of the teacher, has been adopted; every plan that the most considerate thoughtfulness can suggest to interest the child, while his progress is assured, has been employed; and every kind of literature that the most extensive knowledge commands has been laid under contribution by the compiler, for the benefit of the younger children. Indeed, it is both amusing and interesting to observe the very various sources from which Mr. Laurie has drawn these riches of the mind—riches for the heart as well as for the brain—from the old ballad literature of England, from the perhaps still older fairy and nursery-rhyme literature, from Southey, Wordsworth, John Bunyan, modern novelists and tale-writers, and, lastly, from a writer for children who is not the least—from himself. The prose stories are interspersed with the most charming verses and verses, such as, carried in a child's memory, must do much to cheer, to soften, and to civilize him. In one word, we cannot imagine a more excellent set of books to learn reading from; we cannot think that the path of children could be more crowded with roses, or more steeped in sunshine. A thoughtful, kindly hand leads them on, and their progress to the standards of the revised code must, with such a guide, be, instead of a toilsome journey full of obstacles to trip on and watered with tears—a jolly laughing procession of happy children. In addition to being well compiled in every respect and adapted in the highest degree to their purpose, the books are well printed, strongly and neatly bound, and remarkably cheap. We are as certain of their success as we are satisfied of their singular efficiency."—*Examiner and Times*.

"Among the numerous labourers in the book-making field, not the least eminent is Mr. J. S. Laurie, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. He had done good service to the cause of education in issuing his 'Graduated Series of Reading Lesson Books,' which was very favorably received, and has been extensively circulated; and now that he has sent forth his 'Standard Series of Cheap Reading Books, adapted to the requirements of the Revised Code,' we confidently predict a measure of success for it equal to that of its predecessor. It consists of seven volumes, beautifully printed, and strongly bound; and, as a whole, admirably adapted to elementary schools. We have seen little to equal, and nothing to surpass it for this purpose. Mr. Laurie has the inimitable art of vividly realizing the child's imagination, and effectively touching the chords of his cherished sympathies; and whether the lesson be a monosyllable narrative, or the dry subject of figures, or the more attractive exercise in geography, this scholarly teacher of the infant mind is equally at home. We cordially recommend this series of books for the use of elementary schools in Scotland, as well as in England."—*Elgin Courier*.

"The 'Standard Series of Reading Books,' six in number, is adapted to the requirements of that Revised Code of which we have heard so much lately; and we think that the editor has contrived, in a most skillful manner—by a collection of easy and interesting stories—by careful graduation of the different parts—by the introduction of written characters and figures, and by a few clever, simple lessons on number—to provide materials out of which the rising generation may pleasantly and profitably earn those grants for which managers and teachers of schools have been trembling."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & CO., 14 Ludgate Hill.

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THE 'STANDARD' SERIES
OF
ELEMENTARY READING BOOKS.

THE
SIXTH 'STANDARD' READER;

OR,
Descriptive Sketches.

BY
J. S. LAURIE,
EDITOR OF "THE GRADUATED SERIES OF READING-LESSON BOOKS," ETC.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.

—
1863.

MEMORANDUM.

Revised Code.

STANDARD VI.

READING.—A short ordinary paragraph in a newspaper, or other modern narrative.

WRITING.—Another short ordinary paragraph in a newspaper, or other modern narrative, slowly dictated once, by a few words at a time.

ARITHMETIC.—A sum in practice or bills of parcels.



GENERAL REMARKS.

A few words of explanation are necessary in order to account for the appearance, immediately after the completion of the "Graduated Series," of a new set of reading books under the superintendence of the same Editor. The two series are not rivals, nor is the one preparatory or supplementary to the other. The wants which they are designed to meet are separate and distinct.

Amongst the schools aided by public grants, there is a very large number for which the "Graduated Series" is either too expensive, or in which its adoption is rendered out of the question on account of the very brief average term of the pupils' attendance. Such schools are entirely dependent for reading books on the cheapest and shortest of the existing compilations; and are, therefore, for the most part, forced to choose from a number of compendious text-books of general information, which, whatever may be their merits, are certainly too dry and uninteresting, and too ill adapted to the wants of the youthful mind, to promote the acquirement, with anything like ease or rapidity, of the special art of *reading*. The deficiency in this respect of the books in ordinary use has, for some time, been apparent to intelligent teachers and school managers, and will still be more strikingly brought to light by the definite and practical requirements on the subject of reading which are enforced in the Revised Code. There is, indeed, no greater desideratum in the class of schools referred to than a set of books which shall be within the reach of the poorest child in the kingdom, and which shall impart a real stimulus to the study and the practice of reading; and that is the desideratum which the Editor of the present series hopes to aid in supplying. The new "Standard Readers" are constructed on the same fundamental plan as the "Graduated Series," but with a view to a less comprehensive range of mental culture; and it is intended that they should present, though within narrower limits and in a cheaper form, the same features of interest and attractiveness for the young, to which in that series so unusual a prominence is given.

The Editor's ideas of what a reading book should be, and

what it should not be, have been so fully set forth in the widely circulated prospectus of the "Graduated Series," that a repetition of them may be dispensed with. Suffice it here to state, that the main principles which have directed the compilation of "The 'Standard' Series" are these:—that the lessons should be sufficiently entertaining to enable a child to read them with pleasure; that the ideas expressed should be not only easily intelligible in themselves, but rendered perfectly clear and distinct by the employment of simple language, uninvolved grammatical constructions, short sentences, and a careful system of punctuation; that when a moral maxim is inculcated, it should be not merely sound in itself, but also capable of being genuinely appreciated by a child; and that in all except the earlier volumes, where the utmost possible variety is essential, a marked preference should be given to the narrative style, whether verse or prose. It will be found that the progression of the lessons is uniformly easy and gradual, while the arrangement aims at variety. Poetry for repetition also occupies a prominent place in *all* the volumes of the series. The different volumes are so graduated into each other, that the end of the first corresponds with the beginning of the second, and the end of the second with the beginning of the third, and so on. In short, the series has been prepared as *one* book. At the same time all the volumes have a distinctive character, each answering as nearly as may be to the stage for which it is designed, and all harmonising with the various phases through which the youthful mind passes in the process of its development.

The method according to which the columns of words in the earlier, and the meanings in the later volumes are arranged, will, it is hoped, meet with the approval of teachers, and the occasional introduction of the *script* character will doubtless be found advantageous. With regard to the typography, a point of no slight importance, it will be perceived that it is not only clear and distinct, but also that there is a gradation from what is technically called "English," in the Primer, to "Brevier" at the end of the Sixth Book, the same general character of type, however, being preserved throughout.

Strict attention has been paid to the strength of the binding. The convenient size of the books will save them much of the wear and tear to which unwieldy volumes are exposed; while the price renders it possible for each pupil to possess a copy for himself instead of sharing it (according to a common and very uneconomical practice) with another.

The Proprietor protests against all such imitations of the TITLE of this Series as are calculated to mislead the public.

PREFACE.

IN accordance with the plan of the series the contents of the present volume have been selected with a view to the fulfilment of the several conditions which are indispensable to all good reading lessons—namely, that they should be easily intelligible at the stage for which they are designed; that they should be sufficiently attractive to excite a spontaneous effort to master them; and that they should be so varied in character as to afford relief to the mind, by constantly presenting to it, at short intervals, new subjects for contemplation.

Although, in pursuance of the last of those conditions, the editor has endeavoured to make the inherent interest of each lesson the central pivot on which it should turn, he has not overlooked such branches as form what may be termed the staple of elementary instruction—such as natural history, descriptive geography, biography, history, and some of the most practical utilities of life. Without professing to have done much more than touch upon these branches of knowledge, and indicate suggestive points, he indulges the hope that the teacher, who will know how to make allowance for the necessarily limited space of such a book as the present, will find in the brief sketches here given good material upon which to base more extended supplementary information.

The lessons on the subjects alluded to are followed by a number of more purely literary and imaginative pieces, selected from some of our best prose writers. These, again, are succeeded by a series of poetical extracts for recitation. Lastly, the volume contains a motley collection of paragraphs culled from the daily papers. These are inserted by way of experiment, and not with any decided intention of retaining them permanently. Should they, however, be found to answer, on a practical trial, they will be continued, and from time to time, renewed.

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*O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it; so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education. Patience, Love, and Hope,
Methinks I see them group'd in seemly show;
The straiten'd arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.*

*O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love, too, will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit, and half-supplies:—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.*

*Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtask'd, at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both.*

COLERIDGE

THE

SIXTH 'STANDARD' READER.

IT WILL NEVER DO TO BE IDLE.

ONE day I was driven to take shelter from a rain-storm in a little hovel by the road-side—a sort of cobbler's stall. The tenant and his son were at work. After the customary greetings, I entered familiarly into talk with them—as, indeed, I always do—seeing that your cobbler is often a man of thought as well as a man of action. Before I had been with them long, the old man found that he required something for the purpose of finishing a piece of work, and sent his son out for the article. The interval was short, but it was too long for his active impatience: he became uneasy, shuffled about the room, and at last took up a scrap or two of leather, and fell to work upon them—"For," said he, "it will never do, you know, sir, to be idle—not on any pretence—I should faint away."

I happened just then to be in an impressible mood, without occupation myself, and weighed somewhat down by the want of it; accordingly the phrase, the oddness of it in the first place, and still more the sense, made a deep and lasting impression upon me.

As soon as the rain had spent itself, I went my way homeward, ruminating and revolving what I had heard, like a curious man over a riddle. I could not have occupied my thoughts better: the subject concerned me nearly—it went to the very heart of my happiness. Some people are perpetual martyrs to idleness; other have only their turns and returns of it. I was of the latter class—an impatient idler. Nevertheless, I was far on the safe side of the mischief as to feel that the words

home to me. They stung my conscience severely; they were gall and wormwood to me. Nevertheless, I dwelt so long—though, perhaps, willingly—upon the expression, that it became as it were part of me. I was in a condition to feel and revere its efficacy. I determined to make much of it; to realise it in use; to act it out. I had heard and read repeatedly that idleness is a very great evil; but the censure did not now appear to me to come up to the real truth. I began to think that it was not only a very great evil, but the greatest evil.

No man is wretched in his energy. There can be no pain in a fit; a soldier, in the full height of his spirit, and in the heat of contest, is unconscious even of a wound; the orator, in the full flow of eloquence, is altogether exempt from the gout and rheumatism. To be occupied, in its first meaning, is to be possessed as by a tenant. When the occupation is once complete, there can be no entry for any evil spirit. But idleness is emptiness: where it is, *there* the doors are thrown open, and the devils troop in.

The words of the old cobbler were oracular to me. They were constantly in my thoughts, like the last voice of his victim in those of the murderer.

It is the odds and ends of our time, its orts and offals, laid up, as they usually are, in corners, to rot and stink there, instead of being used up as they should be—these, I say, are the occasions of our moral unsoundness and corruption. A dead fly, little thing as it is, will spoil a whole box of the most precious ointment; and idleness, if it be once suffered, though but for a brief while, is sure, by the communication of its listless quality, to clog and cumber the clockwork of the whole day. It is the ancient enemy—the old man of the Arabian Tales. Once take him upon your shoulders, and he is not to be shaken off so easily. I now gained an insight into these truths, and I framed my plans upon them. I resolved that every moment should be occupied by thought, word, or act, or, if none of these, by intention. Vacancy was my only outcast—the scapegoat of my future.

For this, my purpose, I required a certain energy of will; as, indeed, this same energy of will is requisite for every other good thing of whatever sort or kind: without it we are as powerless as grubs; noisome as ditch-water; vague, loose, and changeable as the clouds above our heads. If I ever felt the approach, the

first approach, of the insidious languor, I said at once within myself, "in the next quarter of an hour I will do such and such a thing;" and *presto*, it was done, and much more than that into the bargain. My mind was set in motion, my spirits stirred and quickened, and raised to their proper height. I watched the cloud, and dissipated it at its first gathering—well knowing that, if it could grow but to the largeness of a man's hand, it would spread out everywhere, and darken the whole horizon.

Oh, that this example might be as profitable to others as the practice has been to myself! How rich would be the reward of this book, if its readers would but take it to heart in this one lesson; if the simple truth that here speaks could prompt them to take their happiness into their own hands, and learn the value of industry, not from what they may have heard of it, but because they have themselves *tried* and *felt* it! In the first place, its direct and immediate value, inasmuch as it quickens, and cheers, and gladdens every moment that it occupies, and keeps off the Evil One, by repelling him at the outposts, instead of admitting him to a doubtful, perhaps a deadly, struggle in the citadel. Again, its more remote, but no less certain value, as the mother of many virtues, when it has once grown into the temper of the mind, and become the nursing mother of many more. And if we gain so much by its exercise, how much more must we lose by its neglect! Our vexations are annoying to us—the disappointments of life are grievous—its calamities deplorable—its indulgences and lusts sinful; but our idleness is worse than all these, and more sinful than even sin itself—just as the stock is more fruitful than any branch that springs from it. In fine, do what you will, only do something, and that actively and energetically.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is neither work, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

Prov.

THE INDOLENT SCHOLAR.

I REMEMBER, when I was at school, there was a little boy whom every one nicknamed lazy Bobby. At first I could not understand why he went by that dishonorable name; for Bobby to all appearance seemed to me to be the most harmless lad in the whole school. And so indeed he was; but, as I afterwards found out, a harmless good-for-nothing is as great a pest to society as a mischievous boy any day. The one will not work at all, but the other's fault is in doing too much, although sometimes not in the right way, to be sure.

One day I came up with Bobby sauntering along by the roadside on his way to school. "Good morning, Bobby," said I; "we must make haste, it is ten minutes to nine, and we have half a mile to go." "Oh!" said he, "I can walk it in less than ten minutes, and I should like to get at those blackberries. Look at the clusters of them on that branch! You can reach them, I think, for you are taller than I." "Very gladly if I had time," replied I, "but you see we shall be late enough for school as it is."

Bobby's eye sparkled at the fruitful hedge; he gave a grumble at me, and lagged behind. I hastened with all speed, and was just in time, and glad was I, for master used to look annoyed at late-comers.

At a quarter past nine, Bobby came waddling in. "Late again, as usual," said the master; "what has kept you?" Oh! I blushed for Bobby when I heard him answer that he had to go a message for his mother, for I knew it was not the case. For the first time I observed how laziness or sloth may easily lead to deceit or falsehood.

When we were working our sums, lazy Bobby was sitting next me, and I felt a loathing at his being so near. It was very strange—and perhaps it was wrong—but I could not look at his dull and dishonest-looking eyes with any pleasure. And then he quite vexed me by looking stealthily at my slate, for I felt quite sure he was copying my work, instead of working for himself.

Now it so happened that I had done my sum wrong, and the master, in his rounds, showed me the error. When he came to

Bobby he found the same blunder, and as he had so often laid himself open to suspicion, the teacher charged him with copying from me; for how could he make precisely the same mistakes as I?

In short he could not deny the accusation, but was not candid enough to confess it. At last being pressed with a severity that I thought he richly deserved, he mumbled that the sum had been *too difficult* for him. Now Bobby had been long at school, and it need not have been a hard sum, had he been a hard worker.

This indirect confession did not, however, save him, as he vainly thought it would; for the master at once told him that that was no reason for deceiving him by presenting his neighbour's work as his own. That was a lie, and none the whiter from being a dumb one.

Having no respect for the good opinion of his master and schoolfellows, he soon lost respect for himself. First he was the laziest boy, then he was the most deceitful, and by-and-by he became the only unhappy boy of the school.

Editor.

MEANING OF "DOING."

HAVE you ever considered carefully what is the meaning of "doing" a thing?

Suppose a rock falls from a hill-side, crushes a group of cottages, and kills a number of people. The stone has produced a great effect in the world. If any one asks respecting the broken roofs, "What did it?" you say the stone did it. Yet you don't talk of the deed of the stone. If you inquire farther, and find that a goat had been feeding beside the rock, and had loosened it by gnawing the roots of the grasses beneath, you find the goat to be the active cause of the calamity, and you say the goat did it. Yet you don't call the goat the doer, nor talk of its evil deed. But if you find any one went up the rock in the night, and with deliberate purpose loosened it, that it might fall on the cottages, you say in quite a different sense, "It is his deed; he is the doer of it."

It appears, then, that deliberate purpose and resolve are

needed to constitute a deed or doing in the true sense of the word; and that when, accidentally or mechanically, events take place without such purpose, we have indeed effects or results, and agents or causes, but neither deeds nor doers.

Now, it so happens, as we all well know, that by far the largest part of things happening in practical life are brought about with no deliberate purpose. There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some, again, have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entangle them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. And most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves by waysides, so that every passer-by must be torn, and all good seed choked. All these people produce immense and sorrowful effect in the world. Yet none of them are doers; it is their nature to crush, impede, and prick, but *deed* is not in them.

We may, perhaps, expediently recollect as much of our botany as to teach us that there may be sharp and rough persons, like spines, who yet have good in them, and are essentially branches, and can bud. But the true thorny person is no spine, only an excrescence; rootless evermore—leafless evermore. No crown made of such can ever meet glory of angel's hand.

Ruskin.

OF OCCUPATION.

A good stout bodily machine being provided, we must be actively occupied, or there can be little happiness.

If a good useful occupation be *not* provided, it is so ungenial to the human mind to do nothing, that men occupy themselves *perilously*, as with gaming; or *frivolously*, as with walking up and down a street at a watering place, and looking at the passers-by; or *malevolently*, as by teasing their wives and children. It is impossible to support, for any length of time, a state of perfect idleness; and if you were to shut a man up for any length of time within four walls, without occupation, he would go mad. If idleness do not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

A stockbroker or a farmer have no leisure for imaginary wretchedness; their minds are usually hurried away by the necessity of noticing external objects, and they are guaranteed from that curse of idleness, the external disposition to think of themselves.

If we have no necessary occupation, it becomes extremely difficult to make to ourselves occupations as entirely absorbing as those which necessity imposes.

The profession which a man makes for himself is seldom more than a half profession, and often leaves the mind in a state of vacancy and inoccupation. We must lash ourselves up, however, as well as we can, to a notion of its great importance; and as the dispensing power is in our own hands, we must be very jealous of remission and of idleness.

It may seem absurd that a gentleman who does not live by the profits of farming should rise at six o'clock in the morning to look after his farm; or, if botany be his object, that he should voyage to Iceland in pursuit of it. He is the happier, however, for his eagerness; his mind is more fully employed, and he is much more effectually guaranteed from all the miseries of indolence.

Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that *he has done his best!*

Sydney Smith.

A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

RENNES, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from all parts of the country to ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice, appears impossible to the country people, who are a timid and cautious race.

A farmer, named Bernard, having come to Rennes on business, and having a few spare hours, thought he would employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of Monsieur Potier, who was in such repute that people considered a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause.

The countryman inquired for his address, and went to his

office. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time before seeing the lawyer, who gave him a seat, and asked his business.

"Why, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twirling his hat, "I have heard so much of you that I have come to Rennes to consult you."

"I thank you, my friend;—you wish to bring an action, I suppose," said the lawyer.

"An action! Oh, no. Never has Pierre Bernard had a word of anger with any one."

"Then it is a settlement, or a division of property?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and I have never had a division, save that we all draw from the well as we please."

"Well, is it to see about a purchase or a sale?" said the lawyer.

"Oh, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell!"

"Will you tell me, then, what you *do* want of me?" asked the lawyer in surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard, "I want your *advice*. I am able to pay you."

M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Pierre Bernard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was understood.

"What is your age?"

"Thirty years, or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"My vocation? (Oh, that means what I do!) I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

"Is it finished already? well and good. What is the price of that advice?"

"Three francs," replied M. Potier.

Bernard paid the money, and took his leave, greatly delighted that he had been so successful as to obtain the lawyer's advice.

When he reached home it was four o'clock. He was very tired, and determined to rest the remainder of the day. In the meantime the hay had been two days cut, and was completely

cured. One of the hired men came to ask if it should be drawn in.

"What! this evening?" cried the farmer's wife. "It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done to-morrow without injury."

The workman said the weather might change, that the team was already, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied, that the wind was in a good quarter, and that it would be dark before their work could be completed.

Bernard, hearing the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one too, that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read writing better than I."

The wife took the paper and read these words: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

His wife offered a few more objections; but he declared that he had not bought a three franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and did not return until all the hay was brought in.

The event proved the wisdom of his conduct; for the weather changed during the night; a storm burst over the valley; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and had carried away all the hay that had been left in his neighbour's fields.

The success of the first trial gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that ever after he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became one of the richest farmers in the country.

He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier, to whom he carried a pair of his finest fowls every year, as a token of his gratitude.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

HAVE you ever walked through the crowded streets of a great city?

What shoals of people are pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way without stop or annoyance.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's yielding a little.

Instead of going along with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk the streets, moves with his arms close, in the smallest possible space, his body oblique and flexible, gently yielding, now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed without touching or being touched.

He pushes no one into the gutter, nor goes into it himself. By mutual accommodation, the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faster nor much slower than those who go in the same direction. In the first case he would elbow; in the second, he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arises, from a carriage crossing, a caak being rolled, a pickpocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.

Like this is the march of life.

In our progress through the world, a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought in the first place to consider, that the road is as free for one as for another; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours.

Then, if both we and they do not yield to each other, it is clear that we must all come to a stand-still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest which we may have in view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only increase the tumult without accelerating our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, and doing everything in our power to make the journey of life easy to all our fellow-travellers as well as to ourselves.

Evenings At Home.

GHOSTS.

DR. FOWLER, Bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the Bishop with Judge Powell is recorded:—

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you have become a convert to truth; but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs, and stalking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt?"

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall, meagre personage, his locks hoary with age. He was clothed in a long, loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grisly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent. The figure advanced, staring me full in the face. I then said, 'Whence and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received:—'I am night-watchman, an't please your honor, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family that their street door was open, and that if it was not soon shut, they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

THE ENGLISH DRUMMER.

DURING the last war between the English and French, an English drummer went too near the French lines, was taken prisoner, and brought before the French general. The general knew the drummer's uniform, but suspected that he might be a spy, and determined to try him severely. "Who are you?" asked he.

"Drummer, in the service of his Majesty the King of England," replied the boy, coolly and decidedly.

"Well, then, show us how you can drum."

A drum was brought, and the little drummer beat some marches and signals; but the general was not satisfied, and ordered him to beat a retreat. The boy upon this threw down his drum, exclaiming that no English drummer knew that, nor did he wish to learn it. Such an answer pleased the general, who at once set the boy at liberty, and gave him a letter to his commander, in which he greatly praised his conduct.

GESLER AND WILLIAM TELL.

MORE than five hundred years ago, the country of Switzerland was under the Austrian government, and the people were treated little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor, and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian governors, by the name of Gesler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was of little use. They were fond of liberty, and were ready to make any sacrifice to obtain the blessings of freedom.

Gesler went so far in his tyranny, as to command his hat to be

placed on a high pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

There was, however, one noble-minded man, who was afraid neither of prison nor death, and who refused to bow to Gesler's hat. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his fellow-countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows upon his person when he was seized. Gesler told him that he had forfeited his life, and proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising that, if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; but the cruel tyrant called forward Tell's only son, a boy seven years of age, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father to shoot it off.

When Tell saw this he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string.

There was, however, no choice: he must attempt the feat or die; but that which unnerved his arm was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit *me*, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still. O father! do you not remember the weather-cock?" Tell had, on one occasion, struck off, at four successive shots, the letters N, S, E, and W, from the vane of the church-steeple. He did remember it, and the tears came into his eyes.

The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he levelled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his tears, that he could not see the apple.

The assembled spectators, of whom there were great numbers, seemed to hold their breath. At length, Tell summoned up r

his courage. He dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the arrow, and piercing the apple, cut it in two, and imbedded itself in a tree!

The spectators shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gesler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle. "Ha!" said he, "another arrow! Why that concealed weapon?" "It was destined for you," replied Tell, "if I had killed my son."

Upon this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and was hurried away to be put to death. But being a strong and resolute man, he made his escape, and fleeing away into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

But he was again taken prisoner, and put into a boat with Gesler and his men, for the purpose of rowing over one of the lakes. A violent storm arose, and Gesler, knowing that Tell was a bold and expert sailor, ordered his men to release him from his chains, that he might guide the boat safely through the storm, and save their lives.

No sooner did Tell take the command, than he steered the boat towards the shore. As soon as it reached the rock, he leaped out, before any one else could land, and snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant, and shot him dead as he sat in the boat.

After this Tell roused the people, and they soon gained their freedom; and Switzerland is a free country to this day. Tell has never been forgotten, but the people always think of him with gratitude, and consider him as the deliverer of his country.

AVARICE PUNISHED.

A GREEDY merchant in Turkey having lost a purse containing 200 pieces of gold, had it cried by the public crier, offering half its contents to whomsoever had found and would restore it. A sailor who had picked it up, went to the crier and told him that he had found it, and that he was ready to restore it on the proposed conditions. The owner having thus learned where his purse was,

thought he would try to get it back without losing anything. He therefore told the sailor that if he wished to get the reward, he must restore also a valuable emerald which was in the purse. The sailor declared that he had found nothing in the purse except the money, and refused to give it up without the reward.

The merchant went and complained to the *cadi*, who summoned the sailor to appear, and asked him why he kept the purse he had found.

"Because," replied he, "the merchant has promised a reward of 100 pieces, which he now refuses to give, under pretence that there was a valuable emerald in it, and I solemnly declare that I found nothing in the purse but gold."

The merchant was then desired to describe the emerald, and how it had come into his possession; which he did,—but in so confused a manner that the *cadi* was convinced of his dishonesty. He accordingly gave the following judgment:—"You have lost a purse with 200 pieces of gold and a valuable emerald in it; the sailor has found one with only 200 pieces in it: therefore it cannot be yours. You must then have yours cried again, with a description of the precious stone." "You," said the *cadi* to the sailor, "will keep the purse during forty days without touching its contents, and if, at the end of that time, no person shall have justified a claim to it, you may justly consider it yours."

THE FIERY TORCH, OR ANCIENT TELEGRAPH.

LONG ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, there were chiefs who had each a large extent of country under their authority. The people were arranged in clans, and were subject to these chiefs, and bound to come at their call, and to fight under them against any enemy. Each chief was a little king in his own country. There were often feuds amongst the clans. One chief with his clan would invade the boundaries of another, and carry off cattle and other things he could lay his hands upon. This caused a retaliation; and often the feud was handed down from generation to generation. Many a terrible battle there was; many a noble-hearted clansman fell, and many a lovely glen was filled with wailing and woe.

It was sometimes necessary to call the clan together in great haste. Another clan would make a foray into the district, and they must be met, else they would lay all waste with fire and sword. On such an occasion, or on any other that required an immediate muster of the clan, the chief slew a goat, and making a cross of light wood, burnt the ends of it in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the goat. This was called the *fiery cross*, or the *cross of shame*. It was given into the hand of a swift messenger, who ran with it, at full speed, to the next hamlet, where he gave it to the principal person, with a single word, telling where the clan was to assemble. The person who got it was bound to tell it to all in the locality, and to send it forward to the next village or cluster of houses; and thus it went on, the bearer telling as he went the place of rendezvous. In this way, the whole district of country could be roused in a very short time.

At sight of the fiery cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, was obliged to hasten to the place appointed, fully armed. If any one failed to appear, and could not give a sufficient reason, shame rested on him, and he was doomed to the extremities of fire and sword, which were indicated by the blood and burnt marks upon the cross. Generally the answer to such a call was given at once, and most heartily; and the chief soon found himself at the head of his whole clan, ready to go or do what he required of them.

AN EMPEROR TURNED PHYSICIAN.

It is pretty well known that the Emperor Joseph the Second, of Austria, was a wise and a liberal man; but few people are aware that he once played the part of a physician, and that with distinguished success. This is all the more surprising, seeing that he had had no medical training. The following is a description of the case:—

A poor widow, feeling very ill, said to her little boy, "Hans, my dear, go and fetch a doctor; I fear I am dying, and ought not to go longer without medical help." Hans went to the first doctor, and then to the second, but neither would come; for you must know, that in Vienna the smallest fee of a medical man is a

florin. The boy had nothing to offer but tears, which few persons—and the fewer the greater's the pity—are disposed to accept in lieu of "filthy lucre." On his way to a third doctor—his last chance—the boy noticed a gentleman driving slowly past him in an open carriage. The boy knew none but a man of wealth could afford so handsome an equipage, though it did not enter his head that the gentleman before him was the emperor. However, he took heart, and thought "I shall try."

"Sir," said he, approaching the carriage, "pray do give me a florin." The emperor thought, "A cool beggar this! But he is of a practical turn; he has probably calculated that if he gets a florin at once, he will be saved the trouble of asking for twenty-four pence successively." "What say you to sixpence or a shilling?" smilingly asked the emperor. "No! that would be of no use," said the little boy; and he told the emperor for what purpose he wanted the florin. Willingly did the emperor give him the florin, but not before Hans had told him his mother's name and address.

Whilst the little boy is continuing his search for the third doctor, and the sick widow at home is praying to God not to forsake her, the emperor drives to the lodgings indicated. On entering the little room, which looked as clean as it was poor, he stepped to the bedside of the patient. The widow, taking him for the doctor, told him all about her complaint, and how she was unable to take proper care of herself. The emperor said, "I must write a prescription for you." She told him where the boy's inkhorn and pens were. He wrote out the prescription, and desired her to be very particular about sending her boy as soon as he came back to the address he had put down, and left her.

He had not long been gone when the real doctor arrived. The woman was astonished on hearing who he was. She said there must be some mistake, for a doctor had been with her already, and she had only been waiting for her boy to send him with the prescription to the chemist's. The doctor, on hearing this, took up the slip of paper to see what medicine his supposed colleague had prescribed. Judge of his surprise when he found it to be a bank-cheque. He exclaimed, "My good woman, you could not have fallen in with a better med-

adviser ; he has prescribed for you ten guineas, to be paid to the bearer at the bank, and signs himself Joseph. Do you know who it is ? Such balm for sore hearts and aching limbs I could not have prescribed for you."

The poor widow looked up to the sky speechless, she was so overcome with feelings of thankfulness. The money was duly paid on receipt of the cheque, and the nourishing diet which the poor woman was now enabled to indulge in soon restored her to health.

She married again, and lived happy and comfortable ; while she had the satisfaction of seeing her boy grow up into an honest and well-to-do mechanic.

From the German.

TRUE BLOOD.

A CERTAIN good King had a son, whose mind was so contrary to that of his father, that he despised all those who were beneath him, thinking himself better than they were. Those whom fortune had placed under him seemed to him unworthy of his notice, or fit only to be the slaves of his will. Unfortunately his education had been left to men who had not had enough of courage to correct his quick and haughty temper, and he arrived at the age of manhood with a character and opinions which, if ever he came to reign, would change his faithful subjects to enemies, and make his throne a seat of thorns instead of roses.

At length the Prince married a foreign Princess and became a father, and the King, by the advice of one of his faithful courtiers, thought this a favorable opportunity to give him a lesson on the nobility of birth. For this purpose, the morning after his child was born, another infant of the same age, dressed exactly in the same manner, was placed in the cradle by the side of it.

The Prince, on rising, went to see his little son ; but what was his surprise on finding two children resembling each other so much, that he could not distinguish his own ! He called the servants, and finding them equally embarrassed, he gave way to his rage, vowing that they should all be discharged, and severely punished. The King, his father, arrived at the same

instant, and hearing the complaints of the Prince, he said smilingly to him, "How is it possible you should mistake and not recognise your own child? Is there any other of such noble blood? can any other child resemble him so as to deceive you? Where then is your natural superiority?" Then taking the infant Prince in his arms, he said, "This, my son, is your child; but I should not have been able to distinguish him from the other little innocent, if precautions had not been taken, by tying a ribbon around his leg. In what then, I ask you again, consists our superiority? It arises only from good conduct and good fortune."

The Prince blushed, owned he was wrong, and promised to entertain more philanthropic sentiments; but the King, fearing he might relapse, took an opportunity of giving him another lesson. One day, the Prince being ill, the doctor advised him to be bled, and having to bleed one of the pages on the same day, the King ordered the blood to be preserved in separate bowls.

A few hours after, when his son was with him, the King sent for the doctor, and having ordered the two bowls to be brought, desired him to examine the blood, and tell him which was the purest. The doctor, pointing to one of the bowls, said, "That is far more pure than the other."

"That blood," said the King to his son, "was taken from the veins of your page. It appears purer than yours, because, no doubt, he lives more simply, and obeys the laws of nature. You see then that by birth all men are equal; they become greater in proportion as they improve their minds and make themselves useful to mankind."

A SPIDER'S WEB.

"Did you see the whole process of making the web from beginning to end?"

"Yes, and I will tell you how it was. The spider first made three long lines of silk in the shape of a triangle, and fastened them firmly at the three corners. Two corners were fastened to opposite parts of the woodwork of the green-house, and the thi-

corner to a tall spike of blossoms of a plant, which was quite pulled out of shape by it.

"Then the spider began making a line across the triangle, which she did by fastening her silk to one side, and then walking along the triangle till she came to the place opposite; and as she walked, the silk still came out of her spinners. She held it away from the triangle with one of her feet until she was at the right spot to fasten it, and then she pulled it into the right length, and made it very firm.

"When she had got this one line across, she very soon made others; and she had a nice way of marking out the place where all the lines were to meet."

"What way was that?"

"She put a little bit of white flossy silk in the middle of the line, and then, wherever she was, she could see where to come. So she made a great many lines, all meeting at the white spot in the middle, and looking like the spokes of a wheel.

"After that, she began the prettiest part of her work; for she walked round and round, where all the spokes met, drawing her thread after her, and fastening it to every spoke. At first it was very easy work for her, because the spokes were so near together that she could easily step from one to another; but as she made larger and larger rounds, she could not step across, but was obliged to run down the spoke a little way and fasten her thread, and then come back again, and walk along the line to the next spoke.

"I wondered very much why she made her outer rounds so wide apart as not to be able to reach from one to the other; but I saw the reason of it when she came to the last of them; for then, after waiting an instant to rest herself (poor thing!), she turned round, and went back again, spinning a new bright thread, and filling up all those wide spaces. The old thread served her for a scaffolding, so that she got on much better going back. She was very careful to measure the distance between every round! It was just the length of her leg between one round and another. That was at the outside, but she made it closer in the middle.

"Another very curious thing she always did just as she fastened her line to the spoke, and that was, she pressed her foot upon it,

and stretched it a little to prevent its straining too tight. I think this helped to keep the web in its beautiful shape.

"She then settled down on the spot in the middle, and did not move for some time. But at last she began biting off all the little threads that held the bit of floss silk in the middle, and then she rolled it up in a ball, leaving a small round place in the middle of the web without any lines at all in it."

"And what did she do with the ball of silk?"

"She seemed to gather it up under her body; but I suppose she must have been holding it in her mouth; for while I was looking, a fly was caught in her web, and as she was running towards the fly, she let fall the ball of silk. The fly struggled, and tore the new web, but the spider soon mended it again, though not very cleverly, for you could see where it was joined. She filled up the space in the middle, too, after a time, and made it all complete."

"No doubt you saw how the fly was secured?"

"Yes; the spider rolled it up in its silky film till it could not move its legs or wings, and then left it, not being hungry I suppose."

First Steps to General Knowledge.

THE SPIDER.

THE treach'rous spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly;
Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

Dryden.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

UPON the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain Spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of so-

giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with embrasures and palisades. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below. At length it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering Bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went. Humming about awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the Spider's citadel, which, yielding to his weight, sank down to the very foundation. . . . Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The Spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching her final dissolution. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. . . . Meanwhile the Bee had freed himself, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the Spider, beholding the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, was very nearly at his wits' end; he stormed like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst.

At length, casting his eye upon the Bee, and wisely gathering causes from effects (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy! is it you that has made this litter here? Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you." . . . "Good words, friend," said the Bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll); "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more. I never was in such a pickle since I was born." . . .

"Sirrah," replied the Spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." . . . "I pray have patience," said the Bee, "or you'll waste your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all toward the repair of your house." . . .

"Rogue, rogue," replied the Spider, "methinks you should

have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your better." "By my troth," said the Bee, "the comparison is a very good jest; and you will do me a favor by letting me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute."

At this the Spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with the resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without regard to the answers or objections of his opponent; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by comparing myself with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance?—born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the Bee, "to hear you grant at least that I have come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. . . . I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, as to you and your skill in building, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter as well as method and art. . . . You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and though I would by no means less-

or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I fear, you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. . . . So that, in short, the question comes all to this—whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, with a lazy contemplation of four inches round, produces nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.”

Swift.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing the whole family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, “Don’t give too much for the whistle;” and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favors, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, “This man gives too much for his whistle.”

When I saw another full of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; “He pays indeed,” say I, “too much for his whistle.”

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; "Poor man," say I, "you do indeed pay too dear for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations ; "Mistaken man," say I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison ; "Alas !" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband ; "What a pity it is," say I, "that she has paid so much for a whistle."

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

Franklin.

THE HUMANE AND COURAGEOUS PEASANT.

A DESTRUCTIVE inundation occurred, several years ago, in the northern part of Italy, in consequence of an excessive fall of snow upon the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw. The river Adige was swollen to such a degree, that it carried away the greater part of the stone bridge near Verona.

The middle of the bridge only remained ; and upon this portion of it stood the house of the toll-gatherer, who, with his family, was thus imprisoned by the stream, and was in momentary expectation of being carried away.

They were discovered from the shore, stretching forth their hands, imploring aid, while fragments of the arch were continually dropping into the impetuous torrent. A gentleman who was witnessing their perilous position, held out a purse of gold, as a reward to any one who would take a boat and rescue the unfortunate family.

But so great was the danger of being swept away by the force of the current, or crushed by the falling fragments, that not one of the vast number of spectators had the courage to attempt the exploit.

A peasant passing by, was informed of the promised reward. Instantly springing into a boat, he seized the oars, and by a masterly and skilful effort reached the middle of the river, and brought the boat under the pier of the bridge, where the terrified family were anxiously waiting his approach.

By means of a rope suspended from the top of the arch, the whole family safely descended into the boat. "Courage," cried the peasant; "now you are safe!" By a still more masterly outlay of strength, and skill in managing the boat, he brought them all in safety to the shore.

"Courageous man!" exclaimed the gentleman, presenting him the purse; "here is your promised reward." "I never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labors afford a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this unfortunate family who have lost their all."

THE IRISHMAN AND THE HARE.

AN Irishman was once employed by a gentleman at Hampstead to carry a living hare as a present to one of his friends in London. It was put into a bag, and he set off. Hampstead being about five miles from London, the Irishman stopped half-way at an inn to refresh himself. Some wags who happened to be there, finding what he had in the bag, took it into their heads to play him a trick. So one of them, while the others kept him talking, took out the hare, and put in a cat instead.

Having refreshed himself, the Irishman started with his load. On arriving in London, he said to the gentleman, "Sir, my master has sent you a live hare."

"Very well," said he, "let us see it." He then opened the sack, and, to his great surprise, out leaped a cat.

"Now then," said Paddy, "it was a hare at Hampstead, for I saw it put into the bag."

"Go back, go back," said the gentleman, "they are making a fool of you."

Paddy took up the bag, and trotted off again towards Hampstead, stopping on his return at the same inn. There he told his adventure, to the amusement of those who had played him the trick. Well, what did they do but take out the cat and replace the hare; and the simple Irishman set off again for Hampstead.

On reaching home, he said to his master, "Sir, do you know that you have sent a cat instead of a hare?"

"Go along, you stupid fellow," replied the gentleman.

"Well then, believe your own eyes." On saying which he opened the bag, and out leaped the hare.

The Irishman could scarcely believe his eyes, and appeared for some moments dumb with fear. At length he exclaimed, "Bless me! here is a beast that is a hare at Hampstead and a cat at London!"

A CHINESE CLOCK.

ONE day, a French traveller in China met, near a farm, a young lad, who was taking a buffalo to graze. He asked him carelessly as he passed whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. "The sky is so cloudy," said he; "but wait a moment."

With these words he ran towards the farm, and came back in a few minutes with a cat in his arms. "Look here," said he, "it is not noon yet," and he showed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands.

The traveller looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest; and the cat, though not much pleased, behaved with the greatest patience.

Would you have believed that pussy was a clock? - The pupil of her eye, it seems, gets constantly narrower till twelve o'clock, when it becomes like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn straight down across the eye. After twelve the line begins to widen again.

GENEROSITY.

A GENTLEMAN, being at Marseilles, hired a boat with the intention of sailing for pleasure. He entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the boat, and learned that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. The gentleman expressed his surprise at their conduct, imputing it to an avaricious disposition. "Oh, sir," said the young men, "if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth, and purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary; but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word that he has luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity; but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. He adds, that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented; that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit of. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving, by every honest means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen."

The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present. Some months afterwards, the young men being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their father, who threw himself into their arms. At the same time he expressed his fears they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, stating the sum remitted to Tripoli for the

old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu.

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

I AM now in a cheerful mood, and will therefore relate to you my uncle's account of the man in the fustian jacket, as near as I can remember, in his own words:—

It is an excellent thing for man to be diligent in what he undertakes. If business is to answer, it must be attended to. If a plan is to succeed, it must be followed up with spirit.

You shall have an instance of this. I will tell you of the man in the fustian jacket.

Soon after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my little garden to the front, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. "You have a pretty little garden here, sir," said he, "and it looks all the better for the fresh paint on the railings. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colors of any kind, I should be very happy to supply you. I have ivory black, drop black, blue black, and lamp black; very good browns, purples, Spanish, and Vandyke; and though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I am famous for my gamboge, king's yellow, and chrome yellow; and as for vermilion, both English and Chinese, white lead and flake white, Brunswick green, emerald green, and mineral green, there is none better than mine to be had."

No sooner had I told him that no color of any kind was wanted by me, than he thanked me civilly, again spoke of my pretty garden, and went on. "I wish," thought I, rather hastily, "that he would keep his gamboge, king's yellow, and his vermilion to himself; what do I want with his colors?"

The very next morning, as I stood in my little garden, again came the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a large jar. "How nice and fresh the shower last night has made your garden, sir," said he. "I am taking a jar of my neat's-foot oil to one of yo

neighbours. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, linseed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence, in flasks, I shall be happy to serve you; I live only just round the corner."

"What does the man mean?" said I to myself, when he had gone; "pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil. I want none of it. I am not to be compelled against my will, I suppose, to buy his greasy oils. Why cannot the man keep quiet?"

"Rather warm, sir," said the man in the fustian jacket, as he paused for a moment, on passing by in the middle of the same day.

"Rather warm, sir; not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to that house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts, olives, both French and Spanish, onions, gherkins, walnuts, French beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir—only three doors round the corner."

"Yes," thought I, "you live handy enough to torment me. One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time hence, I promise you. I begin to be sadly out of temper."

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. "Almost time to light up, sir," said he. "I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of moulds at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa-nut, composite, and metallic wicks excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner."

Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking to me; but when he was gone I gave way sadly. "He will be a daily plague to me," said I, "and I wish that I had never come into the neighbourhood, or that he and his tallow candles were a hundred miles off."

I was pulling up a weed or two on the following day in

my little garden, as Betty came out to the door with her broom to sweep the steps, and at the same instant I heard the voice of the man in the fustian jacket, who, as usual, was on his way to take some article or other to his customers. "You deserve a garden, sir," said he, "for you keep it so nice and tidy. Your girl, there, knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds,—best shoe brushes in sets, scrubbing brushes, stove, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat brushes, as well as thrum mops, and hemp and wool mats. I supply everything in the kitchen way,—housemaids' gloves, blacklead, servant's friend, bee's-wax, turpentine, scouring paper, emery, fuller's earth, whiting, pipeclay, paste in pots, hearthstones, knife bricks, mason's dust, firewood, and matches. I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner?"

"Yes, you did tell me," thought I; "and I have a great mind to tell *you* something. Hardly can I stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a long list of oils, pickles, candles, and kitchen articles; but one thing I am determined on, and that is, that neither oil, pickle, candle, nor kitchen article, from your shop, shall ever come into my house."

From that time not a single day passed without my seeing, and hearing too, the man in the fustian jacket. He seemed not only always ready to catch me in my garden, but always ready to take advantage of any little circumstance that occurred. At one time, coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he thought it a very fine one, and told me that he kept the best sauces, and indeed sauces of all kinds,—anchovy, Burgess' essence, catchup, mushroom, walnut, Indian soy, and currie powder; as well as all kinds of spices, nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace, peppers, both black, cayenne, Chili, long, and white. At another time, when I had hung up my canary in the front, there he stood by the gate calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold bird seeds of every sort, and bird's sand. On a third occasion he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post-office with a letter: "We are both on the same errand, sir," said he, "for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed by my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes;" and then he failed not to tell me that he sold writing-paper, good ink, sealing-wax and wafers, and excellent black

lead pencils, not forgetting to remind me, as before, that his shop was no distance from my house, being only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, when at home in my garden, or walking abroad, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he enumerated the articles he sold, and again he informed me that he lived just round the corner.

Man is a changeable creature, and, in many respects, it is well that he is so; for if all his angry feelings and unjust opinions were to remain ever the same, he would be more unlovely than he now is. In my anger, I thought unjustly of the man in the fustian jacket; but, in a little time, my anger passed away, for he turned out to be an honest, industrious, kind-hearted, and benevolent man. True it is that he pursued his business with more ardor than tradesmen usually do; but then he was attentive, punctual, and as upright in executing his orders as he was active in obtaining them. His perseverance prevailed: I tried him—made inquiries about him—liked him; and at last so heartily respected him, that, from that time to this, all the colors, oil, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, bird seed, writing-paper, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, and black-lead pencils, that I have required, have been bought of him, nor have I ever once regretted the circumstance of his shop being only three doors round the corner.

Old Humphrey's Half-hours.

THE RAPIDS.

I REMEMBER riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turmoil which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river: it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the

silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The *rapids* are below you." "Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Haste away!"

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The *rapids* are below—are below you." "Ha, ha! Never fear! Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current. On! on!"

"Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! beware! The *rapids* are below you." Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick, quick!—pull for your lives!—pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah, ah! it is too late. Shrieking hopelessly, over you go.

Thousands go over "rapids" every year, heedless of the still small warning voice.

Gough.

GIVE WISELY.

ONE evening a short time since, the curate of B——, a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family, who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking with sorrow how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues. "A pretty business this, Monsieur!" cried the housekeeper when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a sur'

looking man, dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the Diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box, directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and taking the box from the man, who at his approach civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him posssssed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger. He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of a paper, on which were written the following words:—

"To Monsieur the Curate of B——."

"A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848."

"Charles F——,"

*"Formerly Serjeant-Major in the ——th regiment;
now a gold-digger in California."*

On the 23th of August, 1848, the curate was, on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier, with a haggard countenance and wild bloodshot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him, and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate, fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money that had been entrusted to him as serjeant-major of his company. This avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew ——."

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully spent.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but, by the grace of God, you will change your habits; you will work diligently, and some day you will return me this money, which indeed belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause said—

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and gravy soup.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again."

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine; and you must lay in plenty of flannel and clothing for our old men and women, Nanette!"

Household Words.

THE GUERRILLA CHIEF.

"Who were the Guerrillas?"

"Bands of armed Spanish peasants, who kept up a constant war against the French invaders of their country. They would issue forth from their hiding-place in the mountains in small parties,

cut off any Frenchmen who were not strong enough to resist their attack; seize supplies of provisions for the garrison; and then quickly disappear, only to come together again at some new point, and attempt some fresh outrage. I cannot describe to you the cunning, the vengeance, and the boldness of these men. 'Forest flies,' they were called, to express the constant way in which they annoyed their enemies, and the ease with which they eluded them. The greater part of them had in some way been injured by the invasion. Their houses had been burnt, their dearest relations slain, their prospects altogether ruined, and their revenge was deep and deadly. If French prisoners fell into their hands, they murdered them without scruple."

"How shocking! and I suppose the French did the same?"

"Yes, when they could; but the guerrillas were generally so secure in their mountain fastnesses that to capture any was a matter of great difficulty. Should you like to hear a story of one who was made prisoner?"

"Oh, yes! very much. What was his name?"

"His name was Vincente Moreno, and he was a guerrilla chief. But he had not disgraced himself by such crimes and cruelties as some others had committed; he was a brave, generous, noble-minded patriot; he fought only for the freedom of his country. Leaving his retreat in the mountains of Ronda one morning, in order to gain tidings of the enemy's movements, he was surprised by a party of French, taken prisoner, and taken to Granada. When brought before the French general, his step was as firm, and his air as calm, as if he stood at that moment free on his native mountains. The general, struck by his noble appearance and fearlessness, at once resolved, if possible, to induce him to enter the French service. 'Spaniard,' he said, 'you have been found in arms against your king, and that crime deserves death. What have you to say why you should not suffer it?'

"Moreno smiled in scorn. 'Joseph Bonaparte is not my king,' he replied, 'therefore am I free from the crime of treason.'

"'He is the king appointed by the emperor to rule over Spain, and, as such, demands your allegiance.'

"'Which he will never have,' quietly replied the Spaniard.

"'Then death is your fate!'

"Be it so; I have faced death more than once."

"Death by hanging!" said the general.

"The guerrilla chief slightly started. He had thought of this before, but he spoke not.

"Bethink you," continued the general, who really desired to save the life of this brave man, if possible; "bethink you of that shameful end to your career! You are brave and bold, and in the prime of life; do not throw that life away through obstinacy. You may yet command men as brave as yourself, and win honor and glory on the battle-field."

"How?" said Moreno, fixing his piercing glance on the general.

"By entering into the service of the emperor."

"Scorn flashed from the chief's dark eyes. 'I little thought such a proposal would ever have been made to Vincente Moreno,' he replied; 'but I am a prisoner. The emperor! the man who has carried desolation into the hearts and homes of Spain, and steeped our land in misery!'

"The French general thought he had gone too suddenly to the point at which his wishes aimed; and he now tried to calm the anger of the chief, while he held forth tempting promises of wealth and honor. It was in vain; the patriot was unmoved by his offers, and after some time was taken back to his dungeon cell.

"But again and again was his life offered to him, if he would enter into the service of Napoleon. A free pardon, wealth, honor, should be his, if he would take up arms against his country.

"Never!" replied the guerrilla chief; "death would be before such baseness." The appointed day arrived, and the brave Moreno was led to the scaffold. But here a hard trial awaited him. The French general, still anxious to save his life, had given orders that his wife and four children should be brought to him on the fatal spot, to see if their entreaties could shake his firmness. Throwing themselves on their knees before the chief, they besought him, with tears and prayers, to accept the offers made to him. "Oh, my husband, have pity on us!" said the weeping wife, "have pity on your children! Vincente, my noble Vincente! take the life that is offered you, for our sakes!"

"And on what terms would you have me take it, Nina?"

replied Moreno; 'on those of dishonor? No; were it possible I could be so base, you would cease to respect me—I should cease to respect myself. Farewell, Nina! Leave me now, my wife, and teach my sons to remember the example I am about to give them, and to serve their country, as I have done, honorably and faithfully to the last. Farewell, my children! remember the last words of your father—War against the tyrant! Freedom for our country, our religion, and our king, Ferdinand!'

“‘There was lustre on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye;
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.’

“And Vincente Moreno, the guerrilla chief, perished on the scaffold.”
Stories from European History.

THE LOST LAMBKIN.

THERE never was a sweeter creature than dear little golden-haired Flora Campbell, with her light, fairy footsteps, rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes. How lovely she looked, as she bounded over the green hills in the morning, or sat by the lake side at the quiet twilight!

Her heart was all sunshine, and her thoughts pure and fresh as the flowers she twined in her shining tresses. She prattled with the flowers, the streamlets, and the birds; and her clear, ringing voice was heard at daybreak amid the heaths and lawns, when the shepherds led forth their flocks. All loved the gentle child; for she was kind and tender-hearted.

But where is Flora Campbell. The twilight is falling over the mountains, and shutting in the vales, like a grey curtain. One by one the bright stars appear in the summer sky, and twinkle amid the evening clouds. Flora was not wont to linger so long from her grandfather's dwelling; for now the evening meal was being spread, and the cottage lamps lighted.

The aged man clasped his hands and said a short prayer, while his daughter, the mother of Flora, looked anxiously out of the window for her child's return.

But all was hushed when Gaffer Campbell came from his cottage, inquiring of the villagers if they had seen his grandchild. One said he had seen her far up in the mountains, plucking wild flowers and weaving them into a garland; another had seen her in the path to the Moss Glen, sitting by the way-side, plaiting a willow basket for her grandfather; and a third had seen her seated with a basket of flowers, near the head of the lake.

"But we must seek Flora immediately," exclaimed several youths. "Ah me, Gaffer Campbell!" said a white-haired old shepherd, "I feared something; for the youngest lambkin of my flock was lost to-day, and it is a bad omen, they say." "Heaven grant that my poor lambkin be safe!" said Gaffer Campbell, solemnly.

The villagers now dispersed in the various paths leading to the mountains, the forest, and the lake; and soon torches gleamed upon the heights, and among the trees, and flashed brightly over the water. Up and down, along the stream, and through the woods, went the young men, calling, "Flora! Flora!" But no one answered.

Gaffer Campbell leaned upon his staff, and spoke not a word. He could not weep; for his heart was too full. But the mother of Flora wept, repeating aloud the name of her child.

The village pastor now approached. He had heard that Flora was missing, for every house had been searched within the hour, and he came to console the bereaved friends. "Fear not, daughter," said he, "Flora will return."

"Ah, she is lost—she is lost to me!" exclaimed the mother. "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will protect your sweet child," answered the aged pastor. "Fear not."

And as the good man spoke, the loud barking of a dog was heard from the depths of Moss Glen, and lights appeared passing quickly down the valley.

With trembling yet hurried step, the pastor and Gaffer Campbell took their way to the deep glen. But the mother of Flora passed them, and ran wildly down the narrow path. Louder and louder was heard the barking of the dog from the thick gloom in which the vale was shrouded.

They reached the brink of the wide ravine or chasm, called the "Deer's Mouth," and paused near a group of villagers, who,

with torches in their hands, were listening eagerly to catch the baying of the hound.

Again it came, low and deep, seemingly from the gulf beneath them. They bent with their torches over the edge of the precipice, and strove to look down; but all was dark and silent, except the barking of the dog, now quick and sharp.

"We must go down," cried a young man, pressing forward. "That's Louth's bark, and he knows Flora as well as we do. Run, Donald, for ropes!"

A half a dozen lads started together at this bidding, and soon long ropes were brought and held by strong men, while the youth prepared to descend.

"Take heed, Christie," said the white-haired old shepherd. "Remember the omen, my lad—the youngest lambkin of my flock was lost to-day, and I fear more evil."

"Fear nothing for me, father," cried the young man, swinging himself into the dark gulf from the edge of the rock.

Down, down the youth was lowered, starting the birds from their nests under the cliffs, and brushing the twining ivy from the sides of the rock. At last he reached the bottom, and the noble dog sprang toward him, barking loud and joyfully.

The glare of the torch which the young man held flashed around and lighted up every object. There, upon a thick bed of moss, lay Flora Campbell, holding in her white arms, and close to her bosom, a young lamb.

Christie stooped and gazed at her. She breathed calmly, and he knew she was sleeping. He glanced at the little lamb, and saw that one of its legs was bandaged with a ribbon from the child's hat. Then he looked up, and shouted aloud, "Flora's safe!"

The shout was echoed so loudly and gladly that it awoke the young girl from her slumber. She looked around, and knew the youth. "Dear Christie," she said, "I am *so* glad you have come! Now we will save your lamb."

The villagers soon learned all. Flora had seen the young lamb where it had fallen at the bottom of the Deer's Mouth, and saw that one of its legs was broken. She had gone down from ledge to ledge of the chasm, clinging to the ivy, not thinking of danger; she had bound up the lambkin's broken leg with her

bonnet ribbon, and held the little sufferer in her arms; and, being weary, had fallen asleep upon the bed of moss.

Joyful and happy were her mother and grandfather when they were told of Flora's safety. Christie's father blessed the fair child, and gave her the lambkin which she had rescued. And often afterward might Flora be seen bounding over the green hills with her pet frisking by her side; and whenever she appeared, the villagers would smile and say, "Heaven bless the darling child!"

THE LITTLE DUTCH HERO.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose work it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as a cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night. Were this forgotten, the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and flood the whole country: so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

The boy was about eight years old when one day he asked leave to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father let him, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories; but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full—for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters—the road gradually became more lonely, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage-home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer

to be heard. The night was falling; not, however, a dull, murky, night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights in which every object is seen, though not as plainly as by day. The child thought of his father's order, and was preparing to quit the ravine, in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. Being near one of the large sluices, he carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was then only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would follow from the flood. To see—to throw away the flowers—to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment; and to his delight he found that he had stopped the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly: no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night; but, alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear; but still the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not; for he knew that if he removed the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbours—nay, the whole village.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage, there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is, that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and, bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am keeping the water from running out," was the answer of the child, who during that whole night had been acting with such noble and true courage.

History has not left us the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

Boys' Magazine.

THE HONEY-BIRD, OR BEE-CUCKOO.

THIS interesting little creature is a native of Africa, and in size and form resembles the sparrow. It is remarkable for its faculty of discovering the nests or hives of wild bees.

It feeds on honey and young bees; but as the hives or nests are built in hollow trees, crevices of the rocks, or holes in the ground, the honey-bird cannot get them without assistance; so it calls to its aid the little quadruped, called the ratel, or honey-badger: it also seeks the assistance of man.

The honey-bird first finds the hive, and then comes forth with its peculiar cry of *Cheer up! Cheer up!* to gain the attention of its fellow-plunderers. If any one follows, the cunning little creature flies on slowly, often repeating its cry of *Cheer up! Cheer up!* leading on toward the hive which it has found, and wishes to plunder.

The natives, Caffres and Hottentots, are very careful not to frighten their guide by any unusual noise, or by going in too great numbers; but one or two go quietly forward, and answer it now and then with a very gentle whistle, by way of letting it know its call is not unheeded.

Sparrman, a traveller, who observed its habits very closely, says:—"I noticed, when the bees' nest was at a great distance, the bird, for the most part, made long flights, waiting for the pursuers, and often calling them to come on again. But it flew shorter distances, and repeated its cry with greater earnestness, as it approached the nest.

"I also saw, with utter surprise, that when, by reason of its great impatience, the bird had gone too far a-head of its followers, or when the roughness of the way prevented them from going as fast as usual, it would fly back to meet them, and,

with redoubled cries, denoting great impatience, would upbraid them for being so tardy.

"Finally, when it has arrived at the nest, whether built in the cleft of a rock, in a hollow tree, or in some cavity of the earth, it hovers over the spot for several seconds, and then sits in silence on a tree, or in some thicket, until the nest is robbed, when it comes for its share of the spoil.

"The rule of the natives is, always to leave a little portion of the honey to reward its services; but they generally give it a scanty portion, lest its appetite should not be left keen enough to search out other hives."

A FRISKY ASS SUBDUED.

IN 1840, we were making a journey in a waggon in the province of Pekin. We were under the guidance of an old schoolmaster, mounted on a fine ass.

This ass was so full of ardor and agility, that the two mules which made up our team had great difficulty in keeping up with him.

He was, however, so filled with a sense of his superiority, and so proud of it, that whenever he became aware of the presence of any of his brethren, let them be at never so great a distance, he never failed to begin boasting of it in such loud-sounding tones, that his folly became past bearing.

When we got to an inn, instead of trying to rest himself, this tiresome beast passed the whole night in practising his music.

Then all the asses within hearing were quite sure to reply, and this created such a frightful braying that it became impossible for us to close our eyes.

One evening, when the schoolmaster was boasting of the qualities of his ass, we could not help interrupting him. "Your ass," said we, "is an abominable brute. During the whole journey he has kept us from getting a wink of sleep."

"Why did you not tell me so before," said he, "I would soon have stopped his singing." As the ancient schoolmaster was somewhat of a wag, and indulged now and then in a small joke we took little notice of his reply; but that night we slept soundly.

"Well, did the ass make a noise last night?" said he, when we met in the morning.

"Perhaps not; at all events we did not hear him."

"No, no; I think not. I saw to that before I went to bed. You must have noticed," he continued, "that when an ass is going to bray, he always begins by raising his tail, and he keeps it stretched out as long as his song lasts. To ensure his silence, therefore, you have only to tie a large stone to the end of his tail, so that he cannot raise it."

We smiled without reply, thinking this was another piece of fun; but he cried, "Come now, and see; you can easily convince yourselves." We followed him into the courtyard, and there beheld, sure enough, the poor ass with a large stone attached to his tail, and with the air of having entirely lost his usual spirits.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, his ears hung down, and his whole appearance was that of humility and dejection. On freeing the poor creature, he first raised his head, then his ears, then his tail, and at last began to bray with all his wonted power.

Huc.

THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THIS curious little bird, and one or two other species, have been called tailor-birds, because of the peculiar manner in which they construct their nests. These birds are found in the West Indies, and in other warm climates.

This bird usually suspends its nest from the twigs of the apple-tree, weeping-willow, or banana tree; and, with its bill, which serves instead of a needle and a weaver's shuttle, sews or weaves the leaves firmly together.

Sometimes it makes its nest on a plant that has large leaves, and then it gathers cotton from the shrubs, spins it into thread, by means of its long bill and slender feet, and sews the leaves neatly together, to conceal its nest.

An old lady, to whom one of these curious nests was shown, after admiring its texture for some time, inquired whether these birds might not be taught to darn stockings, and make clothes.

The inside of the nest is commonly lined with wool, or some

light, downy substance, which makes a very soft and easy bed for the young birds.

In order to prevent the eggs or the young birds from being thrown out of the nest, by the wind or the motion of the trees, it is made very small at the top, and four or five inches in depth.

“Behold a bird’s nest!

Mark it well, within, without!

No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,

No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,

No glue to join: his little beak was all;

And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,

With every implement and means of art,

Could compass such another?”

HONESTY IS BEST.

On a sultry summer evening a German Prince, and a foreign one who had been his guest for a month, were seated on the lawn before the castle of Grönigen. On a table before them stood, in two massive cups, their night drink. From ten o’clock in the morning, when they had seated themselves to their midday meat, their conversation turned upon a mighty wine-tun which had been constructed for a prince on the banks of the Rhine, and upon the propriety of every noble having a similar one, for the purpose of giving suitable splendor to his residence.

Fortunately at this moment Conrad, the shepherd, brought into the courtyard of the castle his well-tended flock, which Prince Henry himself always counted over every evening. “God greet thee, my lord Prince.” “Good evening to you, Conrad; where is the ram?” Conrad whistled, and a large handsome ram came bounding forth to the shepherd, and then to the Prince, who stroked him, and fed him with crumbs of bread, which he had laid by on the table for the purpose. He then conversed for a minute or two with the shepherd, and asked him jocosely, “when his wedding was to take place?” Conrad was a little confused by the question, and withdrew, followed by his flock.

When he had gone, the Prince began talking of the beauty

of the ram, which nothing could induce him to part with, and then upon his good shepherd, Conrad, who was honesty itself. The foreign Prince laughed at this declaration; for much travelling, and frequent residence at various courts, had filled him with distrust in his fellow-creatures. He maintained that it was impossible to find a really honest servant, at least in the retinue of a noble; for they would all deceive their masters, and were all knaves more or less.

Prince Henry contradicted this with great earnestness, praised the worthy disposition of the people over whom he wielded his sceptre, but above all, Conrad the Shepherd, who had never told him an untruth, nor deceived him in the most trifling affair.

"What! has Conrad never told you a lie,—never deceived you,—never betrayed his master?" said the foreign Prince, sarcastically. "No!" answered Henry warmly, in defence of his retainer; "Conrad never has been, nor ever will be, guilty of such conduct." "No!" repeated the foreign Prince; "what wager would you venture upon that?"

After sundry proposals, the Princes at length agreed to support their opinions by a wager of a wine-tun, which should hold one hundred and fifty butts of wine. And, within three days, Conrad was, without being made aware of it, to be put to the test. This done, they took leave of one another for the night, well pleased to have found a fresh source of amusement for the next few days, and each feeling certain of victory.

No sooner did the sun arise, than Peter, the jester and adviser of the foreign Prince, set to work to bring about the object he had decided upon with his master on the previous evening; and before noon he was enabled to tell his master that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Lisette, but who would hear nothing of his passion till he had a house of his own to take her to, so poor were they both. The industrious Peter had himself already spoken to Lisette, and found her both ready and willing to assist in the scheme which he had devised. And all that he now had to ask from his master was a small sum of money to ensure the winning of this huge wine-tun. The Prince gave him what he desired, and seated himself in good heart at the table.

Peter then returned to the pretty Lisette, showed her the money which he had got, and they conversed together about

cottage which a poor widow in the neighbourhood had long wanted to dispose of; and Peter ended by promising to give Lisette the purchase-money for it, as soon as she had brought about what he wished for.

On the following morning Lisette set to work in a spot past which Conrad must necessarily drive his flock. No sooner did Conrad see her in the distance, than he flew to her accompanied by his favorite ram, and repeated to her all that he had previously told her, over and over again, to gain her consent to their marriage. But to all this Lisette answered him very coolly—that she had heard it a thousand times before, and if he had nothing more to say to her about a house of his own to take her to, that he knew very well what her determination was.

Conrad was about to take his leave with a troubled heart, when a half friendly glance from Lisette made him turn round and ask her why she always behaved so coolly towards him, and what he should do to please her? "Well, for the novelty of the thing, let us see whether you will do anything that I ask you," said Lisette. "Will you, then, give me this ram, that I may sell it?"

Conrad's heart fell when he heard this request. Sorrowfully he replied, "Everything in the world besides, but not that. If the Prince were not to feed my ram every evening, I should be sure to meet with some disaster. Take the ten best sheep of the flock; take the whole fifty of them that belong to me, but leave me the ram."

"Well," said Lisette, "what a pattern of a man you are! But begone with your fifty sheep! Well! you are a pretty bridegroom, indeed, to refuse me such a trifle! You would certainly be a very good-natured husband when the honeymoon was over!"

Thus did they contend for awhile together. Conrad wept for very sorrow. Lisette, at last, acquainted him that she had sold the ram for the little cottage which they had both so often wished for, and that she must give it up that day, let it cost what it might, for she had passed her word to that effect, and would not be convicted of a falsehood, be the consequences what they might. She then dropped a few tears to think that anything should have marred the unexpected joy she felt at being able to purchase a snug dwelling, in which both themselves and

their children might live so happily together. She then again inquired whether sheep did not die every day; whether they were never lost or stolen; and whether the wolf never ate any of the numbered flocks?

Love at length gained the victory. Conrad clapped his hands, and promised that before noon the ram should be hers; whereupon Lisette gave Conrad her hand and promise, that in a month's time she would become his wife; and added a kiss to the bargain, as a sort of earnest money.

Lisette made the best of her way back to the village, and Conrad watched her as long as he could see her. The joy of his betrothing was, however, sorely troubled at the thoughts of the inquiries of his powerful, but at the same time, kind-hearted master, in whose service he had hitherto conducted himself with such propriety, and who was so very fond of this favorite beast.

And he stood alone in the field where Lisette had been occupied, with his eyes fixed on the earth. At last he thrust his crook into the ground, hung his cloak over it, placed his bonnet on the top of it, and then began a series of imaginary conversations, in which he was occasionally assisted by the action of the ram.

"God greet you, my lord Prince!"—"Good even to you, Conrad; but where's the ram?" "Ram, lord Prince! why the ram is lost. I mean it has really strayed away." (The beast, just as he was speaking, thrust himself between his master's feet, as if to eye the strange image before which he kept bowing so respectfully). "Conrad, Conrad!" with a shake of the head, "he is accustomed to be fed so regularly, I am sure he would not stray away—that won't do!"

A second imaginary conversation, in which Conrad described the ram as having been stolen, was interrupted by a powerful blow with which the beast returned his master's bow. "You would not suffer yourself to be taken very easily, so that won't do."

He continued for a full half hour conversing with himself in this manner, ending every excuse with a shake of the head, and a "Conrad, that won't do!"

"And yet," added he, "I must part with the poor brute before noon, for I have promised to do so, and if Lisette does not giv-

him to the person to whom she has sold him, she will be a cheat, and can never be my wife!"

At last he jumped for joy into the air, crying out, "Straight-forwardness is the thing! That will do, that will do!" He drew on his cloak, clapped his cap upon his head, and drove forward his herd. And yet, before noon, he handed over his favorite with a deep sigh to Lisette, who exchanged him for the purchase-money of the cottage, without troubling her brains much upon the subject.

The evening was appointed for the trial of Conrad's honesty—a trial of which he had not the slightest suspicion. The Princes were, as usual, seated at their night drink, expecting the arrival in the palace courtyard of the shepherd, who was to decide their wager. They spoke but little, for each was anxious to leave to his friend the honor and expense of constructing the huge wine-tun.

Peter, the secret adviser, was in high spirits; and, laughing to himself, rejoiced beforehand at the victory and success of his well-laid plan. For he had the pet sheep in his possession, and felt sure that Conrad would never venture to speak the plain truth, whereby he would be certain to draw down upon himself the anger and high displeasure of his all-powerful master, and get dismissed from his service.

Thus thought Peter, the secret adviser. In the meanwhile, Conrad drove his herd into the palace court, right before the Princes. Peter smiled, for he read, or he fancied he read, fear and anxiety in the countenance of the shepherd.

This evening, however, no favorite ram gamboled before Prince Henry, to eat the bread from his hand. "Where is the ram?" inquired the bishop, with a significant glance. Conrad answered with a firm voice, "I have sold it!—there, the truth is out!"

Peter's face lengthened considerably, but Prince Henry called out, "Why have you sold it without speaking to me? I would rather have paid ten times the sum it fetched. Don't you know that?"

"Lord Prince," said Conrad, "pray hear me. Lisette has betrayed me, as Eve before her betrayed Adam; and a knave has betrayed Lisette, as the Evil One of old did Eve. If he will give me my ram again, I will not say who he is. Lisette had sold the

beast without first speaking to me about it, otherwise it would not have happened. But as she had done so, I felt bound to give him up, how much soever I might be grieved at doing so; otherwise she would have told a lie, and would not have been what she is now to be—my wife. That is the real truth, lord Prince; so now do with me as you please. What is done, is done, but do not punish Lisette: a weak head is soon betrayed by a serpent."

Prince Henry would have scolded him, but the other said, with a troubled side-glance to Peter, who was making off from the scene, "I have lost my wager: that was the proof."

And Prince Henry chided not. The pleasure of winning the wager consoled him; but the honesty of Conrad delighted him more than gaining the wine-tun.

THE AMERICAN BOY, AND THE EUROPEAN BOY.

ONE morning, as two clever lads, the one American and the other English, were on their way to school, they got into an earnest and spirited discussion. The subject of debate was, whether America or Europe contained the greater natural curiosities; each, of course, contending for the land of his birth.

The English boy first spoke of Fingal's Cave, the Giant's Causeway, the great Maelstrom near the coast of Norway, and of the Geysers, or Hot Springs, throwing up their jets of boiling water high in the air.

As an offset to these, the American boy mentioned the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, the Salt Springs at Salina, and the Mineral Springs at Saratoga, in the State of New York.

The English boy then spoke of the Alps and Apennines, as being among the highest mountains in the world, the tops of which were covered with perpetual snow. "Besides," said he, "there are Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna—two of the largest volcanoes in the world—sending forth great volumes of fire, smoke, and melted lava."

To these remarks the American boy thus replied—"Well, if your mountains are a *little higher* than ours, they are not half

long; and ours, too, are constantly covered with snow and ice, even under the equator. You can mention only *two* volcanoes of any note, while we have more than a *dozen*, burning all the time. Then as to your great Vesuvius, we have a Niagara that would put it out in a half a minute."

CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH.

MY little dears who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed, which people call a pun;
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill;
You in a *vale* may buy a *vail*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or, if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, *blind*, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our
greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat* when
meeting.

Brawn on the *board's* no *hore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared;
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be one, which seemeth rare until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care,
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair*?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close;
The farmer sitting on the *stile*, no *stylish* person knows.
Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some *Scilly* men are bright;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see—a *black*, a wicked *wight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however wealthy they;
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play*.
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the
mews.

The *dye*, who by *dyeing* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits for his *panes*.
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime,
But *time* and *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun ;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence ; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*—the *sense* is never *sound*.

So let your words, and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say and do, you'll gain esteem and love ;
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done ;
But parents ne'er should let you go unpunish'd for a *pun*.

Theodore Hook.

MORAL COURAGE.

At the desk of the treasurer of the old Bath theatre, presented herself the little Barbara S——.

The parents of Barbara had been in good circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from various causes, was now reduced to nothing. They were, in fact, in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

Her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters.

Her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl, some comic actor, in the misguided humor of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt, that when Barbara crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it ; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking. At length a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to understand, mercifully relieved

her. This was the little, starved, meritorious, maid who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man—I have heard many besides herself say—of all men least fitted for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so short, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now, Barbara's weekly fee was a half-guinea. By mistake, he popped into her hand—a whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake; but when she had got down to the first landing-place, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now, mark the struggle!

This little maid was by nature a good child. She had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty praised, but never dreamt of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing herself against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it.

She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! And then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again, the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre.

And then came staring to her the figures of her little stock-ingless and shoeless sisters. And then she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it necessary for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock; and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same;

and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing by reason of their unfashionable attire. With these thoughts she began to return.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in; for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her. She found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand slipped into the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the money. He had been sitting, good man, insensible to the lapse of minutes which to her were anxious ages. From that moment a deep peace fell upon Barbara's heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

Charles Lamb.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

DURING my stay on a mountain near Cullera, to the north of the mouth of the river Xucar, I once conceived the project of establishing a station on the high mountains which are in front of it. I went to see them. The alcaid of one of the neighbouring villages warned me of the danger to which I was about to expose myself. "These mountains," said he to me, "form the resort of a band of highway robbers." I asked for the national guard, as I had the power to do so. My escort was supposed by the robbers to be an expedition directed against them, and they dispersed themselves at once over the rich plain which is watered by the Xucar. On my return I found them engaged in combat with the authorities of Cullera. Wounds had been given on both sides, and, if I recollect right, one alguazil was left dead on the plain.

The next morning I regained my station. The following night was a horrible one; the rain fell in a deluge. Towards night there was a knocking at my cabin door. To the question, "Who is there?" the answer was, "A custom-house guard, who asks of you a shelter for some hours." My servant having opened the door to him, I saw a magnificent man enter, armed to the teeth. He laid himself down on the earth, and went to sleep. In the morning, as I was chatting with him at the door of my cabin, his eyes flashed on seeing two persons on the slope of the mountain, the alcaid of Cullera and his principal alguazil, who

were coming to pay me a visit. "Sir," cried he, "nothing less than the gratitude which I owe to you, on account of the service which you have rendered to me this night, could prevent my seizing this occasion for ridding myself, by one shot of this carbine, of my most cruel enemy. Adieu, sir!" And he departed, springing from rock to rock as light as a gazelle.

On reaching the cabin, the alcaid and his alguazil recognised in the fugitive the chief all the brigands in the country.

Some days afterwards, the weather having again become very bad, I received a second visit from the pretended custom-house guard, who went soundly to sleep in my cabin. I saw that my servant, an old soldier, who had heard a recital of the deeds and behaviour of this man, was preparing to kill him. I jumped down from my camp bed, and, seizing my servant by the throat,— "Are you mad?" said I to him; "are we to discharge the duties of police in this country? Do you not see, moreover, that this would expose us to the resentment of all those who obey the orders of this redoubted chief? And we should thus render it impossible for us to terminate our operations."*

Next morning, when the sun rose, I had a conversation with my guest, which I will try to reproduce faithfully.

"Your situation is perfectly known to me; I know that you are not a custom-house guard; I have learnt from certain information that you are the chief of the robbers of the country. Tell me whether I have anything to fear from your confederates?"

"The idea of robbing you did occur to us; but we concluded that all your funds would be in the neighbouring towns; that you would carry no money to the summits of mountains, where you would not know what to do with it, and that our expedition against you could have no fruitful result. Moreover, we cannot pretend to be as strong as the King of Spain. The King's troops leave us quietly enough to exercise our industry; but on the day that we molested an envoy from the Emperor of the French, they would direct against us several regiments, and we should soon have to succumb. Allow me to add, that the gratitude which I owe to you is your surest guarantee."

* The author, M. Arago, was engaged making surveys for the French government.

"Very well, I will trust in your words; I shall regulate my conduct by your answer. Tell me if I can travel at night? It is fatiguing to me to move from one station to another in the day, under the burning influence of the sun."

"You can do so, sir. I have already given my orders to this purpose; they will not be infringed."

Some days afterwards I left for Denia. It was midnight, when some horsemen rode up to me, and addressed these words to me—

"Stop there, señor; times are hard: those who have something must aid those who have nothing. Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only take your superfluities."

I had already obeyed their orders, when it came into my head to call out—"But I have been told that I could travel without risk."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Don Francisco Arago."

"God be with you!"

And our cavaliers, spurring away from us, rapidly lost themselves in an adjoining wood.

Arago.

HUMILITY.

It has been deemed a great paradox in christianity, that it makes humility the avenue to glory. Yet what other avenue is there to wisdom? or even to knowledge? Would you pick up precious truths, you must bend down and look for them. Everywhere the pearl of great price lies bedded in a shell which has no form of comeliness.

It is so in physical science. Bacon has declared it: "Nature may only be conquered by obeying her;"* and the triumphs of science since his days have proved how willing nature is to be conquered by those who will obey her. It is so in moral speculation. Wordsworth has told us the law of his own mind, the fulfilment of which has enabled him to reveal a new world of poetry:—

* "Natura non nisi parendo vincatur."

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar."

That it is so likewise in religion, we are assured by those most comfortable words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The same truth is well expressed in the aphorism which Charles I. when he entered his name on the books at Oxford, in 1616, subjoined to it: "If you would be victorious over everything, subject yourself to reason."* Happy would it have been for him, if that which flowed thus readily from his pen had also been graven upon his heart! He would not then have had to write it on the history of his country with characters more glaring and terrible than those of ink!

Moreover, the whole intercourse between man and man may be seen, if we look at it closely, to be guided and regulated by the same pervading principle; and that it ought to be so, is generally recognised, instinctively at least, if not consciously. As I have often heard said by one who had the keenest practical insight into human nature, and knew the art of controlling and governing men, and winning them over to their good—"The moment anybody is satisfied with himself, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him."

And is it not said in the parable, that he who takes the highest room is turned down with shame to the lowest; while he who sits down in the lowest room is bid to go up higher.

Guesses at Truth.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

* "Si vis omnia subicere, subice te rationi."

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd;
Our to-days and yesterday
Are the blocks with which we build

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete
Standing in these walls of time;
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Longfellow.

CORAL ISLANDS.

CORAL rocks are produced by vast multitudes of small sea animals, commonly called *coral insects*. They are not, however, insects, but very soft-bodied animals, resembling little bags of jelly. At the open end of this bag are six or eight little arms or feelers.

Coral itself is not collected by these animals, as you might fancy, but is produced in some wonderful manner from their own bodies. They form stony cells beneath the waves; and countless millions being employed upon the task, they gradually raise a vast structure of coral, forming at length an island fitted for man.

It is a strange fact, that these little, soft, jelly-like creatur

are able to work on in the midst of the ocean, and to build a fabric which is strong enough to resist the violence of the breakers. Coral islands are found in seas of three hundred fathoms deep, and yet the coral animal cannot exist at a greater depth in the sea than about twenty fathoms.

Therefore during the great changes in the earth's surface, the level of the sea must either have been lower when these animals began to build, or else we must suppose them to have laid their foundation on submarine rocks, within twenty fathoms of the surface.

On some of these islands the coral rocks appear to have been forcibly raised above the surface of the waters; for the builders themselves never work above the waves. The ocean is their element, and in it they live and die.

The waves of the sea throw up fragments of the rock itself, together with shells and sand, on the surface of the islands, and these soon form a soil for the seeds which are conveyed on the waters from distant places.

Mosses, and other small plants, soon clothe the dazzling white surface of the coral; and sometimes entire trunks of trees are wafted thither from other shores, bearing with them the eggs of insects, as the first contribution towards peopling the surface.

Sea birds soon make a resting-place of the island; and when trees and bushes begin to spring up, stray land birds also find shelter therein. Thus does the soil become gradually fit for the use of man, though the process may be extremely slow by which all these changes are effected.

These wonderful coral islands are found chiefly in the Pacific Ocean, which is studded by vast numbers of islands, especially in that portion situated between the tropics.

They are frequently nothing more than curved belts of rocks, rising a yard or two above the water, and surrounding a portion of the sea which, from being protected on all sides by the coral reefs, is as still as a lake. The lake thus formed is called a *lagoon*.

In most cases there are one or two openings in the reefs, wide enough to admit a large ship, though it sometimes happens that there is only room for a small canoe to enter.

The openings are pointed out to ships at a distance by little

islets, tufted with cocoa-nut trees, which are nearly always found at each side of the entrance.

The rocks are always highest on the side of the island most exposed to the winds and waves ; but, on the opposite side, they merely break the force of the waves, and prevent their destroying the stillness of the lake within.

These coral formations ought not properly to be called islands, for they frequently enclose not only a large lagoon, but several smaller islets. Indeed, they are now often called *atolls*, a name given to them by some of the islanders of those seas.

Many of them extend in an irregular curve, to the length of ten or twenty miles, the width of the reef of rocks not being more than a half a mile. The rocks are covered on the windward side with the richest vegetation, and the feathery leaves of the cocoa-nut wave gracefully in the pleasant trade-wind. The coral shores are of dazzling whiteness.

First Steps to General Knowledge.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

WHAT an odd name for a sea-nettle ! It is so much larger and handsomer than all the rest, that it looks like a man-of-war among little ships.

The name has been given to it because the animal has the power of erecting a sail or crest, by means of which it skims along upon the surface of the water.

"In the tropical parts of the Atlantic," says Mr. Gosse, "this lovely creature abounds, looking at a short distance exactly like a child's mimic ship, and attracts our wonder and admiration to see so delicate and frail a bark breasting the broad billows, as it seems that the first breaking sea must inevitably overwhelm and dash it to pieces.

"Yet, there it floats and dances,—now on a curling crest, now in the deep hollow, in spite of wind and wave. Often when passing just under the lee of a vessel, the sudden lull made by the interposition of so great a body between it and the wind, will cause it momentarily to lie flat on the water ; but it instantly resumes its upright position.

"We have never made a voyage without seeing these creatures in greater or less numbers, but nowhere in such profusion as in the Gulf of Mexico. In rounding the Florida reef, we were once nearly a whole day sailing through a fleet of them, which studded the smooth sea as far as the eye could reach. They were of all sizes, from an inch in length to a foot or more.

"When examined closely, the animal is seen to consist of an oblong transparent bladder, pinched up at the upper part into a kind of rumpled edge. This edge is of a delicate pink, but the lower part of the bladder is fine blue, and both these colors are gradually softened into the clear membrane, the middle of which is colorless. From one end of the bottom proceeds a large bunch of tentacles, like strings, hanging down in the water; these are of a brilliant purple."

When a storm arises, they have the power of diving suddenly into the lower parts of the ocean, where they remain until the tempest that agitates the surface has passed away. Then they again appear, and spread out their little sails.

And yet they sting as sharply as any of their family. A gentleman who took hold of one of the animals, found that it raised its tentacles, and stung him severely on the second and third fingers. At first the sensation was just that of being stung with a nettle; but it increased to violent aching, and in a quarter of an hour the whole hand and arm, and even the shoulder and chest, were affected: the breathing also became difficult. These alarming symptoms continued for half an hour, when they gradually abated; but the arm was benumbed for some hours afterwards.

Ibid.

THE VINEGAR-POLYPE.

NEAR Nan-tchang-fou, says the Abbé Huc, in his travels in China, we stopped at a sort of guard-house, to allow the hottest time of the day to pass, and we were graciously received by a Mandarin with a White Ball (a sign of official dignity), who had about fifteen soldiers under his command. The refreshments were, indeed, in that weather, not very tempting—tea, rice-wine, roasted nuts, preserved ginger, and pickled chives. All these

things did not seem likely to quench our intense and burning thirst, and we gazed mournfully at these Chinese dainties without daring to touch them. We inquired of the White Ball whether it would not be possible to procure anywhere a little cold water. "Yes," replied he, "a few yards from this there is a very deep well, and the water is excellent, but as cold as ice. You must warm it a little before drinking it, otherwise it will certainly give you the colic." We begged him to send for some, promising to take every precaution against any illness it might occasion; and a good-natured soldier took a large pail, and ran to draw us some of this dangerous water. We then asked whether perhaps there was any vinegar in the establishment. "I have some," said the White Ball, "but I am afraid you will not like it; it is polypus-vinegar, made by the animal itself." "Polypus-vinegar! Oh! we are acquainted with that; it is the best vinegar that can be got. But how does it happen that you possess such a treasure as a vinegar-polypus? Were you ever on the coast of Leao-tong?" "Yes, some years ago I was sent on an expedition into that country, and I brought back one with me." During this conversation the soldier arrived with the pail of ice-cold water; the White Ball gave us some of his exquisite vinegar, and with the help of a little brown sugar, we compounded an exquisite beverage. The Chinese gazed at us in astonishment as we drank it.

The vinegar-polype is an assemblage of fleshy and glutinous membranes, tubes, and shapeless appendages, that give it a very ugly and repulsive appearance, when out of its native element. In the water, however, it is extremely beautiful. At first you might take it for an inert, dead mass; but when touched it contracts and dilates, and assumes various forms. This animal, transferred from the Yellow Sea, is placed in a tank filled with fresh water, to which a few glasses of spirits are added, and after twenty or thirty days this liquid is found transformed into excellent vinegar—clear as spring water, very strong, and agreeable to the taste. To increase the supply you have occasion to exhaust, it is only necessary to add an equal quantity of pure water; or, if you detach a limb, it vegetates and grows into a perfect organism, possessing the same useful property as its parent.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

For that peculiar charm which resides in flashing light, combined with the most brilliant colors, the lustre of precious stones, there are no birds, no creatures, that can compare with humming-birds. Confined exclusively to America, whence we have already gathered between three and four hundred distinct species, and more are being continually discovered, these lovely little winged gems were to the Mexican and Peruvian Indians the very quintessence of beauty. By these simple people they were called by various names, signifying "the rays of the sun," "the tresses of the day-star," and the like. Their glittering scale-like plumage was employed to make, at the cost of immense time, patience, and labor, the radiant mantles in which the emperors and highest nobles appeared on state occasions.

The Mexican priests adopted the tiny birds into their mythology; they taught that the souls of those warriors who died in defence of the god, were conducted by Toyamiqui, the wife of the god of war, straight to the mansion of the sun, and there transformed into humming-birds.

In the gorgeous forest glooms of the mountainous parts of Jamaica, and especially in the sunny glades which here and there break their uniformity—where the ever-verdant foliage rises upon all sides of the open space like a wall, covered with the most elegant and fragrant flowers—I have been charmed by the familiar fearlessness and lustrous splendor of these little creatures. Here, sitting down on a prostrate log in the shadow, I have watched them sipping all around, flitting to and fro, coming, going, every moment disappearing in the sombre shade, or suddenly flashing out, with a whirr like that of a spinning-wheel, into the bright sunshine. Bold and unsuspecting, they might be seen exploring bush after bush. While I remained motionless, they would approach even within arm's length of me, busily rifling all the blossoms in rapid succession, so as to lose none, and of course in their zeal frequently probing the same flower again and again.

Sometimes it would be the mango, suspending himself on whirling pinions in front of the flowers, his broadly-expanded oil feathers of the richest violet, his body plumage all green and

gold, and his cheeks and throat blazing, in the changing light, with the radiance now of the ruby, now of the amethyst, now of the sapphire, and now becoming for an instant the most intense black. But much more commonly on these occasions was I visited by the elegant Long-tail, whose slender form, black velvet crest, emerald bosom, and long tail-plumes, distinguish it as one of the chiefs of this feathered race. This lovely little gem would be hovering about, half a dozen visible at the same moment, threading the projecting branches, now probing here, now there, one moment above a flower and bending down to it, the next hanging below it, and thrusting up its crimson beak to kiss its nectar tube from beneath. All the while the cloudy wings on each side would vibrate with a noise like that of a factory wheel; and its entire throat, breast, and belly, clothed in scaly plumage of the richest green, contrasted finely with the velvety black of all beside. This scaly plumage would flash brilliantly back the sun's light, like a noble emerald in the crown of a king; then, by the slightest possible turn of the bird, it would become black, all the light being absorbed; then, on another movement, it would seem a dark rich olive, and in an instant flame forth again with emerald effulgence, over which olive and black clouds were momentarily passing and re-passing.

Gosse.

THE BLUEBIRD.

THE pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet so early as the middle of February, if the weather be mild, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts—the barn, the orchard, and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time, but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by its mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple-tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors.

The usual spring and summer song of the bluebird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open, quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character, he had great resemblance to the Robin Redbreast of Britain; had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, he could hardly be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child, and shows as much confidence in man, by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter.

He is also of a mild and pleasing disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall—that is, in the month of October—his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the many-colored woods; and his melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching of the face of nature.

Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but with every return of mild and open weather, we hear their plaintive note amid the fields, or the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter.

A. Wilson.

THE COAST OF NORWAY.

EVERY one who has looked at the map of Norway, must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of

our coast, are, in fact, long narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman, as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars—the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly, that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still along these narrow, deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer, there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds, which inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes this music as it goes. The stiff spiny leaves of the

fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the nightwind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night long. This music of course ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound in the midst of the longest winter night.

There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two,—where there is a platform beside the cataract, where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road, there is a human habitation, and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a sociable and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

Feats of the Fiord.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is the largest of quadrupeds; his height is from eight to fourteen feet, and his length is from ten to fifteen feet. His form is that of a hog; his eyes are small and lively; his ears are long, broad, and pendulous. He has two large tusks, which form the ivory of commerce, and a trunk or proboscis at the end of the nose, which he uses to take his food with, and for attack or defence. His color is a dark ash brown.

Elephants often assemble in large troops; and as they march in quest of food, the forests seem to tremble under them. They eat the branches of trees, together with roots, herbs, leaves, grain, and fruit, but will not touch fish or flesh. In a state of nature, they are peaceable, mild, and brave; exerting their

power only for their own protection, or in defence of their own species, with whom they are always social and friendly.

Elephants are found both in Asia and Africa, but they are of different species, the Asiatic elephant having five toes, and the African, three. These animals are caught by stratagem, and when tamed they are the most gentle, obedient, and patient, as well as the most docile and sagacious of all quadrupeds. They are used to carry burdens, and for travelling. Their attachment to their masters is remarkable; and they seem to live but to serve and obey them. They always kneel to receive their riders, or the loads they have to carry.

The anecdotes illustrating the character of the elephant are numerous. An elephant, which was kept for exhibition at London, was often required, as is usual in such exhibitions, to pick up with his trunk a piece of money, thrown upon the floor for this purpose. On one occasion a sixpence was thrown, which happened to roll a little out of his reach, not far from the wall. Being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; failing in this he stood motionless a few seconds, evidently considering how to act.

He then stretched his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little distance above the coin, and blew with great force against the wall. The angle produced by the opposition of the wall, made the current of air act under the coin, as he evidently supposed it would; and it was curious to observe the sixpence travelling toward the animal, till it came within his reach, and he picked it up.

A soldier, in India, who had frequently carried an elephant some arrack, being one day intoxicated, and seeing himself pursued by the guard, whose orders were to conduct him to prison, took refuge under the elephant. The guard soon finding his retreat, attempted in vain to take him from his asylum; for the elephant vigorously defended him with his trunk.

As soon as the soldier became sober, and saw himself placed under such an unwieldy animal, he was so terrified that he scarcely durst move either hand or foot; but the elephant soon caused his fears to subside, by caressing him with his trunk, and thus tacitly saying, "Depart in peace."

A pleasing anecdote is related of an elephant, which was th

property of the nabob of Lucknow. There was in that city an epidemic disorder, making dreadful havoc among the inhabitants. The road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, lying on the ground at the moment the nabob was about to pass.

Regardless of the suffering he must cause, the nabob held on his way, not caring whether his beast trod upon the poor helpless creatures or not. But the animal, more kind-hearted than his master, carefully cleared the path of the poor helpless wretches as he went along. Some he lifted with his trunk entirely out of the road. Some he set upon their feet, and among the others he stepped so carefully that not an individual was injured.

During the last Indian mutiny, a number of elephants were required to be sent from Rangoon. The only vessel in which they could be conveniently conveyed contained several barrels of biscuits. No sooner were the elephants stowed away in the hold, than those nearest the barrels began to break them open. Now a peculiar feature of this animal's character showed itself. Those that were at hand to the biscuits did not partake of any until they had passed a supply to those behind. The considerateness of this act is not unworthy the imitation of the lords of the creation.

Various.

THE HORSE.

In several parts of the world there are to be found large herds of wild horses. In South America, in particular, the immense plains are inhabited by them, and it is said that ten thousand are sometimes found in a single herd. These herds are always preceded by a leader, who directs their motions; and such is the regularity with which they perform their movements, that it seems as if they could hardly be surpassed by the best trained cavalry.

It is extremely dangerous for travellers to meet a herd of this description. When they are unaccustomed to the sight of such a mass of creatures, they cannot help feeling greatly alarmed at their rapid and apparently irresistible approach. The trampling of the animals sounds like the loudest thunder; and such is the rapidity and impetuosity of their advance, that it seems to threaten instant destruction.

Suddenly, however, they sometimes stop short, utter a loud and piercing neigh, and, with a rapid wheel, take an opposite course, and altogether disappear. On such occasions it requires great care in the traveller to prevent his horses from breaking loose and escaping with the wild herd.

In those countries where wild horses are so plentiful, the inhabitants do not take the trouble to raise them, but whenever they want one, they mount upon an animal accustomed to the sport, and gallop over the plain towards a herd, which is readily found at no great distance.

The rider gradually approaches some stragglers from the main body, and, having selected the one he wishes, he dexterously throws the lasso (which is a long rope with a running noose, and generally firmly fixed to his saddle), in such a manner as to entangle the animal's hind legs, and with a sudden turn of his horse, he pulls it over on its side.

In an instant he jumps off his horse, wraps his cloak round the head of the captive, forces a bit into his mouth, and straps a saddle on his back. He then removes the cloak, and the animal starts on his feet. With equal quickness the hunter leaps into his saddle, and, in spite of the kicking of the captive, keeps his seat, till, being wearied out with his efforts, the horse submits to the guidance of his new master.

An Arab had a bright bay mare, of fine form and great beauty; and, proud of her appearance and qualities, he paraded her before an Englishman's tent, until she attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, "What will you give me?" was the reply. "That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?" "Guess again," said he. "Four?" "Look at her mouth," said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be about three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value.

The gentleman said, "I will give you fifty toman," (nearly two hundred and fifty dollars). "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, somewhat amused. "Eighty—a hundred." He shook his head and smiled. The officer at last came to two hundred toman (nearly one thousand dollars). "Well," said the Arab, "you need not tempt me further. You are a rich noh"

man, and, I am told, have loads of silver and gold. Now," added he, "you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got." He put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of the reach of temptation.

The horse can swim, when necessary, as well as most other animals, although he is not particularly fond of the water. Some years ago, a vessel was driven upon the rocks, on the coast of the Cape of Good Hope, and most of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves. Those who were left were seen from the shore, clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran so high that no boat could venture out to their assistance.

Meanwhile a planter had come from his farm, to be a spectator of the shipwreck. His heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold spirit of his horse, and his excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. Having blown a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, he pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first, they both disappeared, but it was not long before they floated to the surface, and swam up to the wreck; when, taking two men with him, each of whom held on by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore.

This was repeated no less than seven times, and he saved fourteen lives; but on his return the eighth time, being much fatigued, and meeting a tremendous wave, he lost his balance, and sank in a moment. His horse swam safely to land, but its gallant rider rose no more.

Bingley.

CHINESE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SKILL IN THE ARTS.

THE Chinese have great skill in all that concerns the arts of design. In China, when a man has made any improvement in his art, he carries it to the governor, demanding a reward. The governor immediately orders the article to be placed at the door of his palace, and keeps it there for a year. If, in that time, no one finds fault with the artist, he rewards the latter and takes him into his service; but if any real defect can be pointed out in the work, it is sent back without reward.

One day a young man brought a piece of silk stuff, on which was figured an ear of corn, with a sparrow perching on it. No one on seeing it could doubt that it was a real ear of corn, and that a sparrow was really sitting upon it. The stuff remained for some time in the place of show.

At last a hump-backed man came by, and began to criticise the performance. He was immediately admitted to the governor, and the artist at the same time was sent for. Then they asked the hump-backed fault-finder what his objection was; and he said, "Everybody knows very well that a sparrow cannot perch upon an ear of corn without making it bend; now the artist has represented it quite straight, and yet he has shown a sparrow perched upon it." The remark was thought just, and the artist got no reward.

The purpose of the Chinese in all this is to exercise the talents of the artists, and to force them to reflect maturely on what they take in hand, and devote the utmost possible care to their works.

Huc.

MAGELLAN, THE PORTUGUESE DISCOVERER.

MAGELLAN was a native of Portugal, born near the close of the fifteenth century. He received the education of a gentleman—as education was then understood. His adventurous spirit was first displayed in the service of the celebrated Portuguese admiral, Albuquerque, whose service he left, discontented with the recompense he received. Magellan, burning to distinguish himself in maritime enterprise, sought Charles V. An expedition was proposed ostensibly for discovering a new route to India, but it was chiefly designed for conquest, and, as usual with the Spanish and the Portuguese, the government of unknown lands was assigned to the discoverers before they were discovered. Magellan was authorised to preside over his fellows on board, with the title of Adelantado.

Magellan had five vessels, carrying two hundred and thirty-four men, including thirty Portuguese of great naval experience.

Twenty-two years before this, the Pope had decreed to the Spaniards the undisputed possession of all lands discovered at the

distance of one hundred leagues westward of the Azores ; and Spain anticipated the possession of both the East and West Indies if Magellan succeeded. Hence nothing was omitted likely to promote or cheer him in his undertaking.

Magellan, sailing southward, visited the coast of Brazil, landing in the Bay of Santa Lucia. He next discovered the Cape Santa Maria, on the Rio de la Plato. Still advancing southward, he came on Easter Eve to San Julian, where bad weather detained him five months.

For some time the Spaniards believed the country to be without inhabitants, but one day a savage came towards them, singing and dancing. Arrived at the beach he threw dust on his head, in token of pacific intentions. One of the ship's crew imitated the action, and the savage, evidently with full reliance on their honor, came on board, and was very familiar. He appeared of great stature and strength ; his body was painted ; a stag's horn was represented on either cheek, and a large yellow circle was round each of his eyes. The natural color of his skin was yellow, and his hair white. His clothing was the skin of the guanaco. He carried a stout bow, and arrows tipped with sharp pebbles. He was treated with kindness, and responded to it in his best manner. At a loss to imagine whence they could have come, he pointed to the sky, to learn if they had come from there. If he had waited for awhile he would soon have had practical proofs of the contrary, for no heavenly visitants could have been so treacherous as Magellan and his crew. A mirror was shown him among other things. This is generally an exciting object for savages when beheld the first time, and he could not easily be calmed.

The savage of San Julian went away delighted, and returned to the ship with six other natives.

Magellan filled their hands with presents of knives, beads, &c., and then showing them some bright rings and shackles, they permitted the Spaniards to fasten them on their legs.

When they tried to move, they found themselves prisoners, and you may easily imagine what was their astonishment, fear, and dismay. They tried to liberate themselves, and when they found that impossible, they loudly called on their gods to aid them. But no gods came ; and Magellan would have borne them off to

Spain, if he had not tried to effect a change of his captives for others, in doing which they broke loose. In the pursuit one of Magellan's crew was shot by a poisoned arrow.

Magellan discovered what was long imagined to be the only entrance into the South Sea. This discovery forms an era in maritime annals.

When he first saw the straits that bear his name, he sent three of his ships to explore them. A violent storm arose whilst he waited for their return, and after the time agreed on for their return had expired, he gave them up for lost. At length he perceived smoke arising from the beach, and shortly after two of the vessels were seen approaching under full sail. They were joyfully greeted; and the land whence smoke arose still commemorates the incident by the name of Terra del Fuego. The third of the ships had availed itself of the opportunity of absence from Magellan to desert him in his enterprise, and returned to Spain.

The information Magellan received of the nature of the tides, the depth of the water, and the height of the mountains on either side, some of which were covered with snow, induced him to enter the straits himself, and see whither they led. He sailed six weeks in them, and then found an open passage into the South Sea. At the first sight of the sea, he wept with joy. The cape at the north-eastern entrance of the straits he named Cape Desiderati, or Desire. "For, in truth," said he, "we had long desired to see it."

He now no longer doubted the practicability of arriving at the East Indies by a western course. But as he sailed over the newly-found ocean, he and his men were almost perishing for want of food and water. Their sufferings were dreadful; and they were only saved by the delightful weather and propitious winds that favored their progress. From this circumstance, the South Sea obtained the name of the Pacific.

Magellan's outrages on native rights were the cause of his untimely death, in the midst of his brilliant discoveries, and before his voyage was nearly completed.

He thought proper to punish a theft, on one of a cluster of beautiful islands in the South Sea, by landing ninety armed men, killing several of the native people, who were not subject to him.

control, who knew nothing of the laws of civil society, and setting fire to fifty huts. This was surely a savage vengeance.

But the outrage that proved fatal to him was this. Having discovered the Philippine Islands, he became intimate with the natives, who were a friendly race, remarkably just in all their dealings. He was exceedingly well treated by them, and he shortly obtained such influence over their minds, that they trusted him implicitly, and, at his request, threw away their idols, and embraced the cross. The king of one of these islands received the name of Carlos, and suffered himself to be baptized, together with all his family and principal subjects.

Magellan commanded tribute to be paid to him. To this tyrannous exercise of his new-found power, all the chiefs of the Philippines submitted quietly, excepting one; and Magellan, forgetting all the benefits he had received, led fifty armed men to attack him. The savage tribes are seldom wanting in courage, and the Indian chief had thousands of warriors at his command. What, then, could be expected but that which did happen? Those who survived of the Spanish adventurers had to make their escape as they could. Eight were left dead besides Magellan himself, whose helmet had twice been dashed from his head, and his sword-arm rendered useless. On his falling to the ground, his temples had been pierced by a lance, and his body thrust through with a spear.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

DRAKE was the most renowned of the old English sea captains. His parents were poor, and lived in Devonshire. They apprenticed him when a boy to the master of a little coasting barque. He early displayed a passion for navigation, of which he acquired a knowledge whilst serving under one of the best English sea-captains of his time, Sir John Hawkins.

Drake's first voyage on his own account was to the Spanish main. Few of the hardy seamen of our day would like to venture in such ships on such a voyage, even without having the Spaniards to grapple with at every turn.

Drake was perfectly fearless, and he was as successful as he

was daring. No Spaniard could stop him. He boarded their ships, heaped his scanty decks with Spanish treasure,—even stormed a Spanish town; and though he did not on his first voyage venture into the South Pacific, he gazed on the Isthmus of Darien, and passionately prayed he might have “life and leave” once to sail an English ship into those seas, which no English captain had as yet entered, and which the Spaniards had no idea of their attempting to enter. The news of Drake’s return from this voyage, on a Sunday in August, 1573, and of his entrance into Plymouth harbour, reached the town-folks when they were at church. Many of them had personal interest, no doubt, in the return of their countrymen, and all were enthusiastic in their admiration of Drake. They rushed from the church to the harbour, and great was the welcoming and the joy.

Drake’s enterprise was so much admired, that he had no difficulty in arranging a second. One hundred and sixty-four gentlemen adventurers and choice seamen readily engaged to accompany him, “to learn the art of navigation;” and, what was more to their purpose, the art of conquering Spaniards, and of enriching themselves at their expense. Queen Elizabeth was just the sovereign to appreciate such voyages, and to reward such men. She desired to check the gigantic power of Spain, which was growing more and more dangerous; and she wished to increase her own dominions, to enhance the fame of the nation, and to extend the knowledge of various sciences by maritime observation.

Drake arrived at the Magellan Straits in winter. They are always very tempestuous, but he effected a passage through them in seventeen days,—less time than any other navigator before his time (or for some time after), found necessary. In the Pacific he had, of course, constantly to dispute his way with Spaniards. Drake, however, despite every obstacle, sailed much farther south than even any of the Spanish discoverers, and penetrated farther on the north-western coast of America than any preceding navigator. As he passed along from shore to shore, and isle to isle, he made sagacious observations, which proved of great benefit to his country.

It has been observed, that his desire of sailing northwards, round America, on his return home, was another signal proof of

the boldness of his mind. And the ease and certainty with which he shaped his course through those unknown seas, has never been equalled, except by Captain Cook. We must not, however, compare the difficulties of Drake with his small and rudely fitted vessels, to those of Cook, with the most consummate arrangements which the British admiralty, under George III., could provide. Perfect in his seamanship, relying implicitly on his own resources, and possessing that high courage which knows not even the bodings of fear, Drake was, in all seasons and latitudes, perfectly at home on the ocean.

Having coasted California and North America, as far as the forty-eighth degree, in hopes of finding a passage to the Atlantic, and being disappointed in this expectation, he landed on the country which he named New Albion, and took possession of it in Queen Elizabeth's name.

After this, he boldly sailed across the Pacific Ocean. Within less than six weeks, he reached the Molucca Islands, and touched at Ternate. Thence, by Java and the Cape of Good Hope, he proceeded homewards, and reached Plymouth on November 3rd, 1580, having completed the *first circumnavigation of the globe* in two years, ten months, and twenty days. He also brought home an immense mass of treasure, taken from the Spanish towns on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and from various Spanish vessels, including a royal galleon, called the *Caca Fuego*, richly laden with plate.

Queen Elizabeth did rightly in honoring him with her praise, for on the whole he well merited it. His ship, the *Pelican*, she ordered to be preserved in a little creek near Deptford, on the Thames, as a monument of his enterprise.

It was a happy day for Drake when the queen came with great ceremony, to grace with her royal presence a banquet in his well-tried ship, and bestowed on him the honor of knighthood.

Soon after this banquet, Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, complained to the queen, with arrogant violence, of Drake's having dared to sail in the Indian Sea. Elizabeth promptly replied, "that a title to the ocean could not belong to any people, or private persons, forasmuch as neither nature, nor public use and custom, permitteth any possession thereof." To the penetrating understanding, the intrepid spirit of our greatest queen,

belongs the glory of having first asserted the undoubted right of England to navigate the ocean in all its parts.

One most characteristic anecdote of Drake's subsequent career must not be omitted. He was the chief hero in the great national defence against the invasion of the Spanish Armada. The queen made him vice-admiral on that occasion, and he was posted at his native place to watch the approach of the Spanish fleet. He was playing at bowls on the Plymouth Hoe with his officers, when a Scottish privateer brought the news that he had seen the Spanish fleet off the Lizard. Amidst the sudden bustle, and calls for ships' boats, Drake was cool and collected. He insisted that the game should be played out. "Plenty of time, my lads," said he, "both to win the game and beat the Spaniards."

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest stores in Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunset she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's* lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.

* Mount Edgcumbe, near Plymouth.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turn'd to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers,
fair maids:

Ho! gunners fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades;
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *SEMPER PARVUM**—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massive fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald
flew;

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate look'd forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red
light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke;
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

* *i.e.*, always the same.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the loud alarm clash'd from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dash'd down each roaring
street :

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand
went,

And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers
forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the
North ;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from
hill to hill,

Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height—

Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Macaulay.

PRESENCE OF MIND, AND NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

THE daring of the British seaman in the face of the enemy, and in the fierce struggle of the tempest, is only equalled by his presence of mind in grappling, in the dark hours of night, and when suddenly aroused from his peaceful slumber, with that most appalling and invidious foe—fire. Here is a striking example:—

In the year 1831, the ship's corporal of H.M.S. *Magicienne*, then many hundred miles from land, in the early morning watch, on going his rounds, smelt, or fancied he smelt, fire in the fore cockpit. On descending the cockpit ladder, he ascertained the correctness of his fears, finding the foresail-room to be on fire, just over the magazine. Discipline had here a great triumph, for the man made no alarm on the lower deck amongst the sleeping crew, but, in accordance with orders, quietly made his report to the officer of the watch, who in his turn communicated it to the commander, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Plumridge. Without staying to dress himself, the captain jumped on deck, and coolly gave the orders to sound the fire-roll and beat to quarters.

By this time the word had passed—"Fire in the foresail-room." Every man and officer was at his respective station. Sail-trimmers shortened and trimmed sails; and sentries were under arms over the boats. All hands remained steadily at their quarters: pumps, engines, and buckets were worked with energy, and the water rushed down on the devouring element to an extent that must either have extinguished it or swamped the ship. The party whose duty required them to be where the fire was, notwithstanding their perilous position, immediately over the magazine, cleared the burning sail-room with all that energy and self-possession peculiar to British seamen in such emergencies. More than ten minutes had not elapsed from the time the drum beat to quarters till all was over, and the gallant "craft," under all canvas, again pursuing her course. So quietly was everything managed, that the "sail-trimmers" at the after quarter never knew that the ship was actually on fire, but merely thought it a sham for exercise. Not a man or sail-trimmer was allowed to look round, or speak, or whisper, to his neighbour. The piercing eye of the captain was upon them, who, in his bed-room, walked the deck with his arms folded—his step as firm and

features as composed as if he had been parading the quarter-deck of the guardship in Portsmouth Harbor. No one, save the captain, first lieutenant, and corporal, knew the ship to be on fire, until every man was at his post.

How long the fire had been burning was never ascertained. Suffice it to say, had it not been for its opportune discovery, the ship would have been blown up, and every soul on board hurried into eternity. It was equally fortunate that the ship was commanded by a man possessing all the firmness, coolness, and presence of mind, requisite to control and direct on such an awful occasion. Had the corporal, instead of acting according to the orders on the fire-bill, given the alarm of "Fire in the fore-sail-room," those in their hammocks would have been so panic-stricken, knowing the proximity of the sail-room to the magazine, that neither threats nor persuasion of any description would have tended to recall their self-possession. Thus, a splendid ship and a gallant crew were saved by the force of discipline.

Deeds of Naval Daring.

COURAGE.

IN the autumn of 1823, Governor Duval, and other commissioners on the part of the United States, concluded a treaty with the chiefs and warriors of the Florida Indians, by which the latter, for certain considerations, yielded all claims to the whole territory, excepting a district in the eastern part, to which they were to remove, and within which they were to reside for twenty years. Several of the chiefs signed the treaty with great reluctance; but none opposed it more strongly than Neamathla, principal chief of the Mickasookies, a fierce and warlike people, many of them Creeks by origin, who lived about the Mickasookie lake. Neamathla had always been active in those depredations of the frontiers of Georgia which had brought vengeance and ruin on the Seminoles.

For two months everything went on smoothly; the Indians repaired daily to the log-cabin palace of the governor, at Tallahassee, and appeared perfectly contented. All at once they gave up their visits, and for three or four days not one was to be

seen. Governor Duval began to be apprehensive that some mis-chief was brewing.

Accordingly, on the next morning he set off on horseback, attended merely by a white man who had been reared among the Seminoles, and understood their language and manners, and who acted as interpreter. They struck into an Indian "trail," leading to Neamathla's village. After proceeding about half a mile, Governor Duval informed the interpreter of the object of his expedition. The latter, though a bold man, paused and remonstrated. The Indians among whom they were going were among the most desperate and discontented of the nation. Many of them were veteran warriors, impoverished and exasperated by defeat, and ready to set their lives at any hazard. He said that if they were holding a war-council, it must be with desperate intent, and it would be certain death to intrude among them.

Duval repeated his determination to go on, but advised the other to return, lest his pale face should betray fear to the Indians, and they might take advantage of it. The interpreter replied that he would rather die a thousand deaths than have it said he had deserted his leader when in peril.

They now rode into the village and advanced to the council-house. This was rather a group of four houses, forming a square, in the centre of which was a great council-fire. The houses were open in front toward the fire, and closed in the rear. At each corner of the square there was an interval between the houses for ingress and egress. In these houses sat the old men and the chiefs; the young men were gathered round the fire. Neamathla presided at the council, elevated on a higher seat than the rest.

Governor Duval entered by one of the corner spaces, and rode boldly into the centre of the square. The young men made way for him; an old man who was speaking paused in the midst of his harangue. In an instant thirty or forty rifles were cocked and levelled. Never had Duval heard so loud a click of triggers; it seemed to strike to his heart. He gave one glance at the Indians, and turned off with an air of contempt. He did not dare, he says, to look again, lest it might affect his nerves; and on the firmness of his nerves everything depended.

The chief threw up his arms. The rifles were lowered. Duval

breathed more freely ; he felt disposed to leap from his horse, but restrained himself, and dismounted leisurely. He then walked deliberately up to Neamathla, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, what were his motives for holding that council. The moment he made this demand the orator sat down. The chief made no reply, but hung his head in apparent confusion. After a moment's pause, Duval proceeded :—

“I am well aware of the meaning of this war-council, and deem it my duty to warn you against prosecuting the schemes you have been devising. If a single hair of a white man in this country falls to the ground, I will hang you and your chiefs on the trees around your council-house. You cannot pretend to withstand the power of the white men. You are in the palm of the hand of your great father at Washington, who can crush you like an egg-shell. You may kill me—I am but one man ; but recollect, white men are numerous as the leaves on the trees. Remember the fate of your warriors whose bones are whitening in battle-fields. Remember your wives and children who perished in swamps. Do you want to provoke more hostilities ? Another war with the white men, and there will not be a Seminole left to tell the story of his race.”

Seeing the effect of his words, he concluded by appointing a day for the Indians to meet him at St. Mark's, and give an account of their conduct.

A grand talk was now held, in which the late conspiracy was discussed. As he had foreseen, Neamathla and the other old chiefs threw all the blame upon the young men. “Well,” replied Duval, “with us white men, when we find a man incompetent to govern those under him we put him down, and appoint another in his place. Now, as you all acknowledge you cannot manage your young men, we must put chiefs over them who can.”

So saying, he deposed Neamathla first ; appointing another in his place ; and so on with all the rest, taking care to substitute the warriors who had been pointed out to him as poor and popular ; putting medals round their necks, and investing them with great ceremony. The Indians were surprised and delighted at finding the appointments fall upon the very men they would themselves have chosen, and hailed them with acclamations. The warriors thus unexpectedly elevated to command, and clothed

with dignity, were secured to the interests of the governor, and sure to keep an eye on the disaffected. As to the great chief Neamathla, he left the country in disgust, and returned to the Creek nation, who elected him a chief of one of their towns.

Thus, by the resolute spirit and prompt sagacity of one man, a dangerous conspiracy was completely defeated. Governor Duval was afterwards enabled to remove the whole nation, through his own personal influence, without the aid of the general government.

Washington Irving.

MURDERER'S CREEK.

A LITTLE more than a century ago, this beautiful region,* watered by its stream, was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or incorporated with some other savage nation of the west. Three or four hundred yards from the stream, a white family of the name of Stacy had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacy had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages.

In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians seldom forgive injuries or forget benefits. The family consisted of Stacy, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, the latter three years old.

One day Naoman came to Stacy's log-hut in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacy's wife asked him what was the matter? Was he sick? He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away.

The next day he came again, and behaved in the same manner. Stacy's wife thought this behaviour strange, and related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly, when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual.

At last the old Indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale-

* Dutchess County, New York.

faces are our enemies: why should I speak?" "But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knee as often. If you have anything on your mind, tell it to me."

"It will cost me my life, if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. "Try me, and see." "Will you swear, by your Great Spirit, that you will tell none but your husband?" "I have none else to tell." "But will you swear?" "I do swear, by our Great Spirit, that I will tell none but my husband." "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" "Not if your tribe *should* kill me for not telling."

Naoman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naoman.

The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and, as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and, meanwhile, Stacy recollected his gun, which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house, and returned with it. All this took up time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had, accordingly, paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians, who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take to the boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm.

Five Indians collected, ran down to the river where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacy, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun.

But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that, if he

fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts and yells of triumph.

When they came on shore the Indians set fire to Stacy's house, and dragged himself, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair.

The chief man of the council stated that some of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacy and his family of the designs of the tribe, whereby they had taken the alarm and well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners, to learn who gave the information.

The old men assented to this, and Naoman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men who spoke English, and interpreted to the others. Stacy refused to betray his informant.

His wife was then questioned, while, at the same moment, two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks, in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth by declaring she had a dream the night before which alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly.

"The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian. "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity.

She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'Tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless.

A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger.

"I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will; I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman, by a blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished; how, it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called "Murderer's Creek." *Paulding.*

DUTY.

THE nights were cold and long, and the sun no longer shone into my room and woke me early in the morning as heretofore. One morning, however, I was awoke by a ray of light which shone through my door and fell upon my eyes. It was impossible to escape it, so I got up and dressed myself, murmuring not a little at my new neighbour's working while I wanted to sleep; for men don't consider that others have a right to study their own convenience, even if it differs a little from that of their neighbours.

This little fit of ill-temper soon passed away, and I owned to myself that though my new neighbour was a much earlier riser than I cared to be, he was nevertheless an honest fellow, and bore his poverty, as very few are able to bear good fortune—with gaiety and moderation.

Nevertheless, fate had sorely tried him. Père Chauffour was

merely the ruin of a man. In place of one of his arms hung an empty sleeve fastened up to the shoulder; his left leg came from the turner's shop, and he dragged his right leg after him with difficulty; but above these relics arose a visage joyous and calm. In seeing his face radiant with a serene energy, in hearing his voice, the steadiness of which was accented, so to speak, with kindness, one felt that the soul rested entire in its half-destroyed envelope; or, as he expressed it, "The fortress was somewhat damaged, but the garrison was well."

It occurred to me when I had dressed, that I owed him a kind of reparation for the secret ill-will I had felt against him on first waking, consequently I determined on being the first to pay him a friendly visit.

He was quietly humming a tune as I entered his room, seated before a table on which a smoking lamp was placed, and which, though it was very cold, was the only fire in the room. He was busily engaged in fabricating coarse pasteboard, and received me with a joyous exclamation.

"Come in, neighbour, come in! I didn't know you were such an early riser, so I had put a mute on my voice for fear of waking you."

I felt this little mark of attention, and replied to him in a tone which opened his heart.

"My faith! you appear to me to have the air of a good Christian," said he, with soldierly cordiality, shaking me by the hand; "I don't like those men who look upon the passage before their door as a frontier, and treat their neighbours like Cossacks. When people swallow the same air, and speak the same jargon, they are not made to turn their backs on each other. . . . Sit down on that seat, neighbour, . . . only take care! for it has got but three legs, and goodwill must stand as a substitute for the fourth."

"That is a valuable article, which does not appear to be wanting here," I observed.

"Goodwill!" repeated Chaufour; "that is all I inherited from my mother, and I estimate that no son has received a better heritage. Also in the battery they termed me Mr. Content."

"You have served?"

"In the Third Artillery during the Republic; and later in the

Guard, during all the commotion. I was at Jemappes and Waterloo; or, as one might say, at the baptism and interment of our glory!"

I looked at him with astonishment.

"And what age were you, then, at Jemappes?" I asked.

"Something like fifteen," he replied.

"And you had the idea of serving so young?"

"Well, not exactly—that is, I didn't think of it. I was working then at toy-making, without thinking that France could ask anything else of me than kites, cup and ball, and draughtsmen. But I had at Vincennes an old uncle whom I used to go and see from time to time; an old Fontenoy man, in temperament something like myself, but a learned man, who was fit to be a marshal. Unfortunately, in his day, it appears that men without interest were not promoted by steam. My uncle, who had served in such a way that he was entitled to promotion to the highest honors, was at this time pensioned as a simple sub-lieutenant. But you should have seen him with his uniform, his cross of St. Louis, his wooden leg, his white moustaches, and his handsome old face! You would have said he was one of those old heroes in powdered hair who hang at Versailles. Each time I visited him he told me something which remained in my mind. But one day I found him unusually serious."

"'Jerome,' he said to me, 'do you know what is passing on the frontier?'"

"'No, lieutenant,' I answered.

"'Well,' replied he, 'the country is in danger!'"

"I didn't understand what he meant very clearly; nevertheless, it made an impression upon me.

"'Perhaps you have never thought what the word country means,' he continued, laying his hand on my shoulder; 'it is all that which surrounds you, that which has fed and brought you up; in short, everything you have loved.'"

* * * *

"I trembled with emotion, and large tears filled my eyes.

"'Ah! I understand,' I cried; 'it is that corner of the world to which it has pleased God to attach our bodies and souls.'"

"'Exactly, Jerome; therefore you understand, don't you, what we owe it?'"

" 'No doubt to it we owe what we are and what we possess.'"

* * * * *

"This conversation worked so on my mind that I returned to him a day or two afterwards to tell him that I had enlisted, and that I was on the point of starting for the frontier. My brave uncle pressed me to his bosom, and I departed as proud as an ambassador on a mission.

"Now you know, my neighbour, how it was that I became a volunteer under the Republic before cutting my wisdom teeth."

This was said without emphasis, with the deliberate freedom of men who consider the accomplishment of a duty neither a merit nor a burden. When he became animated in speaking, it was on account of the deeds he narrated, not because he had been a sharer in them. This absence of self-assertion affected me very much, so much so that I prolonged my visit considerably, and, to obtain his entire confidence, I confided to him so much of my position and habits as made me an old acquaintance.

I confessed to him how ill-tempered I had felt on being awake by the light of his lamp. He received my confession with the benevolent gaiety of a heart which looks at everything from the most favorable point of view. He did not say a word of the poverty which compelled him to work while I was still disposed to sleep, but struck his forehead and accused himself of stupidity, promising to stop up the crevices of the door to prevent it occurring again.

From this time an intimacy gradually sprang up between us, and I took the opportunity of asking him one day if he had lost both his limbs in the same battle.

"No, no," he replied; "the cannon took only my leg; it was the quarries at Clamart that devoured my arm."

And as I asked him for details, he continued—

"It is as easy as good-day. After the great break-up at Waterloo, I remained for three months in the hospital waiting for my wooden leg to grow. Once in a condition to get about, I came to Paris in the hope of finding some relative or friend; but I was disappointed; all were dead or had gone away. I should have been less a stranger at Vienna, Madrid, or Berlin. Nevertheless, my circumstances were none the more easy because I

had a leg the less to feed, and my last pence were fast disappearing. It is true I had met my former captain, who remembered that I had got him out of a scuffle at Monteran, by lending him my horse, and that he had offered me a place at his fire and candle. I knew he had married, a year before, a country-house and not a few farms; so that I might have become perpetual brusher to a millionaire, which was not without its attractions. It only remained to be considered whether there was nothing that I was fitted for better. One evening I was thinking the matter over, and it seemed to me that I ought not to accept his offer. I reflected that there were many old soldiers incapable of work, whereas my arms and trunk were in a sound condition; and, finally, I came to the conclusion that I should not be justified in lying by while I was still able to do a day's hard work. I next went to a former member of the artillery, who had returned to his home at Clamart, and resumed his occupation at the quarry, and there I obtained employment. After a few months at this work I had become a pretty good hand. Unfortunately, there were some among us who were too sensible to the charms of cognac; so much so that one day one of them, who was in a condition in which he was unable to distinguish his right hand from his left, took it into his head to strike a light close to a charged mine: the mine exploded and sent a volley of stones among us, which killed three and knocked away my arm close to the shoulder."

"Thus you were again without a trade?"

"That is to say, it was necessary to change," he quietly replied. "The difficulty was to find one which would be content with five fingers instead of ten. I found it, however."

"Where was that?"

"Among the Paris street-scavengers."

"What! you belonged——?"

"To the 'salubrity squad;' a little, neighbour—and that was not when I was worst off. The mass of the scavengers are not so bad as they are dirty, mind you. Among them were old actresses who had not known how to practise economy, merchants ruined on the stock exchange; we even had a professor of a college among us, who, for a glass of brandy, would recite you Latin or tragedies at your option. I don't mean to say that any

of these could have competed for the Monthyon prize;* but misery makes us tolerant of vice, and good humor consoles misery. I was just as ragged and just as gay as any of them; only I endeavoured, even in the filth of the kennel, to act upon my conviction that no kind of work could disgrace a man which was useful to his fellow-creatures."

"Still you ended by quitting your new profession?"

"And for a sufficient reason, neighbour; scavengers rarely have dry feet, and the damp at last caused the wounds on my remaining leg to break out afresh, so that I could no longer follow the squad. I was forced to lay down my arms. It is now two months since I labored at the purification of Paris. At first I was a little stunned. Of my four members there only remained my right hand, and that had lost most of its strength. I tried a good many things, and at last hit upon pasteboard making; and here I am, a maker of pasteboard for the cockades of the National Guard. It is not a very lucrative employment, but it is an art which is not above the reach of the meanest capacity. By getting up at four o'clock and working till eight, I earn sixty-five centimes ($6\frac{1}{2}d$). All but three sous of this goes for food and lodging. I am thus richer than the nation, for there is an equilibrium between my receipts and expenses, and I still continue to serve my country, since I economise their cockades."

The old man looked at me and smiled, as he uttered these words, and then resumed his work with increased activity.

I felt sad and pensive. Here, thought I, is another member of that sacred band who, in the combat of life, march always in the van for the example of the world. Each has his battle-cry—this one country, that family, and this other humanity; but all follow the same standard, that of duty; each acts under the same divine law, self-denial.

Half Hours with Foreign Authors.

* A prize given for the encouragement of the practice of virtue.

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

THERE was a man on board our boat with a light, fresh-colored face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, and at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed pertly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said—"Eh? What's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?" He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic—always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking and never finding.

There never was such a curious man. I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it—where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost? Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what that cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it, or had it given me, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then? Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Eh? La now! do tell!

Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the name of the fur whereof the coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterwards. He usually kept close behind me as I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better; and he frequently dived into narrow places after me at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back, and rubbing it the wrong way.

Charles Dickens.

ADVICE TO PARISHIONERS.

It is of importance not only that we should do good, but that we should do it in the best manner. A little judgment and a little reflection added to the gift doubles the value. Now, it is lamentable to see how ignorant the poor are. I do not mean of reading and writing, but about the common affairs of life. They are as helpless as children in all difficulties. Nothing would be so useful as some short and cheap book, to instruct them what to do, to whom to go, and to give them a little advice—I mean, mere practical advice. I have begun something of this sort for my parishioners. Here it is:—

If you begin stealing a little, you will go on from little to much, and soon become a regular thief; and then you will be hanged or sent over seas; and, 'give me leave to tell you, transportation is no joke. Up at five in the morning, dressed in a jacket half blue half yellow; chained on to another person, like two dogs; a man standing over you with a great stick; weak porridge for breakfast; bread and water for dinner; boiled beans for supper; straw to lie upon: and all this for thirty years; and then you are hanged there, by order of the governor, without judge or jury. All this is very disagreeable, and you had far better avoid it by making a solemn resolution to take nothing which does not belong to you.

Never sit in wet clothes. Off with them as soon as you can. No constitution can stand it. Look at Jackson, who lives next door to the blacksmith; he was the strongest man in the parish. Twenty different times I warned him of his folly in wearing wet clothes. He pulled off his hat and smiled, and was very civil, but clearly seemed to think it all old woman's nonsense. He is now, as you see, bent double with rheumatism, is living upon parish allowance, and scarcely able to crawl from pillar to post.

I will have no swearing. There is pleasure in a pint of ale, but what pleasure is there in an oath? A swearer is a low vulgar person. Swearing is not fit for a tinker or a razor-grinder, much less for an honest laborer in my parish.

I must positively forbid all poaching; it is absolute ruin to yourself and your family. In the end you are sure to be

detected—a hare in one pocket and a pheasant in the other. How are you to pay ten pounds? You have not ten pence beforehand in the world. Daniel's breeches are unpaid for; you have a hole in your hat, and want a new one; your wife, an excellent woman, is lying ill; and you are, all of a sudden, called upon by the justice to pay ten pounds. I shall never forget the sight of poor Cranford, hurried to Taunton gaol—a wife and three daughters on their knees to the justice, who was compelled to do his duty, and commit him. The next day, beds, chairs, and clothes sold, to get the father out of gaol. Out of gaol he came; but the poor fellow could not bear the sight of his naked cottage, and to see his family pinched with hunger. You know how he ended his days. Was there a dry eye in the churchyard when he was buried? It was a lesson to poachers. It is, indeed, a desperate and foolish trade. Observe, I am not defending the game laws, but I am advising you, as long as the game laws exist, to fear them, and to take care that you and your family are not crushed by them. And, then, smart stout young men hate the gamekeeper, and make it a point of courage and spirit to oppose him. Why? The gamekeeper is paid to protect the game, and he would be a very dishonest man if he did not do his duty. What right have you to bear malice against him for this? After all, the game in justice belongs to the land-owners, who feed it; and not to you, who have no land at all, and can feed nothing.

I don't like that red nose, and those bleary eyes, and that stupid downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, a glass of peppermint, and all the beastly fluids which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer it, if you will but be resolute. I remember a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the ale-house. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. "I don't like to tell you, James," she said, "but if I must, I must; and truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of

anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave *you* to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, and to my soul I wish we were dead." "Dead!" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him; "dead, Sally! You, and Mary, and the two young ones, dead? Lookye, my lass, you see what I am now—like a brute. I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—I am drawing near to the pit of destruction—but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife." She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and, striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife was happy; and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of March, the day of James's restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety. It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together there are many Yorkshire laborers who never taste ale. I have no objection, you will observe, to a moderate use of ale, or any other liquor you can *afford* to purchase. My objection is, that you cannot afford it; that every penny you spend at the ale-house comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife.

Sydney Smith.

CONCEIT.

I.—CONCEIT FOUNDED ON IGNORANCE.

I CONFESS that when I come in contact with a conceited person—a shopman or shopwoman, for example—I feel a strong desire to get out of their way. They may show me what I want, and *that* at the price I wish to give, but the air of indifference which they assume as to whether I buy the article or not, very much modifies the pleasure of my purchase.

Probably they think it *grand* to appear indifferent; they would have me understand, as it were, that they are not in need of the paltry profit they have on this or that article; that fortunately they are in flourishing circumstances; that, in short, their balance at the bank is, judging from my appearance, higher than mine. All this, which an impatient movement of the hand or a toss of the head conveys to me, I am delighted to learn.

From the bottom of my heart, sir or miss, I congratulate you that you are in such easy circumstances as would enable you "to buy me up" three times over, if you had a mind to. But be so condescending as to observe that I do not wish to sell myself, any more than I wish to buy you. What I came into your shop for was, to buy *this* article. Good! You wish to sell it, of course. Good! *You* are seller; *I* am buyer—*that* is the extent of our relation towards each other.

But I have said that this indifference on the part of tradespeople is *assumed*. How do I know? I know it by the simple fact that they wish to sell. Otherwise, sir or miss, why stand there with the article in your hand? Why not go and take a walk in the park, this fine day? Ah! you must attend to the shop! Precisely. In other words, you must attend to me; you must be my servant as long as I choose to buy.

Do you now comprehend your position towards me? I hope you feel duly humbled. I sincerely hope you are not humiliated. I, too, am a servant; we are all servants to each other.

II.—CONCEIT THE MAINSPRING OF INCIVILITY.

Let us pursue this important subject a little further, for *civility* is at the bottom of a right understanding of it; and

civility, as everyone knows, is oil to the wheels of social life. It is true that some persons do not require to be taught civility; for they have been formed by nature with kindly hearts, and they do the right thing in the right way, just as surely and as easily as you take to your feet when you want to walk, instead of your hands. Such persons are not often to be met with; but, strange to say, I have seen more of them among little girls and boys than among grown-up people. I tell you this as a secret, and hope it will not make you conceited.

Well, as to that haughty shopman who tossed his head at me, and on whom I revenged myself by showing him it was quite unnecessary behaviour,—as to that man or woman, I say, let us suppose that he or she declined being called our “servant.” “It is true you are a customer,” they might say, “but that is nothing to us! We are merely apprentices, or assistants, hired to stand here and sell goods for so much wages. Your purchases are not to our advantage; our employers pocket all the profit. We can, therefore, afford to do as we like.”

Not so fast, Mr. Scornful; you cannot *afford* to be uncivil to one of your master’s customers; for, if you are, he will turn you out into the street, where you may starve. And, to put you to the test, permit me to ask you, why you are not equally mighty before his face as behind his back? This proves that you are quite aware of the fact that the amount of your wages depends, to a considerable extent, on the value of the service you render for them. And the cash he finds in the till on his return will, on the average, be a fair reflex of your industry and civility in his absence.

III.—CONCEIT IS COSTLY.

Really, conceited persons ought to have been born with independent fortunes. How, with all their uncivil behaviour, they manage to get on in life is a puzzle to me. “Easily enough,” you may say, “for of course you will buy this or that article, if you *want* it. Supposing it is something you cannot do without—a loaf of bread, for example—you *must* have it, however uncivil the tradesman may be.”

Certainly I *must* have it, because I am ravenous for my breakfast. But is it essential that I should buy it from Mr. Crusty?

Oh dear no! for there is Mr. Jollyboy's shop just round the corner, where the young woman who hands over the loaf never fails to add a pleasant smile into the bargain. So Mr. Crusty loses his customer, and some of these mornings his neighbours will say he has forgotten to take his shutters down.

Aye, "forgotten" indeed! Is he a blighted victim to circumstance, or a bankrupt from incivility? Sure I am, that when he starts afresh, he will have to season his commodities with a certain ingredient that costs nothing, and is nevertheless priceless.

Editor.

WHAT A DITCH CAN DO.

It was a hot, sultry evening, without a breath of wind; and nearly all the workmen, when work was over and supper done, loitered about smoking their pipes in the open air. John Hooper, one of the group, stood leaning on the barn door, watching his little Jack and Nelly at play with their kittens, and his wife, who sat on the step with baby in her arms, stroking puss, and teaching baby not to be frightened at her.

"Here comes Master Frank, with his brown dog," said Hooper. Frank was the farmer's son, and a general favorite.

"When is my sister to have the kitten?" asked Frank.

"This very evening, if you please, sir," she answered. "Pray walk in and choose which you like."

"This is Whitefoot, sir, running after the ball," said Jack; "and those are Minnie and Jetty: and Vevvy—that means Velvet, sir—is playing by herself out there; which will you have?"

Frank stepped across the threshold, but his dog ran in before him, and was instantly attacked by the cat, furious in defence of her four children. A scene of confusion followed. In vain did Frank call "Wolf! lie down, sir!" The cat growled, spat, and scratched; Wolf barked and flew at her; the kittens scampered off in every direction; Jack and Nelly rushed about to protect them; and the baby screamed louder than all.

Peace was restored at last, but not till puss and her kittens had vanished from the field of battle; not a tail or a whisker was to be seen, and Wolf had slunk behind his master, looking very

much ashamed. Jack and Nelly, assisted by Frank, now began to search for their pets, and soon found three of the kittens—one behind the press, another on a shelf among the teacups, a third under some straw in the barn.

Puss herself was not to be seen, but that was no matter: she was most likely up a tree or on the roof. The fourth kitten, however, was not to be found, and they looked everywhere in vain.

At last Nelly's voice was heard from the end of the garden, calling, "Here's Whitefoot in the ditch! Come, father!"

They ran to the place and found Nelly, who had clambered down the steep side of the ditch, peeping into the black stream that lay almost stagnant at the bottom.

"Oh, I'm so sick, father," she cried. "It smells so bad, and Whitefoot will not come."

Hooper stooped down, stretched out his hand towards the kitten, and when he brought it out it was quite dead. Nelly began to cry bitterly at the sight.

"Why, Hooper, you are as pale as death!" exclaimed Frank. "What's the matter?"

"I don't know myself," he replied, wiping his forehead and staggering against a tree. "Such a whiff went down my throat, out of the ditch I think it was. Well," added he, after a pause, "I never heard of such a thing as a kitten being drowned in half a minute. It has hardly more than wetted its paws, too, for it lay on a heap of dry bones and cabbage stalks in there."

"It strikes me very forcibly," said an old man who had joined them, and stood by leaning on his stick—"it strikes me very forcibly that the kitten was not drowned at all, but poisoned by the smell."

"Poisoned by the smell!" said Hooper, rather doubtfully; "what harm can a smell do? It's not pleasant, certainly, but it cannot kill a cat, that I am very sure of."

"I don't know that," said the old man. "Where I was at work near London, some years ago, there were several narrow lanes and places where they never could keep a cat alive; and so sure as ever a cat died, so sure some of the people of the house were taken with fever. At last they left off trying to keep cats, because they brought bad luck, as the folks said."

Now the whole thing was as clear to Frank as the sun at noon; and he decided with old George on a plan of flushing the ditch by turning the branch of a running stream into it.

Accordingly, next morning four men appeared at an appointed time, and worked with Frank for two hours, and so continued to do for a whole week. Then they succeeded in turning a good stream of water into the ditch, which began instantly to produce a wonderful change for the better. And they were able to finish their undertaking in excellent style, for the farmer gave them wood to cover in the ditch, and then they laid sods over the whole, by way of a finish.

Meanwhile, however, Hooper lay at death's door with "the fever." But whether by chance or no, certain it was that he began to mend from the day this work was done.

Charm of Interesting Stories.

READY MONEY AND CREDIT.

OF course you all know what is meant by paying ready money for a thing. When you buy a loaf at the baker's, or a pound of sugar at the grocer's, you have money to pay for it. That is also called cash-payment, as cash is another word for money.

But some people sometimes don't pay at the time they make purchases, but delay payment till they get money. That is a very bad plan, I think; for the expected money may not be so easily got. However, the baker, or grocer, or butcher, or draper, believes that it will be forthcoming by and by; so he *trusts*, or gives the things on trust or credit. This makes it very easy for you at the time, but it is not very safe; and it is more dangerous for you to *take credit* than for the tradesman to *give* it.

But, probably, you know already about that way of taking credit. I can tell you another way, which I daresay you have not thought of, but which you have practised in one way or another, for all that. Did you never take credit on yourself?

"How can that be?" I hear you say; "certainly I could not receive ready money from myself; how, then, could I take credit on myself?"

Not so fast, Master Doubter. When you last ate an unripe

apple, had you not a headache, and, perhaps, a colic too? Well, the momentary pleasure of swallowing the apple was outweighed by the credit or trust you had in your stomach. Now, Mr. Stomach is a most obliging banker; but, reasonably enough, he is chary of granting accommodations without a chance of compensation. And should the risk be great, he demands speedy repayment with high interest. He has a hundred ways, too, of finding out the worth and characters of his customers. Himself a prudent and long-headed man, the most wily can neither outwit nor overreach him; and he who is foolhardy enough to resist his lawful claims by force, falls in the contest,—slowly, perhaps, but surely. After all, then, you can, if you *will*, take credit on yourself.

Again, when you last wore tight shoes, perhaps the pain was not felt so much as when you took them off some time afterwards. The time during which pain was suspended was then the period of credit: payment for the abuse your foot suffered was merely put off. At last it came, however, with a heavy interest in the shape of corns and bunions.

Often in passing little cottages, or through narrow streets, I have seen filth of every description lying about, or collected in what is called a "cesspool." The people living there put up with the disagreeable smells and nauseous sights, because they cannot trouble themselves to carry the filth elsewhere. "It is of no consequence," they say, "it does no harm." No! It does not bark or snap at them, or prick them, or make them feel any particular pain, *just yet*. It does not make their legs, arms, or heads pay ready money. But wait a little, perhaps all three will smart for it in due time.

Look at those masses of offal and putrid matter! The smell is occasioned by floating particles of it entering your nostrils and mouth. These rapidly spread and thicken the air, more than a shower of fine flour would do: it is no longer fresh healthy air: and every moment it increases like an invisible smoke. Every breath draws some of that poisonous gas into your bodies, and taints your blood. Gradually you feel weak and sickly, "and a band of pain across your brow." Your motions are sluggish, and you are as pale as whitewash. Why, if you remained here any length of time, you would even become reckless, discontented,

vicious, and poor; and all through the "harmless dirt." Wonderful dirt!

Presently you hear of one being stricken down by "*the fever*," and then another and another. They were not required to pay ready money. "No! Why should they, indeed! So long as they could have credit." Pay ere long, however, they must. It is the same with the foul air of a room; the same with the glutton, who must suffer for his surfeit; and the drunkard for his debauch. In short, I could show you a thousand ways how you can, and perhaps *do*, take credit on yourselves by violating, through ignorance or vice, *the laws of God*.

Editor.

HEALTH OF HOUSES.

AIR, WATER, DRAINAGE.

THERE are five essential points in securing the health of houses. —(1) *pure air*; (2) *pure water*; (3) *efficient drainage*; (4) *cleanliness*; (5) *light*. Without these no house can be healthy. And it will be unhealthy just in proportion as they are not.

(1). To have pure air, your house must be so built as that the outer air shall find its way with ease to every corner of it. House builders hardly ever consider this. The object in building a house is to obtain the largest interest for the money, not to save doctors' bills to the tenants. But, if tenants should ever become so wise as to refuse to occupy unhealthily built houses, builders would speedily be brought to their senses. As it is, they build what pays best. And there are always people foolish enough to take the houses they build. And if in the course of time the families die off, as is so often the case, nobody ever thinks of blaming any but Providence for the result. Ill-informed people help to keep up the delusion, by laying the blame on "current contagions." Bad houses do for the healthy what bad hospitals do for the sick. Once insure that the air in a house is stagnant, and sickness is certain to follow.

No one thinks how much disease might be prevented, even in the country, by simply attending to providing the cottages with fresh air.

I know whole districts in the south of England where, even

when the windows are sashed, the sashes are never made to open at the top.

I know whole districts in the north of England where, even in quite new cottages, the bedroom windows are not made to open at all, excepting a single pane, generally placed low down in the window. Now if this open pane were in the upper row of the upper sash, it would be all very well. Very tolerable ventilation is procured by this means. But if it is in the lower row, it is all very bad. It does nothing but produce a draught setting inwards, actually driving the foul air upon the inmates, and not letting it out at all.

Only satisfy yourself of all these things by experiment for yourself.

What happens in a cottage? The rooms are always small and generally crowded. One or two rooms have to serve for all household purposes. And the air in them, especially at night, is stagnant and foul. Almost always there are closets or corners without either light or air, which make the whole house musty. And the house has itself hardly ever sufficient light.

Now, it is quite impossible to lay down a general rule without knowing the particular case.

It is for the father of the family to decide.

Sometimes an additional pane of glass, made to open and shut, and put into the wall where it is wanted, will make a cottage sweet which always was musty.

Sometimes a sky-light, made to open, will make an attic wholesome which never was habitable before.

Every careful woman will spread out the bedding daily to the light and air.

No window is safe, as has often here been said, which does not open at the top, or where at least a pane in the upper row of the upper sash does not open.

In small crowded rooms, I again repeat, the foul air is all above the chimney-breast, and is therefore quite ready to be breathed by the people sitting in the room or in bed. This air requires to be let off; and the simplest way of doing it is one of these, viz. :—

1. An Arnott's ventilator in the chimney close to the ceiling.
2. An air-brick in the wall at the ceiling.
3. A pane of perforated glass in a passage or stair-window.

The large old fire-place, under which three or four people can sit—still to be seen in cottages of the south of England, and in old manor-houses—is an immense benefit to the air of the room. Pity it has disappeared in all new buildings!

But never stop up your chimney. Of whatever size it is, it is a good ventilator.

And during almost every night of the year, pull your window an inch down *at the top*. Remember, **AT THE TOP**.

To clergymen, district visitors, and landlords may be said, "Help the people to carry out these improvements. They are often more willing to do so than you are to help. You will thus do infinitely more good than by supporting hospitals and dispensaries for them when they are ill of *foul air*. Why not prevent the illness which comes of foul air?"

The main objection of working-people to fresh air, is the cold. Warm the air introduced into cottage-rooms, by passing it through some fire-clay contrivance behind the grate, and heated by the fire,—the air to be admitted to the heating cavity direct from the outside, and entering the room above the chimney-piece. You can economise half the fuel by some of the new cottage-grates.

(2). Pure water is more general in houses than it used to be, thanks to the exertions of a few. Within the last few years, a large part of London was in the daily habit of using water polluted by the drainage of its sewers and water-closets. This has happily been remedied. But, in many parts of the country, well-water of a very impure kind is used for domestic purposes. And when epidemic disease shows itself, persons using such water are almost sure to suffer. Never use water that is not perfectly colorless and without taste or smell. And never keep water in an open tub or pail in a sitting-room or bedroom. Water absorbs foul air, and becomes foul and unwholesome in consequence, and it damps the air in the room, making it also unwholesome.

(3). It would be curious to ascertain by inspection, how many houses said to be drained are really well drained. Many people would say, surely all or most of them. But many people have no idea in what good drainage consists. They think that a sewer in the street, and a pipe leading to it from the house, is good

drainage. All the while the sewer may be nothing but a place from which sickness and ill-health are being poured into the house. No house with any untrapped, unventilated drain-pipe communicating immediately with an unventilated sewer, whether it be from water-closet, sink, or gully-grate, can ever be healthy. An untrapped sink may at any time spread fevers and other diseases among the inmates of a palace.

Country cottages suffer from bad drainage quite as much as, if not more than, town houses. The best that can be said about their floors is, that they are on the level of the ground, instead of being a foot *or more* above it, as they ought to be, with the air playing freely below the boards. Most frequently, however, the floors are not boarded, but are merely made of earth or of porous brick, which absorbs a large quantity of the moisture, and keeps damp, cold air always about the feet. Perhaps most frequently of all, the floor has been worn away several inches below the level of the ground, and of course after every wet day the floor is wet and sloppy. One would think this bad enough, but it is not the worst. Sometimes a dunghill or a pig-sty is kept so close to the door, that the foul water from it, after rain, may be seen flowing over the house floor.

It frequently happens, when cottages are built on hill sides, that the cottage wall is built against the damp earth, instead of being separated from it, and the water from the hill keeps both walls and floors constantly damp. There are whole villages in which one or more, or even all of these defects, exist, and the natural result is fever, scarlet fever, measles, rheumatism, &c.

People are astonished that they are not healthy in the country, as if living in the country would save them from attending to any of the laws of health more than living in a town.

Now then, here is a whole field for activity—for saving human life and health. Is there nobody in the parish who would take such matters up, and go from house to house to examine into them? A little common sense, a little labor, which in nine cases out of ten could be found by the people themselves, a few shillings of expense at the outside, and no costly machinery of any kind, would put the whole thing to rights, and save health, life, and poor-rates.

DRAINAGE—*continued.*

Did you ever observe that there were certain groups of houses over which the first fog settled sooner than over others? The fog is nature's way of showing that the houses and their neighbourhood are saturated with moisture from the neglects above specified. These fogs also point out where the fever or cholera will come.

To remedy this state of things, the ground requires to be drained or trenched, the earth cut away, the floors raised above the level of the ground, and dunghills and pig-sties removed as far as possible from the houses. These things can always be placed in such a way as that the natural drainage removes all that is offensive about them, at least away from the house.

Another not uncommon cause of sickness among village people is a puddle of foul water or an offensive ditch. The former can always be filled up with earth, or drained away by a little spade labor. As regards the latter, there is nothing in which more good could be done than by laying a drain-pipe in the bottom of the ditch, and filling the earth in over it to a sufficient distance on either side the houses.

People often put up with nuisances from dunghills and pigsties, on account of the value of the matter itself. Value there is certainly. But the question is, whether the nuisance is necessary; and whether, in preventing nuisance, money would not be saved?

"All foul smell indicates disease, and loss of money," says Mr. Chadwick. "Never live in a house which smells. Either don't take it, or examine where the smell comes from, and put a stop to it; but never think of living in it until there is no smell. A house which smells is a hot-bed of disease."

"But though those smells always indicate danger," says the same authority, "it does not always follow that there is no danger when there is no smell. The danger is often greater when the smell which gives warning is gone. Therefore remove the thing itself, and not only the smell."

One of the most common causes of disease in towns is having privies and cesspools, ashpits or *middensteads* close to the houses. There are great and rich cities and towns which justly pride themselves on their drainage, their water-supply, their paving, and surface cleansing, and yet have more death in their dwelling-

than many towns where no such works have been carried out. In all these cases the domestic filth of the population is allowed to accumulate among the houses, in close courts, polluting the soil underneath, and the air within the houses, to such a degree that, in spite of the draining, water-supply, and paving, excellent as these may be, the people suffer from exactly double the sickness and death which ought to fall to their lot. There is no way of putting a stop to this terrible loss of life, except by putting an end to these privies and cesspits, and bringing in drainage and water-closets, as has been done in many of the very worst districts of London, and throughout the whole of the dwelling-houses of improved towns.

An attempt is often made to shield these neglects under the plea that "so much has been done already." But the ready reply is "these things ought you to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

As regards country cottages, if a safe outlet for the sewage can be obtained, cottages can be very cheaply drained. The pipes required will cost about a shilling per lineal yard, and a soil-pipe can be put up for ten shillings additional, more or less.

The worst class of nuisances are certainly those I have referred to, in which the local authorities, who ought to be the uncompromising protectors of the health of the poor, attempt to palliate their own deficiencies. But there is another class in which people injure each other, by committing nuisance, or keeping their premises in a filthy condition. In the present state of the law, this can be avoided by bringing reasonable complaint before the authorities, who will see the law enforced. It often happens, however, that the poor are too ill-informed, or too apathetic, to take any such step; and it is at this point that they can often be most efficiently assisted by the clergyman or district visitor, in whom a knowledge of the law, as it bears on the health of the parishioners, would often be the means of saving sickness, as well as "parish rates." Unhealthy houses, those whose inmates suffer most from sickness and mortality, are well known to parish doctors, officers of health, and to other medical practitioners. The simple question, "Show us the houses which yield the largest amount of fever or other epidemic disease?" addressed to any of these officers, will enable the finger to be laid at once on the

plague-spots of the parish, and show where the poor require help or advice, or both, in having their houses drained, cleansed, lime-washed, or ventilated.

Among the more common causes of ill-health in cottages is overcrowding. There is perhaps only a single room for a whole family, and not more than 150 or 200 cubic feet for every inmate. Nothing can make such a room healthy. Ventilation would improve it, but still it would be unhealthy. The only way to meet this overcrowded state of cottages is by adding rooms, or by building more cottages on a better model.

The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling into the air. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink, as I have ever met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all unventilated by the closed windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bedrooms. It is wonderful!

Another great evil in house construction is carrying drains underneath the house. Such drains are never safe. All house drains should begin and end outside the walls. Many people will readily say, how important are these things. But how few are there who trace disease in their households to such causes! Is it not a fact, that when scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox appear among the children, the very first thought which occurs is "where" the children can have "caught" the disease? And the parents immediately run over in their minds all the families with whom they may have been. They never think of looking at home for the source of the mischief. If a neighbour's child is seized with small-pox, the first question which occurs is, whether it had been vaccinated. No one would undervalue vaccination; but it becomes of doubtful benefit when it leads people to look abroad for the source of evils which exist at home.

CLEANLINESS AND LIGHT.

(4). Without cleanliness, within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless. In certain foul districts

poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dunghill near their houses. But does it ever occur to them that, with many arrangements of this kind, it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open? You cannot have the air of the house pure with dungheaps under the windows. These are common everywhere. And yet people are surprised that their children, brought up in "country air," suffer from children's diseases. If they studied nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt in heaps. Old papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, dirty walls and ceilings, uncleaned furniture, pollute the air just as much as if there were a dungheap in the basement. People are so unaccustomed to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course, to be "resigned to," when it comes, "as from the hand of Providence;" or, if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they are very apt to commit all kinds of "negligences and ignorances" in performing it.

Even in the poorest houses, washing the walls and ceilings with quick-lime wash twice a year would prevent more disease than you wot of.

(5). A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., &c., among the children.

People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it.

Three out of many "negligences and ignorances" in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens—1. That the mistress of any building, large or small, does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect others to be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it?—2. That it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean every room, whether inhabited or not; which is simply laying the ground ready for all kinds of diseases.—3. That the window

is considered enough to air a room. Have you never observed that any room without a fire-place is always close? And, if you have a fire-place, would you cram it up not only with a chimney-board, but perhaps with a great wisp of brown paper, in the throat of the chimney—to prevent the soot from coming down, you say? If your chimney is foul, sweep it; but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one opening: don't suppose that to shut up a room is the way to keep it clean. It is the best way to foul the room, and all that is in it.

But again, to look to all these things yourself (and here I speak to school-mistresses, mothers of large families, and matrons), does not mean to do them yourself. "I always open the windows," the head in charge often says. If you do it, it is by so much the better, certainly, than if it were not done at all. But can you not insure that it is done when not done by yourself? Can you insure that it is not undone when your back is turned? This is what being "in charge" means; and a very important meaning it is, too. The former only implies that just what you can do with your own hands is done; the latter, that what ought to be done is always done.

And now, you think these things trifles, or at least exaggerated. But what you "think," or what I "think," matters little. Let us see what God thinks of them. God always justifies His ways. While we are "thinking," He has been teaching. I have known cases of sickness quite as severe in private houses as in any of the worst towns, and from the same cause, viz., foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that everybody should have "whitlows," or that something was "much about this year; there is always sickness in our house." This is a favorite mode of thought—leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general "whitlows," but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is "sickness" being "always there," a justification of its being "there" at all?

What was the cause of sickness being in that nice private house? It was, that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the

alops were emptied into the foot-pans ;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed ;—it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water ;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed ;—it was that the carpets and curtains were always musty ;—it was that the furniture was always dusty ;—it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt ;—it was that the floors were never cleaned ;—it was that the empty rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired ;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air ;—it was that the windows were always fast shut up at night ;—it was that no window was ever regularly opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the people were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors ; or they opened the windows upon a dank well between high walls, not upon the airier court ; or they opened the room doors into the unaired passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that house there have been in one summer six cases of serious illness : all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventable causes.

God lays down certain physical laws. Upon His carrying out such laws depends our responsibility (that much abused word), for how could we have any responsibility for actions, the results of which we could not foresee—which would be the case if the carrying out of His laws were *not* certain. Yet we seem to be continually expecting that He will work a miracle—*i. e.*, break His own laws expressly to relieve us of responsibility.

"With God's blessing he will recover," is a common form of parlance. But "with God's blessing" also, it is, if he does *not* recover ; and "with God's blessing" that he fell ill ; and "with God's blessing" that he dies, if he does die. In other words, *all* these things happen by God's laws, which *are* His blessings, that is, which are all to contribute to teach us the way to our best happiness. Cholera is just as much His "blessing" as the ex-

emption from it. It is to teach us how to obey His laws. "With God's blessing he will recover," is a common form of speech with people who, all the while, are neglecting the means on which God has made health or recovery to depend.

*Florence Nightingale.**

FALLACIES OF SOCIETY.

It is astonishing the influence foolish sayings have upon the mass of mankind, though they are not unfrequently fallacies. Here are a few I amused myself with writing, long before Bentham's book on Fallacies.

FALLACY I. "Because I have gone through it, my son shall go through it also."—A man gets well pummelled at a public school; is subject to every misery and every indignity which seventeen years of age can inflict upon nine and ten; has his eye nearly knocked out, and his clothes stolen and cut to pieces; and twenty years afterwards, when he is a chrysalis, and has forgotten the miseries of his grub state, is determined to act a manly part in life, and says, "I passed through all that myself, and I am determined my son shall pass through it as I have done:" and away goes his bleating progeny to the tyranny and servitude of the long chamber or the large dormitory. It would surely be much more rational to say, "Because I have passed through it, I am determined my son shall not pass through it; because I was kicked for nothing, and cuffed for nothing, and fagged for everything, I will spare all these miseries to my child." It is not for any good which may be derived from this rough usage; that has not been weighed and considered; few persons are capable of weighing its effects into character: but there is a sort of compensatory and consolatory notion, that the present generation (whether useful or not, no matter) are not to come off scot-free, but are to have their share of ill-usage; as if the black eye and bloody nose which Master John Jackson received in 1800, are less black and bloody by the application of similar violence to similar parts of Master Thomas Jackson, the son, in 1830. This is not only sad nonsense, but cruel nonsense. The only use to be derived from the recollection of what we have suffered in

* "Notes on Nursing," price 6d.

youth, is a fixed determination to screen those we educate from every evil and inconvenience, from subjection to which there are not cogent reasons for submitting. Can anything be more stupid and preposterous than this concealed revenge upon the rising generation, and latent envy lest they should avail themselves of the improvements time has made, and pass a happier youth than their fathers have done?

FALLACY II. "I have said I will do it, and I *will* do it; I will stick to my word."—This fallacy proceeds from confounding resolutions with promises. If you have promised to give a man a guinea for a reward, or to sell him a horse or a field, you must do it; you are dishonest if you do not. But if you have made a resolution to eat no meat for a year, and everybody about you sees that you are doing mischief to your constitution, is it any answer to say you have said so, and you will stick to your word? With whom have you made the contract but with yourself? and if you and yourself, the two contracting parties, agree to break the contract, where is the evil, or who is injured?

FALLACY III. "I object to half-measures; it is neither one thing nor the other."—But why *should* it be one thing or the other? why not something between both? Why are half-measures necessarily or probably unwise measures? I am embarrassed in my circumstances; one of my plans is, to persevere boldly in the same line of expense, and to trust to the chapter of accidents for some increase of fortune;—the other is, to retire entirely from the world, and to hide myself in a cottage. But I end with doing neither, and take a middle course of diminished expenditure. I do neither one thing nor the other, but possibly act wiser than if I had done either. I am highly offended by the conduct of an acquaintance; I neither overlook it entirely, nor do I proceed to call him out; I do neither, but show him, by a serious change of manner, that I consider myself to have been ill-treated. I effect my object by half-measures. I cannot agree entirely with the Opposition or the Ministry; it may very easily happen that my half-measures are wiser than the extremes to which they are opposed. But it is a sort of meta-
-phor which debauches the understanding of *foolish* people; and

when half-measures are mentioned, they have much the same feeling as if they were cheated—as if they had bargained for a whole bushel and received but half. To act in extremes is sometimes wisdom; to *avoid* them is sometimes wisdom. Every measure must be judged of by its own particular circumstances.

Sydney Smith.

THE WHITE SHIP (1120).

KING Henry the First went over to Normandy with his son Prince William, and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and the whole company prepared to embark for home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said, "My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of the ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne, he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard the White Ship with one hundred

and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father, the King, has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father, the King, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

When, at last, she got out of the harbour of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily, Fitz-Stephen at the helm.

The gay young nobles, and the beautiful ladies wrapped up in mantles of various bright colors, to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

Crash! a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was upset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They had both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He said, "I am a

nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle; and you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold numbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By-and-by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the Prince?" said he. "Gone! gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe, woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank, and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat, the sole relator of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king; at length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost, with all on board.

The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile.

C. Dickens' Child's Hist. of England.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE (1691).

THE authorities at Edinburgh put forth a proclamation, exhorting the Highland clans to submit to King William and Queen Mary, and offering pardon to every rebel who, on or before the thirty-first of December, 1691, should swear to live peaceably under the new government. It was announced that those who should hold out after that day would be treated as enemies and traitors.

The thirty-first of December arrived; and still the Macdonalds

of Glencoe had not come in. The punctilious pride of Mac Ian was doubtless gratified by the thought that he had continued to defy the government after the boastful Glengarry, the ferocious Keppoch, the magnanimous Lochiel had yielded; but he bought his gratification dear.

The news that Mac Ian had not submitted within the prescribed time was received with cruel joy by three powerful Scotchmen, who were then at the English court. To Argyle, as to his cousin Breadalbane, the intelligence that the tribe of Glencoe was out of the protection of the law was most gratifying; and the Secretary, the Master of Stair, more than sympathised with them both. The feeling of Argyle and Breadalbane is perfectly intelligible. They were the heads of a great clan; and they had an opportunity of destroying a neighbouring clan with which they were at deadly feud. Breadalbane had received peculiar provocation. His estate had been repeatedly devastated; and he had just been thwarted in a negotiation of high amount. The Earl of Stair hated the Highlanders, not as enemies of this or that dynasty, but as enemies of law, of industry, and of trade. To the last moment he continued to flatter himself that the rebels would be obstinate, and would thus furnish him with a plea for accomplishing that great social revolution on which his heart was set. One clan was now at the mercy of the government, and that clan the most lawless of all. One great act of justice, nay of charity, might be performed. One terrible and memorable example might be given. "Better," he wrote, "not meddle with them, than meddle to no purpose. When the thing is resolved, let it be secret and sudden." He was obeyed; and it was determined that the Glencoe men should perish, not by military execution, but by the most dastardly and perfidious form of assassination.

On the first of February, a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell, and a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland, Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed.—an unblushing forehead, a smooth lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and

welcomed by the Macdonalds: for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of Mac Ian.

The sight of the red-coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded, for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen.

Meanwhile Glenlyon observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills; and he reported the result of his observations to his superior, Hamilton. Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that before that time he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs, so Mac Ian and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers, could take refuge. But at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on, and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange cries. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. "I do not like this job," one of them muttered; "I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds——" "We must do as we are bid," answered another.

voice. "If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it." John Macdonald was so uneasy, that, soon after midnight, he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. "Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?" John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverrigan and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy, twelve years old, clung round the captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would go anywhere; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting; but a ruffian, named Drummond, shot the child dead.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes, and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. His wife was already up, and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers, but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half-naked peasantry fled, under cover of the night, to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the

patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it.

It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped, in the tumult or the butchery, from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to flee, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire; and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want, were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins.

When the troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still chanted by the people of the valley.

Macaulay.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

"Oh! tell me, harper, wherefore flow,
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harpest thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest:
The mist-wreath bath the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountains grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

"Their flags were furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon-steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
And bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.
The winter wind that whistles shrill,
The snows that night that choked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southron clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel-string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

Scott.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the youngest son of a family of seventeen children, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1706. His parents desired to give him a good education, and at the age of eight years placed him at school, where, by his readiness to learn, he soon reached the head of the class, and bade fair to become a distinguished scholar.

But his father, being obliged to labor for the support of a numerous family, found himself unable to bear the expenses of keeping him at school, and took him at ten years of age to assist in his own trade of a tallow chandler. While he was industriously employed in the work of the shop, he was meditating upon the books he had perused, and devising how to get time to read others.

In the account of his life which Franklin left, he says, "I disliked the trade in which I was employed, and had a strong inclination to go to sea; but my father declared against it; but, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learnt

swim well and to manage boats; and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty. Upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

"There was a salt-marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high-water, we used to stand to fish for minnows; by much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon; and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen had gone home, I assembled a number of my play-fellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets; sometimes two or three to a stone, till we had brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones which formed our wharf; inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer. We were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, my father showed me that *that which was not truly honest could not be truly useful.*"

Benjamin's dislike to his occupation, and desire to follow the sea, increased rather than diminished; but his father deemed it prudent, after the trial of several trades, to apprentice him to his brother James, a printer, who had just returned from London with a press and types, to establish himself in Boston. This new occupation had advantages which soon reconciled young Franklin to it. It gave him a more ready access to books than he had before enjoyed; and thus a craving, stronger, because more lasting, than that which led him to wish to go to sea, was satisfied. He became acquainted in the course of business with bookseller's apprentices, who frequently lent him books, which he was careful to keep clean, and return at the appointed time. How he enjoyed his little privilege of reading will be seen by his own words. He says—"Often I sat up in my chamber the greatest part of the night, when the book borrowed in the evening was to be returned, lest it should be missing."

From reading, and the arguments and reasoning of others, Franklin, young as he was, soon began to write and reason for himself. He used to engage with a companion of his, John Collins, in disputations, in which Collins usually had the better; a superiority which became more evident when, instead of arguing by word of mouth, the boys took to committing their ideas to paper. Some of these papers fell into the hands of Franklin's father, who pointed out to Franklin that his young antagonist was much his superior in elegance of expression, in method, and clearness. The lad saw that his father was right and determined to improve. He met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*, bought it, and read it over and over with delight. "I thought the writing excellent," he says, "and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view, I took some of the papers, and, making short notes of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by for a few days; and, without looking at the book, tried to complete the essays again."

Having at length, by the exertion of such pains to improve his mind, arrived at some proficiency, he felt a great desire to try his hand at writing for the press. So he wrote an article in a disguised hand for his brother's newspaper. "Being still a boy," he remarks, "and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it had met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be.

"Encouraged, however, by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved; and I kept my secret till all my fund of sense for such performances was exhausted. I then disclosed the secret, and henceforth was considered with a little more attention by my brother's acquaintances."

The discovery of such talents had their effect at once upon Franklin's career. Whilst his brother acted towards him only as a master, and a rather peevish master too, Benjamin felt a little inflated, perhaps, by the consideration now paid to him, and the consciousness of possessing unusual talents. Quarrels soon took place between them; and these ended in a separation.

Unable to obtain employment in his native town on account of the representations of his brother, Franklin quitted Boston for New York. This he did clandestinely, for fear his friends might prevent him. At New York he met with no success; but was told by the only printer there that his son, in Philadelphia, was in want of a workman. Off, accordingly, young Franklin started, and after many mishaps, landed at Market Wharf, Philadelphia, on Sunday morning.

"I was," says he, "in my working-dress, as my best clothes were being sent after me. I was dirty from being so long in the boat, my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodgings. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty: perhaps to prevent his being thought to have little. I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about, still in Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread; and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. Not knowing the different prices of bread, nor the names of the different sorts, I told him to give me three pennyworth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father, where she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

At one of the two printing-offices of Philadelphia, Franklin

obtained work; but, deluded by false hopes, he paid a visit to England. In two years he returned to Philadelphia, and the experience and reputation he had gained enabled him very soon to establish himself in business.

His prudence and excellent judgment made his advice sought for and prized; and at the age of thirty he was chosen Clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania.

When disagreement commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he, being in the mother country, did all in his power to promote a reconciliation. Perceiving no prospect of success, he returned home in 1755, and on the very day after his return was elected Member of Congress for the State of Pennsylvania.

He became an earnest advocate for the independence of the United States, and at the close of the year 1776, was sent as ambassador to the court of France. He devoted himself to the duties of his high office with true and untiring patriotism; and his negotiations, conducted with his characteristic prudence, were highly beneficial to the interests of his nation.

In the autumn of 1785, he returned to Philadelphia. His native country had received her acknowledged seat among the nations, and the venerable statesman was welcomed with affectionate gratitude. In his favorite philosophical studies, with occasional attention to public business, he passed his remaining years, cheerful and useful to the last.

He died on the 17th of April, 1790, having lived eighty-four years and three months, happily to himself, and usefully to his country and to mankind.

FRANKLIN'S KITE.

In the summer of the year 1725, occurred the most remarkable incident in Franklin's life.

The electrical nature of lightning had been vaguely talked of by many writers, but it was Franklin who proved and established this most important scientific fact. In the year 1749 he traced all the points of resemblance between lightning and electricity in a paper which concludes thus—"The electric fluid is attracted by points. We do not know whether this property be in light-

ning; but since they agree in all the particulars in which we can already compare them, it is not improbable that they agree likewise in this. Let the experiment be made." And he conceived the sublime idea of drawing down lightning from the clouds by means of sharp-pointed iron rods.

He proposed to erect on some high tower, or other elevated place, a sentry-box, from which should rise a pointed iron rod, insulated by being fixed in a cake of resin. As thunder clouds passed over it, they would, if his electrical theory were correct, communicate a portion of electricity to the rod, which would be evident by sparks when a key, the knuckle, or other conductor, was presented to it. This kind of experiment was not practicable in Philadelphia, but a spire was about to be erected in the city which he thought might be made available. Whilst waiting for it, he one day observed a boy flying a kite, and it struck him that here was a method of reaching the clouds preferable to any other.

He took a large silk handkerchief, and stretched it over two cross sticks. To the upright stick he fastened an iron point. Soon after, a thunder-storm coming on, he went out to the field, in which there was a shed, having no one with him but his son; for, with his usual prudence, he communicated his design to no other person lest he might fail. His son assisted him to raise the kite by the hempen cord: to the end of the cord he fastened a key; below the key a silk string secured this to a post.

Franklin then waited under the shed. A thunder-storm passed over without producing any effect. For some time there was no signs of electricity. Franklin began to despair, when he observed some loose threads of the hempen string rise and stand erect, exactly as if repelled from each other by being charged with electricity. He presented his knuckle to the key, and drew from it the well-known electrical spark. His emotion was so great that he heaved a deep sigh, and he felt that he could at that moment willingly have died. Indeed, as he well knew, his life was greatly hazarded by this bold experiment; for as the rain increased, the key gave out its electricity copiously; and had the hemp been thoroughly wet, it is believed he would not have survived.

But Franklin lived to make many other similar experiments. He brought down the lightning into his house by means of an

iron rod, and leisurely applied it to various uses for perfecting his theory. To him we owe the simple, cheap, effective plan of preserving buildings from lightning—by means of a pointed metallic rod, raised above the building, and communicating at the lower end with the earth. This lightning-rod ought to be in use far more generally than it is.

COAL.*

THERE are two words, each of only four letters, but names of the two most valuable minerals in the world—COAL and GOLD. No two minerals are more valuable, none more opposite in outward appearance.

The one is bright and dazzling, the other black and forbidding. The one the miser's delight, the other every man's comfort. The one is stored up in banks and bank-cellars, the other in coal-fields and coal-mines.

The one soils the mind of him who hugs it as a miser, the other soils only the face and fingers of him who gets it as a miner. The one appears to show the country's wealth, the other really shows it. The main source of English wealth is coal; and if it were all replaced by sand and earth, containing gold, we should be great losers by the exchange. Upon reflection it will be seen that if our mines of the precious metals were closed at once, and if our diggings of gold were at once cleared out or not yet found; in brief, if gold and silver were no longer to be had for our use, society would, after certain changes in the value of things, go on as before. On the other hand, let our country lose its coal, and it is not easy to see how the people could hold together as before.

No nation, however well off in other respects, if it have not plenty of this invaluable mineral, can hope to rival nations that are so supplied, at least in most branches of manufactures.

* The coal product of the world in the year 1853, was estimated at 75,000,000 tons; of which amount 40,000,000 tons were produced by Great Britain, and 9,000,000 by the United States. The consumption of coal in the United States has nearly doubled in four years.

To what is the astonishing increase of Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and above all, Newcastle-on-Tyne, owing, but the presence and working of coal? And to what can the declining, or at least not thriving state of Canterbury, Winchester, Bath, Salisbury, and the other towns in the south of England, be owing, but to the absence of coal? The more you consider it, the more you will be inclined to believe, that the abundance of coal in the north, and its scarcity and high price in the south of England, is the real cause of this striking difference.

Nearness to coal-fields has had a far more important effect on cities and towns than most men would expect. Take only one example, that of the small central coal-field of England. Its area scarcely equals that of the larger Scottish lakes, and yet that limited coal-field has made Birmingham a great and flourishing town—the first iron depôt in Europe; and it has filled the country round it with crowded towns and villages.

Think only of what the coal from the Staffordshire coal-field has done? How many thousand steam-engines has it set in motion? How many thousand railway-trains has it driven across the country? How many thousand wagon-loads of salt has it drawn out of the brine? How many million tons of iron has it raised to the surface of the earth, smelted, and hammered?

Our Coal, and Coal-fields.

JAMES WATT AND THE STEAM-ENGINE.

It was some time in 1764 that the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University desired Watt to repair a pretty model of Newcomen's steam-engine. This model was at first a plaything to Watt and Robinson, then a constant visitor at his workshop; but, like everything which came into his hands, it soon became an object of most serious study.

He soon saw the mechanical defects of this engine; and went to work considering harder than ever. But do our readers know the principle of the steam-engine? In a few words we will endeavour to explain it. First, here is this fact; a pint of water may be expanded by heat into two hundred and sixteen gallons of

steam; as much steam, therefore, as will fill a gallon vessel may, by the application of cold, be resolved again into the two hundred and sixteenth part of a pint of water.

Now let us take our "pop-gun" for an illustration. Let us magnify the pop-gun, and call the tube a cylinder, and the handle or rammer a piston. Suppose a jet of steam is let into the bottom of the cylinder while the piston remains in it; the steam expands; and, of course, up goes the piston. Now, by the application of cold, the steam becomes a little drop of water; then down drops the handle: all the faster and heavier because the steam having shut out the air, there is not even the resistance of that to oppose it.

Repeat this up-and-down movement as often as you like. By rods and cranks it is easy to make this up-and-down movement turn a wheel or shaft; and that is the principle of the steam-engine.

Now, in Newcomen's engine, when the cylinder was full of steam, and the piston raised, some cold water was thrown into the cylinder, which, of course, condensed the steam, and the piston fell. But the scheme had this great disadvantage. The cold water not only cooled the steam, but the cylinder too. The consequence was, that the vessel had to be made hot again, before the steam, as steam, would remain in it. Watt saw that this caused an expenditure of four times the necessary fuel; or, in other words, that three-fourths of the fuel employed for the engine was wasted in making the cylinder hot after each application of cold water. After much consideration, Watt remedied this great defect. It struck him that the steam, having raised the piston, might be drawn off for condensation. He had, therefore, a condenser placed at the side of the cylinder, into which the steam, when used, was made to pass instantly; and the piston fell as before. The cylinder was thus kept continually hot; and it was found that it took only a quarter of the fuel to make enough steam to fill it.

This was James Watt's first great improvement. Then came another. It occurred to him that if steam admitted into the bottom of the cylinder would send the piston *up*, steam admitted into the upper part would send the piston *down*, instead of simply allowing it to fall. To do this would almost double the power of

the engine; and insure greater regularity in the working. This most important object was easily accomplished when once conceived. Bring a pipe from the boiler to the top of the cylinder, to convey the steam; and carry another from it to the condenser, to condense the steam, as in the lower parts, the thing is done; and the principle of the steam-engine, as we now work it, was established. The steam is admitted alternately at the top and at the bottom of the piston; now forcing it up, now forcing it down.

Watt was the great improver of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated, as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility; for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, —cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions.

It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments; and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all

those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labors of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing! And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

Various.

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THE locomotive engine was then known to the world as a new toy, curious and costly. Stephenson had a perception of what might be done with it, and was beginning to make it the subject of his thoughts.

George Stephenson was thirty-two years old, and however little he may by that time have achieved, one sees that he had accumulated in himself a store of power that would inevitably carry him on, upon his own plan of *inch-by-inch* advance, to new successes. Various experiments had been made with the new locomotive engines. One had been tried upon the Wylam tram-road, which went past the cottage in which Stephenson was born. George Stephenson brooded upon the subject, watched their failures, worked at the theory of their construction, and made it his business to see one. He felt his way to the manufacture of a better engine, and proceeded to bring the subject under the notice of the lessees of the colliery. He had acquired a reputation not only as an ingenious, but as a safe and prudent man. He had instituted already many improvements in the collieries. Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, therefore authorised him to fulfil his wish; and with the greatest difficulty, making workmen of some of the colliery hands, and having the colliery blacksmith for his head assistant, he built his first locomotive in the workshops at Westmoor, and called it "My Lord." It was the first engine constructed with smooth wheels; for Stephenson never admitted the prevailing notion that contrivances were

necessary to secure adhesion.* "My Lord" was called "Blutcher" by the people round about. It was first placed on the Killingworth railway, on the 25th July, 1814, and, though a cumbrous machine, was the most successful that had, up to that date, been constructed.

At the end of a year it was found that the work done by Blutcher cost about as much as the same work would have cost if done by horses. Then it occurred to Stephenson to turn the steam-pipe into the chimney, and carry the smoke up with the draught of a steam-blast. That would add to the intensity of the fire and to the rapidity with which steam could be generated. The power of the engine was, by this expedient, doubled.

At about the same time some frightful accidents, caused by explosion in the pits of his district, set Stephenson to exercise his ingenuity for the discovery of a miner's safety-lamp. By a mechanical theory of his own, tested by experiments made boldly at the peril of his life, he arrived at the construction of a lamp less simple, though perhaps safer, than that of Sir Humphrey Davy, and with the same method of defence. The practical man and the philosopher worked independently in the same year on the same problem. Stephenson's solution was arrived at a few weeks earlier than Davy's, and upon this fact a great controversy afterwards was founded. One material result of it was, that Stephenson eventually received as a public testimonial a thousand pounds, which he used later in life as capital for the founding at Newcastle of his famous locomotive factory. At the Killingworth pits the "Geordy" lamp is still in use, being there, of course, considered to be better than the Davy.

Locomotives had been used only on the tram-roads of the collieries, and by the time when Stephenson built his second engine, were generally abandoned as failures. Stephenson alone stayed in the field, and did not care who said that there would be at Killingworth "a terrible blow-up some day." He turned his attention to the perfection of the rail, as an essential point; and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive always

* *Adhesion*, sticking. It was supposed that, without some additional contrivance, the wheels of a steam-carriage would simply revolve on the rail (as may be observed at the start of a train on a frosty-night), and never advance.

went hand in hand with his contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. We need not follow the mechanical details. In his work at the rail and engine, he made progress in his own way, inch by inch. Every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor; every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some new element of strength and firmness to it. The Killingworth Colliery Railway was the seed from which sprang the whole system of railway intercourse.

The Darlington line was constructed in accordance with his survey. His travelling engine ran upon it for the first time on the 27th of September, 1825, in sight of an immense concourse of people, and attained, in some parts of its course, a speed, then unexampled, of twelve miles an hour.

With what determined perseverance Mr. Stephenson upheld the cause of the locomotive in connection with the proposed Liverpool and Manchester line: how he did cheaply what all the regular engineers declared impossible or ruinous—in carrying that line over Chat-Moss,* persevering, when all who were about him had confessed despair; and, because he had made good his boldest promises in every one case, how he was at last trusted in the face of public ridicule, upon the merits of the locomotive also: how after the line was built, at the public competition of light engines constructed in accordance with certain strict conditions, his little Rocket won the prize: how the fulfilment of his utmost assertions raised Stephenson to the position of an oracle in the eyes of the public: how he nevertheless went on improving the construction of both rails and locomotives: how the great railway system, of which the foundations were laid patiently by him, was rapidly developed: how, when success begot a mania, he was as conspicuous for his determined moderation as he had before been for his determined zeal: how he attained honor and fortune; and retired from public life, again to grow enormous fruits or vegetables in his garden, pineapples instead of leeks, again to pet animals, and watch birds'-nests—we cannot here detail.†

* *Chat-Moss*: he succeeded by throwing in hurdles and all sorts of buoyant rubbish.

† See his "Life," by Mr. Smiles.

One of the chief pleasures of his latter days was to hold out a helping hand to poor inventors who deserved assistance. He was a true man to the last, whom failure never drove to despair; whom success never elated to folly. Inch by inch he made his ground good in the world and for the world. A year before his death, in 1843, somebody, about to dedicate a book to him, asked him what were his "ornamental initials." His reply was, "I have to state that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and I think it will be as well if you merely say, George Stephenson."

Household Words.

THE MAIL-COACH AND THE RAIL.

THE modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour,—though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, but upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I myself am little aware of the *pace*. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling sensation; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant, the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforward travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking, when heard screaming on the wind, and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-walloppings of the boiler.

Thus have perished multifarious openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings, for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

De Quincey.

THE RAILROAD.

THROUGH the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
On we hie with screech and roar!
 Splashing! flashing!
 Crashing! dashing!

Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges !
By the bubbling rill,
 And mill—
Highways,
Byeways,
 Hollow hill—
Jumping—bumping—
Rocking—roaring
 Like forty thousand giants snoring !

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new ;
Every moment lost to view,
 Now a tavern—now a steeple—
 Now a crowd of gaping people—
 Now a hollow—now a ridge—
 Now a crossway—now a bridge—

Grumble—stumble—
Rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew !
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view !
Everything that eye can survey
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy !

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge,
Dash along !

 Slash along !

 Flash along !

 On ! on with a jump,

 And a bump,

 And a roll !

Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal !

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves !
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heap'd and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells ;
And, burning o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by ;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart,
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm ;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrow'd sail :
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale ;
And many a foresail, scoop'd and strain'd,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stain'd
The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast ;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast !
An hour, and, whirl'd like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep :
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire ;
Sleep on,—and, when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
Oh, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day !

Holmes.

MONKEYS.

THE whole family of those amusing and interesting animals, usually denominated monkeys, stands conspicuous in the catalogue of animals. I shall at once divide it into four distinct departments, without any reference to subdivisions, and this plan will be quite sufficient for the instruction of young naturalists. I would wish to impress upon their minds that, notwithstanding what ancient and modern philosophers have written to the contrary, monkeys are inhabitants of trees alone, when left in their own freedom ; that, like the sloth, they are produced, and live

and die, in the trees; and that they rarely or never resort to the ground, except through accident or misfortune.

I would also entreat young naturalists to consider well, and always bear in mind, the formation of the extremities of the four limbs of a monkey. This animal, properly speaking, is neither a quadruped nor what is styled a *quadrumanus*, that is, a creature with four hands. The two limbs of its fore-parts may safely be termed hands, to all intents and purposes; whilst the two limbs of its hind-quarters are, in reality, neither hands nor feet, but, Centaur-like, partake of the nature of both—their fore-part being well-defined fingers, and the hind-part a perfectly formed heel. Hence, we are not surprised at the self-possession these agile animals exhibit when left to their own movements in their native woods.

In my arrangement of the monkey family, I place the ape at its head: secondly, the baboon; thirdly, the monkey with an ordinary tail; and, fourthly, the monkey with a prehensile tail.

The ape is entirely without a tail, and he is an inhabitant of the old world only.

The baboon has a short tail, somewhat in appearance like the tails of our own pointer dogs, truncated and deformed by the useless and wanton caprice of civilised man. It, too, is an inhabitant of the old world only.

The monkey with an ordinary tail, long and bushy in some species, and only with a moderate supply of hair in others, is found in both continents, and in several of their adjacent islands.

The monkey with a prehensile tail, when in its wild state, is never found except in America; so that it is entirely confined to the new world. It, of course, was never heard of in the other divisions of the globe until the discovery of that country by the Europeans.

This prehensile tail is a most curious thing. It has been denominated, very appropriately, a fifth hand. It is of manifest advantage to the animal, either when sitting in repose on the branch of a tree, or when on its journey onwards in the gloomy recesses of the wilderness. You may see this monkey catching hold of the branches with its hands, and at the same moment twisting its tail round one of them, as if in want of additional support; and this prehensile tail is sufficiently strong to hold

the animal in its place, even when all its four limbs are detached from the tree; so that it can swing to and fro, and amuse itself, solely through the instrumentality of its prehensile tail; which, by the way, would be of no manner of use to it did accident or misfortune force the animal to take up its temporary abode on the ground. For several inches from the extremity, by nature and constant use, this tail has assumed somewhat the appearance of the inside of a man's finger, entirely denuded of hair or fur underneath.

By way of recapitulation, then, let the young naturalist, when he turns his thoughts on the monkey family, always bear in mind that a monkey without a tail is a real ape, found only in the eastern parts of the old world; that a monkey with a short tail, like that of a mutilated pointer dog, is a baboon, from the same regions; but that a monkey with a long tail, of common appearance, may be an inhabitant either of the old world or of the new; and, lastly, that when a monkey presents itself before him with a prehensile tail, he may be as sure as he is of the rising sun, it is from the never-ending forests of the New World.

Waterton.

THE MONKEY.

MONKEY, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello!
Full of fun as Puck could be,
Harlequin might learn of thee!

Look now at his odd grimaces!
Saw you ever such queer faces?
Now like learned judge sedate,
Now with nonsense in his pate!

Look now at him! Slyly peep,
He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite—

There ! that's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore !

Ha ! he is not half asleep ;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother !
What, another ? and another ?
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack,—
Sit down and begin to crack.

There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can !
Now good-bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello !

Mary Howitt.

OURANG OUTANG; LATE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE second living ape which has come under my inspection is the great red ourang outang from the island of Borneo. I went up to London expressly to see it in the Zoological Gardens, and most amply was I repaid for the trouble I had taken.

The ourang outang was of wrinkled and of melancholy aspect, entirely devoid of any feature bordering on ferocity. As I gazed through the bars of his clean and spacious apartment, I instantly called to my recollection Sterne's affecting description of his captive, who was confined for life, and was sitting on the ground "upon a little straw, and was lifting up a hopeless eye to the door !"

Having observed his mild demeanour, and his placid countenance, I felt satisfied that if ever the animal had been subject to paroxysms of anger when free in his native woods, those paroxysms had been effectually subdued since it had become a captive under the dominion of civilised man.

Acting under this impression, I asked permission to enter t'

apartment in which it was confined, and this was immediately accorded by a keeper in attendance. As I approached the ourang outang he met me about half way, and we soon entered into an examination of each other's persons. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the uncommon softness of the inside of his hands. Those of a delicate lady could not have shown a finer texture. He took hold of my wrist and fingered the blue veins; whilst I myself was lost in admiration at the protuberance of his enormous mouth. He most obligingly let me open it, and thus I had the best opportunity of examining his two fine rows of teeth. We then placed our hands around each other's necks, and kept them there awhile, as though we had really been excited by an impulse of fraternal affection.

Whilst this solemn farce was going on, I could not help remarking that the sunken eye of the ourang outang was fixed on something outside of the apartment. I remarked this to the keeper, who was standing in the crowd; and he pointed to a young stripling of a coxcomb, saying—"That dandy was teasing the ourang outang a little while ago, and I would not answer for the consequences could the animal have an opportunity of springing at him."

This great ape from Borneo exhibited a kind and gentle demeanour, and he appeared pleased with my familiarity. Having fully satisfied myself how completely the natural propensities of a wild animal from the forest may be mollified, and ultimately subdued, by art and by gentleness on the part of rational man, I took my leave of this interesting prisoner, bowing with affected gravity as I retired from his apartment.

Continued, with Imaginary Conversation.

During the time which I passed in the apartment of the large red ourang outang, I really considered him to be quite out of his sphere. As he moved to and fro, he did it with a sort of reeling motion, and his gait was remarkably awkward; and when he stood on his legs, his figure, in height about five feet, was out of all proportion. You might see at once that nature had never intended him for a biped. To us alone has the Creator granted the sublime privilege of standing upright. In his movements on

the floor he had the appearance as though he were swung on his loins ; but no sooner had he ascended the large artificial tree, which had been so aptly prepared for him, than his countenance underwent a visible change, and all seemed to go rightly with him as by magic. He swung by one arm with amazing ease, and apparently in excellent humor, from branch to branch, imitating the pendulum of a clock. He would spring to another branch, and alight on it upon all fours with astonishing agility and steadfastness ; and often he came down a sloping part of the tree head foremost, as though he had been walking on level ground. So long as he remained on the tree, his every turn and movement indicated that he was just where he ought to be ; and he clearly showed by his actions, and by his manifest self-possession, that the tree to him was exactly as the ground is to us, or the water to the finny tribes.

Let me enliven my description with an imaginary dialogue.

"Tell me, interesting ape from Borneo, are you quite at your ease when you are seen suspended by your arms from the branch ?" "Perfectly so, my dear sir ; all my limbs have been framed by the Creator for exercise among the branches of the trees. Only examine me minutely, and you will perceive that my very body itself is wholly adapted to a life in the trees, for it is remarkably brawny in the fore parts, and slender in the hinder ones. This gives me a wonderful power of safe transition through the trees, be they ever so high. I am absolutely and entirely a native of the arboreal regions. Pray do examine my limbs. The fore ones are hands, complete like your own, saving that the thumb is somewhat shorter. Although in appearance slender, they are so tendinous and strong, that when I have once applied them to a branch, I am in the most perfect security. Now, my hinder limbs, as no doubt you will have observed already, are of a construction the most singular, and at the same time the most useful, that can possibly be imagined. They are half hand and half foot conjoined. Thus, their fingers assist those of the fore-hands in climbing, while the heels tend to keep me perfectly steady on the branch wherever I rove."

Waterton.

THE LION.

THE lion roams about in the forests, sometimes uttering a roar so loud that it sounds like distant thunder. He crouches in thickets, where buffaloes and other animals come for food and drink, and when one of them is near, he springs upon it with a furious bound, and, seizing it in his strong claws, tears it in pieces, and devours, sometimes, flesh and bones together. He usually seeks his prey in the night, and is sly and skulking, like the cat, in his method of pursuing other animals.

The lion is a native of most parts of Africa, and the southern parts of Asia. In the hottest climates he grows to the greatest size, and displays the fiercest qualities. He sometimes lives to the age of seventy years or more.

In the southern part of Africa, lions are very common, and the adventures of the inhabitants with them are very frequent. An anecdote is related of a settler in the back districts of the Cape of Good Hope, which illustrates the ferocity and courage of the lion, as well as the dangers to which those are exposed who live in the countries inhabited by this animal.

A hunter, returning one day with some friends from an excursion, suddenly came upon two large full-grown lions. Their horses were already jaded, and the utmost consternation for a moment seized them. They immediately saw that their only hope of safety lay in separation. They started in somewhat different directions at the top of their speed, holding their rifles on the cock.

Those who were most lightly loaded made good their escape, but our hunter was left behind, and, as his companions disappeared below the brow of the hill, the two beasts came directly after him. He quickly loosed a deer which was tied to his saddle, but the prey was not sufficient to distract them from their purpose.

Happily, as was his custom, both barrels of his piece were loaded, and he was a good marksman. Turning for a moment, he levelled his gun with as much precision as, at such a time, he could command, and fired. He waited not for the result, but again galloped off as quickly as his horse could carry him, but he

heard behind him a deep, short, and savage roar, and, as was afterwards found, one of them was killed. His work, however, was but half done.

The time he had lost was sufficient to bring his enemy within reach, who, with a tremendous bound, leaped upon the horse's back, lacerating it in a dreadful manner, but missed his hold; for the poor creature, mad with agony and fear, kicked with all its force, and hurried on with increased rapidity. A second attempt was more successful, and the hunter was shaken from his seat; the horse, however, again escaped.

The poor fellow gave himself up for lost; but he was a brave man, and he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Escape, he saw, was hopeless; so, planting himself with the energy of despair, he put his rifle hastily to his shoulder, and, just as the lion was stooping for his spring, he fired. He was a little too late; the beast had moved, and the ball did not prove so effective as he had hoped. It entered the side of the wild beast, though it did him no mortal harm, and he leaped at his victim. The shot had, nevertheless, delayed his bound for an instant, and the hunter avoided its effect by a rapid jump, and, with the butt end of his gun, struck at the lion with all his power as he turned upon him. The dreadful creature seized it with his teeth, but with such force that, instead of twisting it out of the hunter's hand, he broke it short off by the barrel.

The hunter immediately attacked him again, but his weapon was too short, and the lion, fixing his claws in his breast, and tearing off his flesh, endeavored to gripe his shoulder with his mouth. The gun-barrel was of excellent service. Driving it into the mouth of the beast with all his strength, he seized one of the creature's jaws with his left hand, and what with the strength and energy given by the dreadful circumstances, and the purchase obtained by the gun-barrel, he succeeded in splitting the animal's mouth.

At the same time they fell together on their sides, and a struggle for several minutes ensued upon the ground. Blood flowed freely in the lion's mouth, and nearly choked him. His motions were thus so frustrated, that the hunter was upon his feet first, and, aiming a blow with all his might, he knocked out one of the lion's eyes.

The lion roared terribly with pain and rage, and, during the moments of delay caused by the loss of his eye, the hunter got behind him, and, animated by his success, hit him a dreadful stroke upon the back of the neck, which he knew was the most tender part. The stroke, however, appeared to have no effect, for the lion immediately leaped at him again, but, it is supposed from a defect of vision occasioned by the loss of his eye, instead of coming down upon the hunter, he leaped on one side of him, and shook as if from excess of pain.

The hunter felt his strength rapidly declining, but the agony he endured enraged him, and, with new power, he struck the lion again across the eyes. The beast fell backward, but drew the hunter on him with his paw, and another struggle took place upon the ground. The gun-barrel was his only safeguard. Rising up from the ground in terrible pain, and with a powerful effort, he managed to thrust it into the throat of the lion with all his might.

That thrust was fatal, and the huge animal fell on his side powerless. The hunter dragged himself to a considerable distance, and then fell exhausted and senseless. His friends shortly afterwards returned to his assistance, and found the two lions dead at no great distance from each other. The hunter recovered from his wounds, and lived, one of the most memorable instances of escape on record.

Various.

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

TEN or twelve years ago, there was, in the prison at Brest, a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard, either, what his former condition in life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognised only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there; and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate attempts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported, for several

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days, the extremity of cold and hunger. He was found, at length, half frozen and insensible, under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficulty, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far, than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless life-long task-work.

One day, this man's fierce humor seemed softened. After the hours of labor, he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court; and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blasphemy; and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him, before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray, don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!" And while he spoke, for the first time, probably, since his childhood, tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious, troubled glance towards the pile of wood, and gave a low, peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favorite; and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severe chastisement from the task-master.

Arrived at the place of labor, he worked with a sort of feverish ardor, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who, with marvellous instinct, had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within its nest, and then, addressing the head gaoler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said:

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labor.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His extraordinary strength, and his moral energy, were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and

would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold, in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported, or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in the hospital, ere he recovered the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gaiety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the wound still disfigured his shin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master

into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried; "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day, a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and, having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and the soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor: "Remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-prisoner, with whom the rat was already familiar, he said in a broken voice:—

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar, he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him, or rather flung him, out safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood.

One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? the rat appeared restless and unhappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat, and sleek, and strong; indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But, he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears, and ran from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement, that the world must go on, die who will?

Household Words.

LEAF ROLLERS.

The caterpillar is one of those insects called "Leaf Rollers," because they roll up the leaves on which they feed, and take up their habitation within. There are many kinds of leaf rollers, each employing a different mode of rolling the leaf, but in all cases the leaf is held in position by the silken threads spun by the caterpillar. Some use three or four leaves to make one habitation, by binding them together by their edges. Some take a single leaf, and, fastening silken cords to its edges, gradually contract them, until the edges are brought together and there held. Some content themselves with a portion of a leaf, snipping out the parts that they require, and rolling it round.

The insect before us, however, requires an entire leaf for its habitation, and there lies in tolerable security from enemies. There are plenty of birds about the trees, and they know well enough that within the circled leaves little caterpillars reside; but they do not find that they can always make a meal on the caterpillars, and for the following reason. The curled leaf is like a tube open at both ends, the caterpillar lying snugly in the

interior. So when a bird puts its beak into one end of the tube, the caterpillar tumbles out at the other, and lets himself drop to the distance of some feet, supporting itself by a silken thread that it spins.

The bird finds that its prey has escaped, and not having sufficient reasoning power to trace the silken thread, and so find the caterpillar, goes off to try its fortune elsewhere. The danger being over, the caterpillar ascends its silken ladder, and quietly regains possession of its home.

Myriads of these rolled leaves may be found on oak-trees, and the caterpillars may be driven out in numbers by a sharp jar given to a branch. It is quite amusing to see the simultaneous descent of some hundred caterpillars, each swaying in the breeze at the end of the line, and occasionally dropping another foot or so, as if dissatisfied with its position. Each caterpillar consumes about three or four leaves in the whole of its existence, and literally eats itself out of house and home. But when it has eaten one house, it only has to walk a few steps to find the materials for another, and in a very short time it is newly lodged and boarded.

On examining the leaves of an oak-tree, we shall find many of them marked in a very peculiar manner. A white wavy line meanders about the leaf like the course of a river, and, even as the river, increases in width as it proceeds on its course. This effect is produced by the caterpillar of one of the leaf-mining insects; tiny creatures which live between the layers of the leaf, and eat their way about it.

Of course, the larger the creature becomes, the more food it eats, the more space it occupies, and the wider is its road; so that, although at its commencement the path is no wider than a needle-scratch, it becomes nearly the fifth of an inch wide at its termination.

It is easy to trace the insect, and to find it at the widest extremity of its path, either as caterpillar or chrysalis. Often, though, the creature has escaped, and the empty case is the only relic of its being.

There are many insects which are leaf-miners in their larval state. Very many of them belong to the minutest known examples of the moth tribe—the very humming-bird of the moths; and, like

the humming-birds, resplendent in colors beyond description. These are so numerous that the study of them and their habits has become quite a distinct branch of insect lore.

Some, again, are the larvæ of certain flies, while others are the larvæ of small beetles. Their tastes, too, are very comprehensive, for there are few indigenous plants whose leaves show no sign of the miner's track: and even in the leaves of many imported plants, the meandering path may be seen.

There are some plants, such as the eglantine, the dewberry, and others, that are especially the haunts of these insects, and on whose branches nearly every other leaf is marked with the winding path. I have now before me a little branch containing seven leaves, and six of them have been tunnelled, while one leaf has been occupied by two insects, each keeping to his own side.

Common Objects of the Country.

USES OF VERMIN.

I.

OWING to the decrease of vermin, that is, of all the carnivorous birds and beasts of the country, there is an increase in the numbers of the different living creatures on which they preyed, not game only, but other free animals.

Wood-pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, and all the smaller birds, increase yearly through the destruction of their natural enemies. The wood-pigeon, in particular, has multiplied to a great extent.

The farmers complain constantly to me of the mischief done by these birds, and I cannot defend them by showing that if they consume much corn they also destroy many grubs and other noxious insects, as they feed wholly on seeds and vegetables. A farmer near this place, who had yielded with a pretty good grace to my arguments in favor of the rook, pointed out to me the other day a large flock of wood-pigeons, hard at work on a field of young clover, which had been under barley the last season. "There," he said, "you always say that every bird does more good than harm; what good are those birds doing to my young clover?" On this, to see if it be not true that *every wild animal is of some service to us*, I set off to shoot some of the wood-pigeons, that I

might see what they actually were feeding on; for I did not at all fall into my friend's idea that they were grazing on his clover. By watching in their line of flight from the field to the woods, and sending a man round to drive them off the clover, I managed to kill eight of the birds as they flew over my head.

I took them to his house, and we opened their crops to see what was in them. Every pigeon's crop was as full as it could possibly be of the seeds of two of the worst weeds in the country, the wild mustard and the ragweed, which they had found lying on the surface of the ground, as these plants ripen and drop their seeds before the corn is cut.

Now, no amount of human labor and search could have collected on the same ground, at that time of the year, as much of these seeds as was consumed by each of these five or six hundred wood-pigeons daily, for two or three weeks together. Indeed, during the whole of the summer and spring, and a great part of the winter, all pigeons must feed entirely on the seeds of different wild plants, as no grain is to be got by these soft-billed birds, except just after the sowing time, and when the corn is nearly ripe, or for a short time after it is cut. It would be unfair not to make allowance for so many advantages.

St. John.

II.

The grub of the cockchafer commits great ravages both upon grass and corn, by gnawing the roots of the plant. Entire meadows are sometimes denuded by it. The rook eats these destroyers by thousands, and by one act gets food for himself, and protects the wheat which is the staff of life to man. They are the grubs which chiefly attract him to follow the plough; and when he plucks up a blade of grass or corn, it is almost invariably for the sake of some description of worm which is preying on the root. The plant which he eradicates will be found on examination to be dead or dying; and by devouring the cause of the mischief, he saves the rest of the field from blight.

Unobservant farmers, who never look beyond the surface, often mistake the policeman for the thief. Luckily, their power to injure their benefactor is not equal to their will, or they would exterminate him altogether, and leave the depredator unmolested to consume the whole of the crop. When an unhappy success

has attended efforts of this kind, the evil consequences have been signal and immediate.

After the inhabitants had attempted to extirpate the little crow from Virginia at an enormous expense, they would gladly have given twice as much to buy back the tribe. A reward of threepence per dozen was offered in New England for the "purple grackle," which commits great havoc among the crops, but protects so much more herbage than he destroys, that the insects, when he was gone, caused the total loss of the harvest; and obliged the colonists to get grass from Pennsylvania, and even to import it from Great Britain.

A few years since, an act was passed in France to prohibit the destruction of small birds. In a particular district of France, the harvest being swept away in its finest green stage by millions of hungry reapers, the earth had ceased to yield its increase.

Extensive inroads like these upon the economy of nature reveal to us its wisdom, and clearly show us that if one while it is a blessing that particular animals should eat, at another it is a benefit to the world that they should be eaten. A flight of rooks render more service than all the cultivators of the soil put together, and if the poor birds are occasionally mischievous, they are richly worthy of their hire. Make the largest possible allowance for their consumption of a portion of that crop, the whole of which they preserve, they are still the cheapest laborers employed on a farm.

Pages would be required to tell the mistakes committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness of the lords of creation to believe that everything that takes what he takes is a rival and a loss. Even wasps, which find no friend, chiefly because they are armed with a sting, though, unlike man, they rarely or ever use it unprovoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds. For the food brought in by them is chiefly caterpillars and insects.

In France, the butchers are very glad to have the wasps attend their stalls for the sake of their services in driving away the flesh-fly; and it is said the farmers in some parts of the United States are so well aware of their utility in this respect, as to hang in their sitting-rooms a hornets' nest, the occupants of which prey on the flies without molesting the family.

SIR GAMMER VANS.

AN OLD IRISH STORY.

LAST Sunday morning, at six o'clock in the evening, as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little boat, I met two men on horseback, riding on one donkey; so I asked them, could they tell me whether the little old woman was dead yet who was hanged last Saturday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers? They said they could not positively inform me, but if I went to Sir Gammer Vans, he could tell me all about it.

"But how am I to know the house," said I. "Ho, 'tis easy enough," said they, "for it's a brick house, built entirely of flints, standing alone by itself in the middle of sixty or seventy others just like it." "Oh, nothing in the world is easier," said I. "Nothing can be easier," said they; so I went on my way.

Now, this Sir Gammer Vans was a giant and bottle-maker; and as all giants who are bottle-makers usually pop out of a little thumb bottle from behind the door, so did Sir Gammer Vans. "How d'ye do?" says he. "Very well, I thank you," says I. "Have some breakfast with me?" "With all my heart," says I. So he gave me a slice of beer, and a cup of cold veal; and there was a little dog under the table that picked up all the crumbs. "Hang him," says I. "No, don't hang him," says he, "for he killed a hare yesterday; and if you don't believe me, I'll show you the hare alive in a basket."

So he took me into his garden to show me the curiosities. In one corner there was a fox hatching eagles' eggs; in another, there was an iron apple-tree entirely covered with pears and lead; in the third, there was the hare, which the dog killed yesterday, alive in the basket; and in the fourth, there were twenty-four hipper-switches threshing tobacco, and at the sight of me they threshed so hard that they drove the plug through the wall, and through a little dog that was passing by on the other side. I, hearing the dog howl, jumped over the wall, and turned it as neatly inside out as possible, when it ran away as if it had not an hour to live.

Then he took me into the park to show me his deer; and I remembered that I had a warrant in my pocket to shoot venison

for his majesty's dinner. So I set fire to my bow, poised my arrow, and shot amongst them. I broke seventeen ribs on one side, and twenty-one and a half on the other; but my arrow passed clean through without ever touching it; and the worst was, I lost my arrow: however, I found it again in the hollow of a tree.

I felt it, it felt clammy; I smelt it, it smelt honey. "Oh, ho!" said I, "here's a bee's nest," when out sprung a covey of partridges. I shot at them: some say I killed eighteen; but I am sure I killed thirty-six, besides a dead salmon which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple-pie I ever tasted.

Notes and Queries.

ANSWERING A PLAIN QUESTION.

ONE day Cuvier, a noted French naturalist, having joined a deputation from the Institute, came to St. Cloud to compliment the Emperor. The latter hardly perceived him, when he went straight towards him.

"Good morning, M. Cuvier; I am very glad to see you. What have you done last week at the Institute?" "Sire, we have been much engaged with the beetroot-sugar." "That is right. And does the Institute think that the soil of France is suitable for the culture of the beetroot?"*

In order to answer this simple question, Cuvier began a geological dissertation on the soil; then he passed to the natural history of the beetroot; and when he came to his conclusions, the Emperor had not been listening for some time.

The silence of the Professor made the Emperor aware of his inattention: "That is wonderful, M. Cuvier!" said he to him. "But does the Institute think the soil of France fit for the culture of beetroot?"

The philosopher, thinking that some preoccupation had absorbed the attention of the Emperor, began his dissertation

* Napoleon introduced the culture of the beetroot into France in order to render that country independent of supplies of sugar from the English colonies.

anew. Napoleon again fell into a hopelessly absent state; and when Cuvier had finished talking, he said—"Thank you very much, M. Cuvier; and the next time I meet your colleague, I will ask him whether the soil of France is suited to the culture of beetroots."

THE THAMES AT LONDON.

HOWEVER much the Thames, as it approaches London, may lose in romance, it gains in the grandeur and importance of its appearance. Its breadth increases with every step. Navigable to the length of 180 English miles, with a tidal rise to the extent of seventy miles, the Thames takes the largest merchantmen to the immediate vicinity of London Bridge; and as the tide is going out, it takes them back, without the help of oars, sails, or steam-tugs. Nature has made the Thames the grandest of all trading rivers; it gave it a larger share of the ocean tides than it ever bestowed on any other river in Europe.

At the Land's End the tides from the Atlantic are divided into two distinct streams. One rushes up the Channel, and round the North Foreland into the mouth of the Thames; the other beats against the western coasts of England and Scotland, and taking a southerly direction down the eastern coast, this tide too enters the basin of the Thames. Hence the tides in the Thames are formed of two different ocean-tides; they are equal by day and by night, and so powerful is the rush of the tide from the North Foreland to the metropolis, that it flows at the rate of five miles an hour.

But here is the steamer smoking away right at our feet. There is a rush of persons *from* the shore, and a rush of persons *to* the shore. We pay one penny, scramble down a variety of steps and stairs, and jump on board just as they are casting off. There is no whistling or ringing of a bell, no noise whatever. We are already steaming it up to the far west.

The bank on our left offers no interesting points on which the eye might dwell with pleasure. Manufactories, breweries, and gas-works dispute every inch of ground with the ugliest store-houses imaginable. The sight strikes one as that of a large city in ruins. But on our right we see St. Paul's rising from an

ocean of roofs. The sun, still visible on the horizon, shines on the roof of the cathedral, and shows the gigantic cupola in the most charming light. St. Paul's ought to be seen from the river by those who would fully understand its grandeur.

We pass through the arches of Blackfriars Bridge, and proceed in a line with Fleet Street. Before us the stream is spanned by a number of bridges, so that it seems as if their pillars crossed one another, and as if the nearest bridge bore the next following on its arched back.

Nine enormous bridges have been built across the river at very short intervals, and unite the more animated parts of the Borough and Lambeth with London proper. It is true that only three of these bridges are freely open to the public, and that the others exact a toll; but, for how many years past have the Germans talked of a stone bridge across the Rhine at Cologne, and another stone bridge across the Danube at Vienna! And as yet neither Cologne nor Vienna have mustered the funds for such undertakings! And in London there are nine bridges within a river-length of a few miles. A little higher up, moreover, are the New and the Old Battersea Bridges, along with two fine railway viaducts; and below London Bridge there is the Tunnel. The English have a right to pride themselves on the grandeur of the British spirit of enterprise. But the German who comes into this country and beholds its marvels, makes comparisons which sorely vex and trouble his spirit.

We pass the Temple, Somerset House, the new Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey; but we cannot stop to describe them. Besides, our attention is engaged by the general aspect of the river and its banks. Darkness has set in; steamers, with red and green eyes of fire, rush past us; little boats cross in all directions under the very bows of the steamers; fishing-boats, with dark brown sails, go with the tide in solemn silence; the lights on the bridges and in the streets are reflected in the water. This is the hour at which matter-of-fact London dons her poetical night-dress.

We pass Lambeth Palace, and its ruin-like watch-tower. The boat stops at Vauxhall Bridge; and again we are on *terra firma*.

Schlesinger.

THE POST OFFICE.

As the first stroke of six sounds from the clock of St. Martin's-le-Grand, there is a wild rush to the various letter-boxes: bags and bundles of newspapers are sent flying at the clerks; newsboys stumble over each other in their hot haste: all is bustle and confusion. When the *last* stroke has resounded, there is an instantaneous lull, and the spectators disperse. They have seen the hurry and the crowd, and undoubtedly it is a sight well worth seeing in its way; they have *not* seen one which is far more interesting. A problem has to be solved which is not the less wonderful because its solution occurs every evening. Hundreds of thousands of letters, addressed to all parts of the globe, and in all languages, flung hastily into certain boxes, have to be sorted, arranged, and sent forward towards their destinations, in the course of about two hours. The time is short, the labor enormous; let us see how it is done.

The letters, as they swarm into the office, are first of all received by clerks, who face them, so that all the directions may be in the same way. They next go to clerks who have a more complicated duty, that of stamping them with a double stamp, that indicating the office where they are posted, and thus obliterating the postage label; and at the same time the letters are counted. It is astonishing to see with how much rapidity—the result of constant practice—this somewhat complex task is performed. Keeping an account of their numbers, an account which is afterwards checked and verified, the clerks next pass the bundles on to other officials, whose duty it is to examine the letters as to weight, and to surcharge for any deficiency in postage. Generally the mere *touch* of a letter suffices for these experienced hands; and it is seldom, indeed, that they single out a missive for examination which does not prove, when tested by the scales, to be of excessive weight. All these weighings, however, necessarily cause some slight delay, the fault of which assuredly does not lie with the Post Office authorities, but with the public.

Next comes the sorting. Discarding all the old divisions of counties, letters are now sorted with reference entirely to our railways—North-Western, Midland Counties, Great Eastern,

South-Eastern, South-Western, and Great Western. Each of these lines forms, so to speak, a connecting thread of the arrangement that runs through the whole process of sorting. Let us take, for example, the Great Western. The first two letters upon which we happen to glance are directed, one to Uxbridge and the other to Truro; but both the Middlesex and the Cornish letter will have to go to Paddington. Not yet, however. The process is far from being completed. Every railway trunk line has its divisions; every division its subdivisions. Under the head of *Oxford*, for instance, we find eleven considerable towns; and here we may mention the fact, upon which hasty assailants of the Post Office will do well to reflect, that not above one letter in four is addressed to the right postal town. As fast as the sorters get on with their work, which they do with a speed that seems astonishing to the stranger, collectors come round the rooms ready to carry the letters elsewhere for further "sorting."

In the next room, accordingly, we find them distributed to the various postal towns; and here again we notice not only how frequent are the errors of the public, but how swift and intelligent are the clerks in correcting them. When the sorting is completed here, the letters are placed in bags, and sent swiftly off to the various stations by the mail-carts, which, with the horses ready harnessed, are waiting outside. On arriving at the station, a fresh sorting takes place in carriages expressly fitted up for the purpose; but, as regards the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand, their task of despatching the letters is generally completed about eight o'clock; that is to say, within half an hour of the time up to which letters may be posted on payment of an extra charge. The task thus accomplished is one the magnitude of which cannot be accurately estimated from a mere table of figures. These will give, at best, a dry outline of the result; the activity, the energy, the intelligence, by which alone it is achieved, cannot be gauged by so slight a test.

The errors made in delivery are comparatively few, and those that do occur are generally the fault of the public themselves. Some of the addresses are illegible; others are imperfect, or indicate no place at all; and a few are entirely blank. Of those which are most singular, we subjoin a few—premising that whilst many of them are evidently written by the uneducated classes, those classes owe

it to Sir Rowland Hill's exertions that they are able to avail themselves of postal facilities at a moderate rate. Take the following:—"Ash Bedles in the Coles for John Horsell the grinder in the county of Istershire." Who would guess that this was intended for Ashby-de-la-Zouch? The next letter was assuredly a puzzler—"Uncle John, Hopposite the Church, London, Hingland." Another, intended for her Majesty, is addressed as follows—"For keen vic tins at wincer casel, London." Another example—"Mr. ———, Fine Hart Department, greson cort, cristol palis, Sidnom." Another—"To the king of Rusheya, Feoren, with speed." Another—"Oileywhite, amshire;" *i.e.*, Isle of Wight, Hampshire. Another—"Conayash lunemtick A silliam;" for the Lunatic Asylum at Colney Hatch. Another missive is directed to an old lady who "on lonnon bridge sells froot;" and, the last we shall quote, "Obern yenen," was intended for Holborn Union. The greater part even of the letters bearing such directions as these are delivered.

No one, we are persuaded, ever went away from such an inspection as that of which we have given a necessarily imperfect sketch, without a feeling of wonder, not that mistakes occur, but that so enormous a work done so well.

Daily Telegraph.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

IN the heart of the City, less than half a mile from the Thames and London Bridge, various streets meeting form an irregular open place. This irregular place is one of the most remarkable spots in London. For no other place, except that of Westminster, can vie with this in the importance of its buildings and the crowding of its streets, though many may surpass it in extent, beauty, and architectural regularity. It is the Capitoline Forum of British Rome; it holds its temples, the Mansion House, the Exchange, and the Bank. In the centre, the equestrian statue of the hero of the capitol—the Duke of Wellington. All around are islands of pavements, as in other parts of the town, for the foot-passengers to retire to from the whirlpool of vehicles.

At our right, just as we come out of Cheapside, is a house

supported by columns and surrounded with strong massive railings. Two flights of stone steps lead to the upper story; massive stone pillars surrounded by gas lamps stand in a row in front of it, but neither the gas nor the clearest noonday sun suffices to bring out the allegorical carvings which ornament the roof. This is the Mansion House; the official residence of the Lord Mayor, who here holds his court, as if his was one of the crowned heads.

Here he lives. Here are the halls in which the most luxurious dimers of modern times are given; here are his offices and courts of justice, according to the ancient rights and privileges of the City of London.

Every year the Lord Mayor elect enters upon the functions of his office on the ninth of November. The City crowns its king with mediæval ceremonies. The shops are shut at an early hour, and many do not open at all; for masters and servants must see the "show." For many hours the City is closed against all vehicles; flags and streamers are hung out from the houses; the pavement is covered with gravel; holiday faces everywhere; amiable street-boys at every corner bearing flags; brass bands, and confusion and endless cheers! Such is the grave, demure, and busy City on that remarkable day.

While the streets are every moment becoming more crowded and noisy, the new Lord Mayor takes the customary oaths in the presence of the Court of Aldermen, and signs a security to the amount of £4,000 for the City plate, which, according to a moderate computation, has a value of at least £20,000.

This done, he is lord and king of the City, and sets out upon his coronation procession, surrounded by his lieges and accompanied by the ex-mayor, the aldermen, sheriffs, the dignitaries of his guild, the city heralds, trumpeters, men in brass armour, &c. The road which the Lord Mayor is to take is not prescribed by law; but, according to an old custom, the procession must pass through that particular ward in which the king of the City acted as alderman. The ward partakes in the triumph of the day; and the cheers in that particular locality are, if possible, louder than anywhere else.

The Lord Mayor and his suite, arrived at Westminster, repair to the Court of Exchequer, where he is introduced to the judges.

He takes another oath; and to ratify that oath, and show that he means to be worthy of his office and of the City of London, he commissions the Recorder to invite the judges to dinner. This invitation is delivered in quite as solemn a tone as the oath, and the oath is taken in the same business-like manner in which the invitation is given. A foreigner would be at a loss to know which of the two is the most solemn and important.

These ceremonies over, the procession returns, increased in splendor and magnificence. The fairer portion of humanity join it in their state coaches—the lady mayoress, the aldermen's and sheriffs' wives; and after them come royal princes, ministers of state, the judges of the land, and the foreign ambassadors. The procession over, they all sit down to dinner.

Schlesinger.

THE SLOTH.

THOSE who have written on the sloth, have remarked that he is in a perpetual state of pain; that he is proverbially slow in his movements; that he is a prisoner in space; and that, as soon as he has consumed all the leaves of the tree upon which he has mounted, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, and then falls to the ground. This is not the case.

If the naturalists who have written the history of the sloth had gone into the wilds, in order to examine his haunts and economy, they would not have drawn the foregoing conclusions; they would have learned, that though all other quadrupeds may be described while resting on the ground, the sloth is an exception to this rule, and that his history must be written while he is in the tree.

This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die in the trees; and, to do him justice, naturalists must examine him in this upper element. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and being good food he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilised man. Were you to draw your own conclusions from the descriptions which have been given of the

sloth, you would probably suspect that no naturalist has actually gone into the wilds with the fixed determination to find him out, and examine his haunts, and see whether nature has committed any blunder in the formation of this extraordinary creature. He, indeed, appears to us forlorn and miserable, ill put together, and totally unfit to enjoy the blessings which have been so bountifully given to the rest of animated nature; for he has no soles to his feet, and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, "Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow."

It mostly happens that Indians and Negroes are the people who catch the sloth, and bring it to the white man: hence it may be conjectured that the erroneous accounts we have hitherto had of the sloth, have not been penned with the slightest intention to mislead the reader, or give him an exaggerated history, but that these errors have naturally arisen by examining the sloth in those places where nature never intended that he should be exhibited.

However, we are now in his own domain. Man but little frequents these thick and noble forests, which extend far and wide on every side of us. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we shall be able to account for his movements hereafter, when we see him in his proper haunts. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew. Both the fore and hind-legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supports himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp, and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all fours, and try to support it on the ends of

your toes and fingers—a trying position. Were the floor of glass, or of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, &c., this just suits the sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded he pulls himself forward, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but at the same time in so tardy and awkward a manner as to acquire him the name of “sloth.”

Indeed, his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and, as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

Some years ago I kept a sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards, by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably immediately shaped his course towards the nearest tree. But if I put him upon a smooth and well-trodden part of the road, he appeared to be in trouble and distress: his favorite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him.

The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience: but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped.

Hence his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair

to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but further proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

Waterton.

A BEE HUNT.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far west, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them but the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say, that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. They are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little insects as connected with the busy haunts of man: and I am told, that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilisation, steadfastly preceding it, as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi.

The Indians, with surprise, found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet, for the first time, upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness. At present, the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands on the sea-shore, while the flowers, with which they are enamelled, render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp, when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was

headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow, with a home-spun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and with a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive. A comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes, and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indians.

After proceeding for some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which he placed a piece of honey-comb. This, I found, was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were seen humming about it, and diving into the cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations; some arriving, full freighted, into port; others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrapture of a trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree, with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made

no attack, and sought no revenge; they seemed stupified by the catastrophe, and unsuspecting of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb, with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing to enrich themselves with the ruin of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers 'on an Indianman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backward and forward in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches' pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive, who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where their fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations, over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene

on which the "melancholy Jaques" might have moralised by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and 'possums," said he; "the bears is the knowingist varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all."

W. Irving.

PETER THE GREAT.

THE Russians were little better than a nation of ignorant barbarians, when Peter the First, their young czar, was inspired with a passion for civilising himself and them.

While looking about one day among some old stores and other neglected effects, he chanced to cast his eye on the hulk of a small English sloop, with its sailing tackle, lying among the rest of the lumber, and fast going to decay. This vessel had been imported many years before by his father, also a prince of distinguished talents, who had nourished many schemes for the improvement of his country. But the vessel had long been forgotten by everybody, as well as the object which the prince had in view when he imported it.

Peter made eager inquiries of some foreigners who were about him, as to the use of the mast and small sails, for he did not even know their general purposes; by which we may see how intense was Russian ignorance. The explanations he received made Peter work on the old hulk with extraordinary interest. He could take no rest until he had had it repaired, and set afloat. His father, he found, had not only imported the vessel, but also with it a Dutch pilot, to teach the Russians how to manage it. The man had been forgotten. Peter now had him found, and set him to work and refit the sloop.

With a gratification that one can but poorly conceive, Peter at length beheld this novel creation, with its mast replaced, and its sails in order, moving on the water. In his delight he went on

board, and the pilot soon made him an expert sailor. This incident first determined his mind toward maritime affairs.

Peter had set himself a mighty task. To carry it out he put off all the state of a czar, and travelled in the suite of his own ambassador, literally in pursuit of knowledge. He went to Holland, where his embassy received all honor, but he refused to be recognised except as a private individual. This was not a mere eccentric freak, as at first sight it may appear; for encumbered with the state of an emperor, he could not so freely have pursued his inquiries and made observations. Peter had no time to receive empty honors; he had no inclination for them; he had work to do; such work as tasked every energy he possessed, and demanded every moment of his time that was not employed in necessary repose or refreshment.

Totally uninstructed, yet gifted with the grandest capacities, everything that he beheld was to him fraught with wonder and instruction. In Amsterdam, he walked through the streets, attentively regarding the various objects, and especially examining into the different arts and trades which he saw exercised around him. He visited, among other places, the great East India dock-yard at Saardam, a few miles from Amsterdam. This was the principal establishment of the kind in Holland, and had surpassing interest for Peter, whose mind was gradually working out plans for the formation of a Russian navy. He resolved to become a workman in this dockyard, in order to learn the art of building ships, as he had already learned how to manage them.

Accordingly, he presented himself before the superintendent of the dockyard, as a working carpenter, and gave in his name simply as Peter Mechaelof, and took his place among the common workmen; wearing their usual dress, eating of the food they ate, and lodging as they lodged. The hut in which he lived is still shown in Saardam. Nobody about him had the remotest idea of his being other than a poor laboring man. And when, after some time, his rank was discovered, he was greatly displeased if any one attempted to pay him regal honors. After several months of hard labor, he saw the vessel completed on which he had been working. It was named the St. Peter, and he purchased it. All this time he did not neglect a single duty that belonged to his station.

When the labors of the day were over, he spent his evenings in writing despatches, or consulting with his ambassadors, or forming plans for his own further improvement, and the advancement of his people. The best proof of the value of those plans, and of the true greatness of his conduct, which few of his people were capable of appreciating, is the fact that what he accomplished for the Russian people remains to this day, and is likely to remain permanent as the country itself. The foundations he laid, remain firm and entire; and all that is valuable in the Russian empire is built upon them.

WILLIE, THE "POOR LOST LAD."

It is now well-nigh thirty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to the neighbouring town. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; but no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval, and there was little known regarding him at his return, except that when he had quitted town so many years before, he was a neat-handed industrious workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad.

And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, even a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. And so the better sort of the people were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy; some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation when they met with him in his solitary walks. At last, out came the astounding fact—and important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it—that, during his residence in the south country, he had laid down presbyterianism and become a member of a baptist church.

There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as "a poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made neater shoes than anybody

else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them.

He was singularly industrious too, and indulged in no extraordinary expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower seeds for his garden. He was withal a single man, with only himself, and an elderly sister, who lived with him, to provide for; and, what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person of his condition, was in easy circumstances.

It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his shop. Willie was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the prints which he had pasted on the walls.

Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read.

Some of the parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that, unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie, in a small way, and to a very small congregation, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories and his pictures, and his flowers and his apples, his labors were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the workshop of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight against Bonaparte, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a good deal of meat and corn. The price of food rose tremendously; and many of the townspeople, who were working for a very little, were not in every case secure for that little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad; there was no more morning *pieces* among them, and the porridge was less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister began to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end; when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie divided the whole baking among them.

Every member of the congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home, and they got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young friends lacked their morning *piece*. The neighbours marvelled at Willie; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of "the poor lost lad."

I have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied; it looked like a piece of rich needlework. He had got wonderful flowers too—flesh-colored carnations streaked with red, and double roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the common varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the party-colored polyanthus—grew better with Willie than with anybody else.

It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself; he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-colored carnation, yellow rose and all; he grafted their trees for them, too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at a time to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings and imparts the finer touches to the landscapes of his favorite pupils.

All seemed impressed by the unselfish kindliness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer-hearted or more obliging neighbour than Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Everything earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than old man, and the child-like simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing: he lost strength and appetite; and at length there came a morning in which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in: all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned he was dying.

and the feeling deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume drawn in beside his bed. He was the same quiet, placid creature he had ever been—grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing about the kirk, and nothing about the Baptists, but earnestly did he urge his visitors to be good men and women, and to avail themselves of every opportunity of doing good. The volume on the table, he said, would teach them how. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety. The great Being had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world, and he was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever He did to him was good, and for his good; and why, then, should he be anxious or afraid! The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as "the poor lost lad."

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts in the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and the butterfly, with no one to take care of their beauty, or to sympathise in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters by the members of Willie's congregation, and they could all point out his grave. Yonder it lies, in the red light of the setting sun, with a carpeting of soft yellow moss spread over it. This little recess contains, doubtless, to use Wordsworth's figure, many a curious and many an instructive volume, and all we lack is the ability of deciphering the characters; but a better or more practical treatise on toleration than that humble grave, it cannot contain. We have perused the grave of the "poor lost lad," and it turns out to be a treatise on toleration. The stone beside it may be regarded as a ballad—a short plaintive ballad—moulded in as common a form of invention as any, even the simplest, of those old artless compositions which have welled out from time to time from among the people. Indeed, so simple is the story of it, that we might almost deem it an imitation, were we not assured that all the volumes of this solitary recess are originals from beginning to end.

Hugh Miller's Scenes and Legends.

THE WILD ASS.

THE sun was just rising over the summits of the eastern mountains, when my greyhound started off in pursuit of an animal, which my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and with my attendants gave chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and, at first, vexation, I saw it was an ass.

Upon a moment's reflection, however—judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a creature little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals as an object of chase—I determined to approach as near to it as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that notwithstanding all our speed we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal in its turn made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him; he then darted off again with the quickness of thought, capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he was not blown in the least, and the chase was his pastime.

When my followers came up, they regretted that I had not shot the creature when he was within my aim, telling me that his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner in which he fled across the plain, coincided exactly with the description that Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia.

A LEARNED ASS.

THERE was a cunning player in Africa, in a city called Alcair, who taught an ass strange tricks or feats. Once, in a public spectacle, turning to his ass (being on a platform to show the sport), he said, "The great sultan proposes to build himself a house, and will need all the asses of Alcair to fetch and carry wood, stones, lime, and other things needful for that business."

Presently the ass falls down, turns up his heels in the air, groans, and shuts his eyes fast, as if he is dead. While he lay thus, the player desired the beholders to consider his case, for his ass was dead. He was a poor man, and therefore moved them to give him money to buy another ass. In the meantime, having got as much money as he could, he told the people the ass was not dead, but, knowing his master's poverty, only pretended to be so, that thereby he might get money to buy food withal.

Accordingly he turned again to his ass, and bade him arise; but he stirred not at all. Then did he strike and beat him sorely (as it seemed) to make him arise; but all in vain,—the ass lay still. Then said the player again, "Our sultan has commanded that to-morrow there be a great triumph without the city, and that all the noble women shall ride thither upon the fairest asses; and that this night they must be fed with oats, and have the best water of the Nile to drink." At the hearing whereof up started the ass, snorting and leaping for joy.

Then said the player, "The governor of this town has desired me to lend him this, my ass, for his old ugly wife to ride upon." At which the ass hung down his ears, and, like a reasonable creature, began to halt, as if his legs had been out of joint. "Why," said the player, "wouldest thou sooner carry a fair young woman?" The ass wagged his head, in token of assent thereto. "Go, then," said the player, "and among all these fair women choose one that thou mayest carry." Then the ass looks round about the assembly, and at last goes to a sober woman, and touches her with his nose; whereat the rest wondered and laughed. And so the player went into another town.

Quoted in Wood's Anecdotes.

THE BOBOLINK.

THE happiest bird of the American spring, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the bobolink. He arrives at that choice portion of the year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; "the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

The trees are now in their fullest foliage and the brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover-blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom.

He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was

the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all Nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin, was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather.

Farther observation and experience has given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged.

I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, his notes cease to vibrate on the air. He gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical and professional suit of black, assumes a russet, or rather a dusky garb, and enters into the gross enjoyments of common, vulgar birds.

He becomes a *bon vivant*, a mere gormand; thinking of nothing but good cheer, and gormandising on the seeds of the long grasses, on which he lately swung and chanted so musically. He begins to think there is nothing like "the joys of the table," if I may be allowed to apply that convivial phrase to his indulgences. He now grows discontented with plain, every-day fare, and sets out on a gastronomical tour, in search of foreign luxuries.

He is to be found in myriads among the reeds off ne Delaware, banqueting on their seeds; grows corpulent with good feeding, and soon acquires the unlucky renown of the Ortolan. Wherever

he goes, *pop! pop! pop!* the rusty firelocks of the country are cracking on every side; he sees his companions falling by thousands around him; he is the *reed-bird*, the much-sought-for tit-bit of the Pennsylvanian epicure.

Does he take warning and reform? Not he! He wings his flight still farther south in search of other luxuries. We hear of him gorging himself in the rice swamps; filling himself with rice almost to bursting; he can hardly fly for corpulency. At the last stage of his career, we hear of him spitted by the dozen, and served up on the table of the gormand, the most vaunted of southern dainties, the *rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Such is the story of the once musical and admired, but finally sensual and persecuted bobolink. It contains a *moral*, worthy the attention of all little birds, and little boys, warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to such a pitch of popularity, during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

W. Irving.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

COURAGE and determination formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old—being at dinner with the queen, his mother—intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, the hungry animal snapped greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled freely, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his pain, tried to hide what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble; and he wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin.

The queen seeing that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He replied, that he thanked her; he was not hungry. They thought he had taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child had already grown pale from the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, that he knew intended no injury.

This boy became king when he was but fifteen years old. The kings of Denmark, Poland, and Russia, who lived near him, thought Charles was so young that they should be able to take his kingdom from him. While they were preparing to attack him, Charles suddenly raised a small army of brave men, and marched into Denmark.

Here he was met by an army of Danes, and a fierce battle was fought between the Swedes and Danes; but the Swedes gained the victory, and Charles made the Danish king promise to undertake no more mischief against him. Charles now marched his army into Poland, drove the king of Poland from his throne, and placed another in his stead.

Charles was so animated by this success that he determined to march against the Russians. At a town called Pultowa the army of Charles met the army of the Russian czar, and here they fought a bloody battle. The army of Charles was beaten, and nearly all were killed.

Charles fled from the field with a few followers, but he was closely pursued by his enemies. After a long and weary journey he arrived in Turkey, and sought the protection of the Turkish ruler.

To save himself from his enemies, Charles now pretended to be sick, and lay ten months in bed. At length he determined to escape to his own country, if possible. He was surrounded with enemies, and, being in Turkey, he was many hundred miles from Sweden, as you may see by looking at a map.

But, taking two friends with him, he escaped from his enemies, and, after many dangers, he reached Sweden. When Charles invaded Norway with 20,000 men, he made his last throw for empire. During an engagement he was killed by a cannon shot.

CHARLES XII.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain :
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield ;
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads his charms in vain ;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain ;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
He comes, nor wants nor cold his course delay ;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day !
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Dr. Johnson.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was one of the greatest warriors that the world ever saw. He was born about ninety years ago, on a little island in the Mediterranean sea, called Corsica. He was at first a lieutenant in the French army, and by degrees he became a general. At the age of twenty-six years, having fought many battles and obtained many victories, he conquered the whole of Italy. After this he went back to France; and the people having killed their king, they made him emperor. Thus Bonaparte, who was a few years before a poor soldier, was now a mighty emperor, and lived in a palace, surrounded by magnificence!

But he was not contented; he wanted more power, and accordingly he made war on other nations. For a long time he was successful. The most powerful kingdoms were subdued by his armies, and the proudest kings were humbled at his feet. The world looked on with wonder and fear; and Bonaparte, intoxicated with success, foolishly imagined that a turn of fortune could never come. But in this he was mistaken. In an attempt to overthrow Russia he failed, and his army was almost wholly lost.

In vain did he now attempt to recover his power. All the nations of Europe came with their armies against him. He made prodigious efforts, and struggled like a lion to restore himself, but without success.

After the famous battle of Waterloo, won, in the year 1815, by Wellington, he fled from France, and, now an exile, he sought protection on board an English ship. He was then sent by the English king to the lonely island of St. Helena, where he landed on the 16th of October, 1815. Here he was placed under the control of the governor of the place, and strictly watched. He was, however, allowed a space of twelve miles around his residence, called Longwood, through which he might range at pleasure, but beyond this he could not go without being accompanied by a British officer.

After living on this island a few years, Bonaparte died, in the year 1821, and was buried there. His remains were subsequently conveyed to Paris by order of Louis Philippe, and there they rest in a splendid mausoleum.

CAPTAIN COOK.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK was born in 1728, at the village of Marton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. A country school furnished him with those rudiments, reading, writing, and arithmetic, which he afterwards turned to such valuable account. At a proper age he was apprenticed to a tradesman residing at the little town of Snaith, on the sea-coast, exercising the calling of a grocer, a business which, it would appear, being but little in unison with the disposition of the youth, who became thoroughly disgusted with its routine; so much so that his master, perceiving the repugnance of the boy, which afforded him but little prospect of profitable service, cancelled his indentures, and young Cook was thus freed from his uninteresting employment.

Being thus at liberty, he followed the bent of his inclination, which pointed decidedly to the ocean, over whose waters such articles as were sold at his late employer's shop found their way to the country. In consequence, he bound himself for three years to two brothers, ship-owners, of Whitby. There was nothing in the world he was so well fitted to do as the work of a seaman; and he accordingly made rapid progress, and soon obtained a reputation which will increase with the advance of time; while his consummate seamanship will remain an instructive lesson for all future aspirants to nautical fame.

When the French war broke out in 1775, he entered the Royal Navy. Now success is generally the result, wherever a well constituted mind is devoted exclusively to a given object. So, at east, young Cook found. He made his own way; his exemplary conduct, his nautical skill, the fact that he was always alive to his duty and awake to his profession—these were enough to ensure his promotion. Cook having entered as a common seaman, was soon made master of the *Mercury*, forming one of the squadron of ships sent against Canada, then in the possession of the French. There his abilities were tested. To him was entrusted the hazardous service of taking soundings in the river St. Lawrence; but he performed the task thoroughly, though he had to execute it in the face of the French encampment. He also made a chart of the stream below Quebec, and

altogether acquitted himself in a manner so satisfactory, as to attract the notice of the Government.

He returned to England in 1762, after assisting at the capture of Newfoundland, to which colony he again repaired the ensuing year, with the appointment of marine surveyor. This was the reward of his services: and it is unnecessary to say, that with his scientific mind, his perseverance, and his industry, he found it easy to perform his duties well. At this time he first made himself known to the Royal Society, of which he subsequently became a most valuable member. This was by communicating to that learned body his observations on a solar eclipse, which happened in 1776, with the longitude of the place deduced from that occurrence.

In 1768, the Government contemplated an expedition to the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of making certain astronomical observations. Several learned men were appointed; and to Cook, the poor boy who first took to the sea in a Whitby merchant vessel, the direction of the expedition was entrusted. In June, 1768, he sailed in the *Endeavour*, of which he had the command, with the rank of lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The observations were successfully taken in the following June, at Otaheite; and thence he bent his sails to the neighbouring islands, which were diligently and actively explored. This over, he departed for New Zealand, discovered by Tasman, in 1642. These islands he circumnavigated, sedulously examining their shores,—an employment which occupied six months. Leaving there, he steered for Australia, the largest island on the globe, which was then almost unknown. The eastern part of the island he carefully surveyed, and threw new light upon a country the interior of which remained unexplored till but lately. On his return from this important and successful voyage, Cook was promoted to the rank of commander.

Another voyage was then planned, the object of which was to ascertain, by exploring the antarctic regions, the existence or non-existence of a circum-polar southern continent. Two ships were commissioned for the expedition, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*. The command of the former was conferred upon Cook. In July, 1772, the vessels sailed, and sailed south till a barrier of ice forbade further progress. He discovered the island

of New Georgia, the valleys of which are always covered with snow. The only vegetation observed was bladed grass, wild burnet, and a kind of moss springing from the rocks; no stream of fresh water being discernible on the whole coast. He again visited Otaheite, and some of the other places, and returned to his native land in 1775. In this voyage he fully displayed his scientific mind, his sea-genius, and the unremitting attention with which he pursued his professional avocations.

The precautions he adopted for the prevention of disease among his crew were so judicious, that he only lost one man by sickness during the whole time. At that day, when vessels went to sea very indifferently provided, this was ten times more extraordinary than it seems to us; though to lose only one in a voyage of three years is extraordinary enough. On his return he communicated the remedies he had employed, with the regulations he had enforced, to the Royal Society. The paper was inserted in their Transactions; his experiments were eulogised, himself elected a member of their body, and complimented with the Copley gold medal. Government, anxious to show the estimation in which they held his talents, and the satisfaction they derived from his persevering exertions, elevated him to one of the most honorable situations a man can possess, that of post-captain in the British Navy, and gave him the additional appointment of captain in Greenwich Hospital.

In July, 1776, he commanded another expedition, in the *Resolution*, accompanied by the *Discovery*, fitted out for the purpose of seeing if any communication existed in the arctic regions between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the prosecution of this investigation, he explored a considerable extent of the western coast of North America, and, in 1778, discovered the Sandwich Islands. To one of this group, Owhyhee, he returned to pass the winter of 1778, after having made his American survey. In the following February he sailed for Kamtschatka, but was compelled by an accident, unfortunately for himself, to put back to Owhyhee. There he got into a dispute with the inhabitants respecting a boat which had been stolen from him by one of the islanders. Cook, who possessed that indomitable resolution which has ever marked our great seamen, went on shore to seize their king, and keep him as an hostage until the

boat should be restored. The people, however, were not in a humor to submit; they resisted, and hostilities commenced, during which Cook and some of his crew became victims to the fury of the natives. He was killed in his fifty-first year, on St. Valentine's Day, 1779.

Boy's Magazine.

THE PINE.

Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular that trees intended for the adornment of the wildest mountains, should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his corn-fields, or roofing his garden walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope; but let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem, it shall point to the centre of the earth as long as the tree lives.

Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension; but the pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness; content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted also to these soft lowland trees, that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows,

which would bury him ; to hold in divided drops, at our sword points, the rain which would sweep away him and his treasure-fields ; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought ; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain :—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies also are at his service ; softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them as pleases him for his houses and ships. So also it may be well for these timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them ; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

And finally, these weak lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly : our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our waning : we give up our lives without reluctance and for ever.

Ruskin.

FAMINE.

THE autumn and winter of the year 1740 were, like the black years which succeeded the Revolution, long remembered all over Scotland, and more especially to the north of the Grampians. One evening, late in the summer of this year, crops of rich promise were waving on every field, and the farmer anticipated an early harvest : next morning a chill dense fog had settled on the whole country, and when it cleared up, the half-filled ears drooped on their stalks, and the long-pointed leaves slanted towards the soil as if scathed by fire. The sun looked out with accustomed heat and brilliancy, and a light breeze from the south rolled away every lingering wreath of vapour ; then succeeded pleasant days and mild evenings : but the hope of the season was blasted ; the sun only bleached and shrivelled the produce of the fields, and the breeze rustled through unproductive straw. Harvest came on, but it brought with it little of the labor, and none

of the joy, of other harvests. The husbandman, instead of carousing with his reapers, brooded, in the recesses of his cottage, over the ruin which awaited him; and the poor craftsman, though he had already secured his ordinary store of fish, launched his boat a second time to provide against the impending famine.

Towards the close of autumn not an ounce of meal was to be had in the market; and the housewives of Cromarty began to discover that the appetites of their children had become appallingly voracious. The poor things could not be made to understand why they were getting so much less to eat than usual, and the monotonous cry of "Bread, mammy, bread!" was to be heard in every house. Groups of the inhabitants might be seen on the beach below the town watching the receding tide, in the expectation of picking up a few shell-fish; and the shelves and ledges of the hill were well-nigh stripped by them of their weeds and tangle: but with all their industry they thrived but ill. Their eyes receded, and their cheek-bones stuck out; they became sallow, and lank of jaw, and melancholy; and their talk was all about the price of corn, bad times, and a failing trade. Poor people! it was well for both themselves and the Government that politics had not yet come into fashion; for had they lived and been subjected to such misery eighty years later, they would have become Radicals to a man: they would have set themselves to reform the State; and, as they were very hungry, no moderate reform would have served.

The winter was neither severe nor protracted, but to the people of Cromarty it was a season of much suffering; and with the first month of spring there came down upon them whole shoals of beggars from the upper part of the country, to implore that assistance which they were, alas! unable to render them, and to share with them in the spoils of the sea. The unfortunate paupers, mostly elderly men and women, were so modest and unobtrusive, so unlike common beggars in their costume, which in most instances was entire and neat, and so much more miserable in aspect, for they were wasted by famine, that the hearts of the people of the town bled for them. It is recorded of one farmer of the parish, whose crops did not suffer quite so much as those of his neighbors, that he prepared every morning

a pot of gruel, and dealt it out by measure to the famishing strangers, giving to each the full of a small ladle. There was a widow gentlewoman, too, of the town, who imparted to them much of her little, and yet, like the widow of Zarephath, found enough in what remained. On a morning of this spring, she saw a thin volume of smoke rising from beside the wall of a corn-yard, which long before had been emptied of its last stack; and approaching it, she found it proceeded from a little fire, surrounded by four old women, who were anxiously watching a small pot suspended over a fire by a pin fixed in the wall. Curiosity induced her to raise the lid; and as she stretched out her hand the women looked up imploringly in her face. The little pot she found about half filled with fish entrails, which had been picked up on dunghills and the shore: her heart smote her, and hastening home for a cake of bread, she divided it among the women. And never till her dying day did she forget the look which they gave her when, breaking the cake, she doled out a portion to each.

Hugh Miller.

THE NEW LODGERS.

THE new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest. They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned by copying writings, and translating for booksellers.

They had removed from some country place, and settled in London, partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow or half-stifed cough,

which indicated his being still at work ; and day after day, could we see more plainly, that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face which is the beacon of her worst disease.

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish, first, an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realised; the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer, his labors were unceasingly prolonged : and the mother attempted to procure needlework, embroidery—anything for bread.

A few shillings now and then were all she could earn. The boy worked steadily on ; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

One beautiful autumn evening, we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

"I was telling William," said she, "that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately." Poor thing ! the tears that streamed through her fingers as she turned aside, as if to adjust her close widow's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself.

We sat down by the head of the sofa, but said nothing, for we saw that the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration his heart beat more slowly.

The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sank back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face.

"William, William !" murmured the mother after a long interval, "don't look at me so—speak to me, dear !"

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn grace.

"William, dear William ! rouse yourself, dear ; don't look at me

so, love—pray don't! Oh! my God! what shall I do!" cried the widow, clasping her hands in agony—"my dear boy! he is dying!"

The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together—"Mother! dear, dear mother! bury me in the open fields—anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I should like to be where you can see—where the sun can shine upon my grave, but not in these close crowded streets: *they* have killed me! Kiss me again, mother; put your arm round my neck—"

He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle.

The boy was dead.

Chas. Dickens.

OUR FIRST WHALE.

Wz now came up and arranged ourselves on either side of the fast-boat, a little a-head, and at some distance, so as to be ready to pull in directly the whale should reappear at the surface. Away we all went, every nerve strained to the utmost—excitement and eagerness on every countenance—the water bubbling and hissing round the bows of the boats, as we clove our way onward.

"Hurrah, boys!" was the general shout. Up came the whale, more suddenly than we expected. A general dash was made at her by all the boats. "Stern, for your lives! stern of all!" cried some of the more experienced harpooners. "See, she's in a flurry." First the monster flapped the water violently with its fins; then its tail was elevated aloft, lashing the ocean around into a mass of foam. This was not its death-flurry, for, gaining strength before many harpoons or lances could be struck into it, away it went again, heading towards the ice. Its course was now clearly discerned by a small whirling eddy, which showed that it was at no great distance under the surface; while, in its wake, was seen a thin line of oil and blood, which had exuded from its wound.

Wearied, however, with its former deep dive, it was again obliged to come to the surface to breathe. Again the eager

boats dashed in, almost running on its back: and from every side it was plied with lances, while another harpoon was driven deeply into it, to make it doubly secure. Our boat was the most incautious, for we were right over the tail of the whale. The chief harpooner warned us—"Back, my lads; back of all!" he shouted out, his own boat pulling away. "Now she's in her death-flurry, truly."

The words were not out of his mouth, when I saw our harpooner leap from the boat, and swim as fast as he could towards one of the others. I was thinking of following his example, knowing he had good reasons for it,—for I had seen the fins of the animal flap furiously, and which had warned him,—when a violent blow, which I fancied must have not only dashed the boat to pieces, but have broken every bone in our bodies, was struck on the keel of the boat.

Up flew the boat in the air, seven or eight feet at least, with the remaining crew in her. Then, down we came—one flying on one side, one on the other, but none of us even hurt—all spluttering and striking out together; while the boat came down keel uppermost, also not much the worse. Fortunately, we all got clear of the furious blows the monster continued dealing with his tail.

"Never saw a whale in such a flurry," said old David, into whose boat I was taken. For upwards of two minutes the flurry continued, we all the while looking on, and no one daring to approach it; at the same time a spout of blood, and mucus, and oil ascended into the air from its blow-holes, and sprinkled us all over.

"Hurrah! my lads; she spouts blood!" we shouted out to each other, though we all saw and felt it plain enough. There was a last lash of that tail, now fainter, and scarce rising above the water, but which a few minutes ago would have sent every boat round it flying into splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, now almost inanimate, turned slowly round upon its side, and then it floated belly up, quite dead.

Peter the Whaler.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE views from the hill tops near Wellington are very beautiful, extending over many a mile of sea and mountain, valley and forest, till the distance is closed up by the snow-capped range of the Tararua mountains, their peaks glittering in the brilliant sunshine. The small settlements near Wellington look cheerful and thriving, and have a green and pleasant effect after the sombre color of the forest, reminding one of the green sward of "Old England."

There is certainly some charm in this country that makes one like it, in spite of the discomforts one endures; and I can only account for it by the strong resemblance there is to England, in the temperature and productions, in the green grass-covered slopes and the babbling brooks. It is pleasant to be greeted on the road in one's own language; to see the rosy-cheeked children rolling in front of every cottage-door; to chat with the laborer at the roadside, or stop at his hut for a glass of milk.

It is all homelike and pleasing, especially when one feels at the same time invigorated and braced by the temperate climate and dry atmosphere, which one appreciates the more highly after having been in the tropics, often pining for the sight of green grass and running water, and where, in the midst of stagnant lagoons and malarious swamps, one may sigh in vain for such refreshing influence; where, too, oppressed with lassitude, every nerve unstrung, and debilitated in every limb and muscle, one can scarcely imagine the light heart, the elastic step, and feeling of vigor one so soon acquires here.

If we had been inclined to look at the dark side of our prospects we could scarcely have done so on such a day as this, when earth, sea, and sky seemed to vie with one another for the palm of brilliancy and beauty, and the air was so light and bracing that it was a pleasure to inhale it. Such days are almost peculiar to New Zealand, and make one forget and forgive a thousand discomforts.

We rapidly passed through Port Nicholson, and a few tacks carried us out of the Narrows, where we were at one moment almost becalmed under the hills, and at the next plunging, like a

restive horse struck with the spur, as we were caught by a squall from one or other of the numerous gullies and ravines that seam the sides of the mountainous and precipitous coast. On getting out into the straits we found it almost calm, and as little or nothing was to be done with such a light breeze, we stood across to Port Underwood, in the Middle Island, and dropped anchor there just before sunset. Nothing could exceed the wild and picturesque beauty of this magnificent lake-like bay, surrounded by green and forest-covered mountains, almost as untouched as when Cook first entered it, in his good ship *Resolution*, and, finding no anchorage, made fast to the trunk of a tree with a hawser.

Here and there, in little picturesque bights and sandy bays, or in the angle of a rocky glen, might be seen the rude hut and small patch of garden-ground indicating the presence of a European; a retired whaler, perhaps, or runaway sailor; or mayhap an escaped convict, who lives on, year after year, in the same solitude, rarely exchanging a word with a countryman, his life almost perfectly idle, and possibly, to his surprise, perfectly harmless. His wants are amply supplied by his patch of potatoes and cabbages, his pork is furnished by his Maori neighbors, the bay teems with fish, and his only society is his Maori wife and a family of half-a-dozen semi-cannibals, the heirs of his estate, who help to paddle the canoe, catch fish, pigeons, and wild-fowl. Here, year after year, the monarch of all he surveys, he goes on the same unchecked round, satisfied that he lives without toil, his sympathies not extending beyond his own bay, careless of what becomes of the rest of the world, and uninterested in its events.

Tyrone Power.

PRAIRIE BUFFALO HUNTING (N. AMERICA).

A GALLOP across the prairies in pursuit of game is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true the prairies of the hunting ground are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo-grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and

where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains; and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter, checking him suddenly when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider.

The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to splash his way. In other parts there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them or springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken up and cut, as the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunging down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent.

At length we came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, leaving opened, jagged rocks, and forming a long glen, bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled along the bottom; while I, seeing all further pursuit useless, pulled up and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cliff, until he disappeared amongst the windings of the ravine. Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here, at first, was some little difficulty. The ardor of the chase had betrayed me into a long, heedless gallop. I now found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of landmarks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day, too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun; my only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would often lose sight of where the ground was covered with parched herbage.

To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie. The loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond. But here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far, far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool; sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air; while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me, and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine, with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude.

W. Irving.

THE PRAIRIE-DOG OF AMERICA.

On returning from our excursion, I learned that a burrow, or village, as it is termed, of prairie-dogs had been discovered upon the level summit of a hill, about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie-dog is, in fact, one of the curiosities of the Far West, about which travellers delight to tell marvellous tales, endowing him, at times, with something of the political and social habits of a rational being, and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

The prairie-dog is an animal of the cony kind, about the size of a rabbit. He is of a very sprightly nature; quick, sensitive, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious, living in large communities, sometimes of several acres in extent, where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants. According to the accounts given of them, they would seem to be continually full of sport, business, and public affairs; whisking about hither and thither,

as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses, or meeting either in the cool of the evening, or after a shower, and gambolling together in the open air.

Sometimes, especially when the moon shines, they pass half the night in revelry, barking or yelping with short, quick, yet weak tones, like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor, however, should there be the least alarm, they all vanish into their cells in an instant, and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape, they will assume a pugnacious air, and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance. Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the habits of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation and burlesque remarks among the hunters of the Far West.

It was towards evening that I set out, with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community into confusion. As we approached, we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrance of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a look-out. At sight of us, the picket-guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon, every inhabitant gave a short yelp or bark, and dived in his hole, his heels twinkling in the air, as if he had thrown a somerset.

We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but in vain. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By-and-by, a cautious old citizen would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the

residence, probably, of some family connection or gossiping friend; about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences. Others, still more bold, assembled in little knots in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow-citizens.

We rose from the ground, and moved forward to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when, yelp ! yelp ! yelp !—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth; the meeting suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction, and, in an instant, all had vanished into the earth.

The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations, but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain, by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little, social animals, still continued after my return to camp; and, late in the night, as I lay awake, after all the camp was asleep, and heard, in the stillness of the hour, a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant village, I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assembly and windy debate, to devise plans for the public safety, and to vindicate the invaded rights and insulted dignity of the republic.

W. Irving.

MIGRATION OF A KIRGHIS TRIBE (SIBERIA).

WHEN the first pale, yellowish streaks were seen breaking over the steppe, and extending in narrow lines along the horizon, each few minutes added light and depth to their color, till they changed through all the shades of orange to a deep crimson, far more brilliant than ruby. Still the plain was a dark purple grey, and all objects upon it were indistinct, and almost lost in gloom. As one group of cattle after another rose out of the dusky vapor that shrouded the earth, they appeared magnified, which caused the neck and head of the camels to assume the proportions of some mighty antediluvian monster stalking over the plain; while the huge forms of the other creatures aided in the illusion.

Gradually the whole scene changed, and the commotion in the

aoul began; the bulls were up and bellowing, as if calling and marshalling their herds together for the march. Turning in another direction, the horses were seen with their heads thrown aloft and snorting; others were plunging and kicking furiously; while the sheep and goats, with their kids and lambs, seemed just rising into existence. A little later, as the sun rose, the plain was seen covered far and wide with myriads of living animals.

Soon after daylight, long lines of camels and horses were seen wending their way in a south-westerly direction, followed by herds of cattle. The sheep and goats were innumerable; they stretched over miles of country, and were following slowly in the rear. With each herd and flock there were a number of Kirghias, mounted on good horses; these galloping to and fro added greatly to the general effect.

At the aoul, women in their best attire were taking down the yourts, and securing them on camels. Their household goods were being packed up by boys and girls, after which they were loaded on camels, bulls, and cows. These children of the steppe are not long in making their preparations to depart in search of new homes. In less than three hours all were ready, when we sprang into our saddles and rode away.

The camels formed a most curious portion of the spectacle, with the willow frame-work of the yourts hanging from their saddles, giving them the appearance of huge animals with wings just expanding for a flight. Others were loaded with the voilock coverings, placed across their packs, piled up high, and crowned with the circular top of the yurt. The poor creatures had burthens far larger than themselves, under which they evidently walked with difficulty. Then followed a string of bulls with bales of Boharian carpets slung over their saddles, and boxes and other household utensils placed above. Then a refractory bull was seen similarly loaded, with the large iron cauldron on the top. The furious beast went rushing on; presently the straps gave way, and the cauldron went rolling down the declivity. Seeing this he became frantic, leaping and plunging, and at each bound a part of his load was left behind. As the bales rolled over, he charged at them vigorously, and soon got rid of all his encumbrances. He now rushed at every horseman who happened to be in his course, and several had narrow escapes; at last he

took refuge among the herd. The Koumis bag, with its contents, so precious to Kirghis, was secured on a grave and careful bull, who moved along with stately dignity.

After these a number of cows joined in the procession, having two leathern bags secured on their backs with a young child sitting in each, watching the crowd of animals as they bounded past. Mingled with this throng were women dressed in their rich Chinese silk costumes, some crimson, others yellow, red, and green, and the elder females in black velvet kalats. A few of the young girls had foxskin caps, and others silk caps, richly embroidered in various colors. The matrons wore white calico head-gear, embroidered with red, hanging down over their shoulders like hoods. Many were mounted on wild steeds, which they sat and managed with extraordinary ease and skill. Girls and boys were riding various animals, according to their ages; some of the elder ones horses, others young bulls, and some were even mounted on calves, having voilock boots secured to the saddles, into which the young urchins inserted their legs, guiding the beast by a thong secured to his nose. This was a cavalcade to be seen only in these regions.

A ride over the plain of somewhat more than two hours brought us to the foot of the mountains. We crossed a low hill, and beheld the entrance to the pass, which appeared filled with a mass of animals moving slowly onward. Turning towards the north, vast herds of cattle were seen, extending as far as my vision could reach, marching from various points in the steppe towards their pastures in the mountains; and through this pass the enormous multitude must ascend.

Having stood a short time watching the living tide roll on, I rode into the valley and joined the moving mass.

The mouth of the pass was about 300 yards wide, between grassy slopes, up which it was impossible for either man or animal to climb. The whole width, and as far as I could see, was filled with camels, horses, and oxen. Kirghis were riding among them, shouting and using their whips on any refractory brute that came within their reach. At length we plunged into a herd of horses, with camels in the front, and bulls and oxen in our rear. We presently passed the grassy slopes to where the gorge narrowed to about 100 yards in width, with precipices rising up

on each side to the height of 600 to 700 feet. From this mob of quadrupeds there was no escape on either side, and to turn back was utterly impossible, as we were now wedged in among wild horses. These brutes showed every disposition to kick, but, fortunately for us, without the power, the space for each animal being too limited. This did not, however, prevent them from using their teeth, and it required great vigilance and constant use of the whip to pass unscathed.

As we rode on, the scene became fearfully grand: the precipices increased in height at every hundred yards we advanced. In one place there were overhanging crags 900 feet above us, split and rent into fragments, ready apparently to topple over at the slightest impulse, while higher in the pass the scenery became more savage. Then we had the shouting of the men, the cry of the camels, the shrieks and snorting of the horses when bitten by their neighbors, with the bellowing of the bulls and oxen in our rear—a wonderfully savage chorus, heightened by the echoes resounding from crag to crag, accompanied by a constant drone, in the distant bleating of an immense multitude of sheep.

The bottom of the gorge ascended rapidly, which enabled me to look back, when I saw, about fifty paces in our rear, a phalanx of bulls, which no man would dare to face—even the Kirghis kept clear of these. They came steadily on, but the horses near them plunged and reared when the sharp horns gored their haunches. Another danger presently beset us. The Kirghis said, a little further on the gorge was strewn with fallen rocks and small stones, and that riding over these would require great care, for if one of our steeds fell, it would be fatal to both horse and rider. Shortly we came to a recess in the precipice, and here two children, mounted on young bulls, had taken refuge. Having escaped from the crowd of animals, they had clambered up among the rocks, and the four were looking down at the passing mass in perfect calm. Poor creatures! it was impossible to reach them, or afford them the least aid. The only thing that could be done was to urge them to remain still where they were.

The rough ground that had been mentioned by the Kirghis was now distinctly seen by the motion of the animals before us. Hitherto the stream of heads and backs had ran smoothly on; now, however, it became a rapid, where heads and tails were

tossed aloft in quick succession. We were approaching some jutting masses that formed a bend in the gorge. On reaching these, a terrific scene burst upon us. The pass was narrowed by huge blocks fallen from above, one of which was thirty-five to forty feet high, and somewhat more in width, standing about twenty paces from the foot of the rocks, and about 200 yards from us. The prospect was fearful, for as we rode on, the horses were being wedged more closely together between the frowning cliffs. All looked with anxiety at the pent-up tide of animals struggling onward, till they burst over the rocky barrier.

Each few minutes brought us nearer the danger. Not a word was spoken, but every eye was fixed on the horses bounding over the rocks. Several fell, uttering a shriek, and were seen no more. Instinct seemed to warn the animals of their impending danger: they were, however, forced along by those behind; nor was it possible for us to see the ground over which we were riding. At length we came among the crowd of leaping horses; our own made three or four bounds, and the dreaded spot was passed. The gorge opened out wider: still it was filled with camels and horses moving slowly onward. To stop and look back was impossible, as the living stream came rushing on. Although accidents are often fatal to the people on this spot, and many animals belonging to each tribe are killed on the journey to and from the mountains, such is the apathy of these Asiatics, that they never think of removing a single stone. After the herds are passed, whatever remains of camel, horse, or any other animals, is gathered up, and feasted upon by the people.

Atkinson's Amoor.

COSSACK'S SENSE OF HONOR.

THE Cossacks and Kalmucks display a finer sense of honor in their hunting than many highly civilised Europeans. Two Cossacks were out hunting the maral for two objects—food and antlers. They had followed the game far up into the Alalan, and had been successful; sleeping at night near their spoil. The next morning they started again in pursuit, when, after some hours, they found a magnificent animal, whose horns were worth 120 roubles (£17), a prize well worth securing. They hunted

him from one valley to another, till at last he retreated to a high craggy region.

His pursuers were not the men to be deterred by obstacles. They scaled the rugged height, still following on his track; whichever way he turned some slight mark betrayed his path. Late in the afternoon they caught sight of his branching horns in a deep rent in the mountain, whose sides were nearly perpendicular, while the opposite end terminated on the brink of a great precipice—thus preventing all chance of escape.

When they entered the gorge he rose from his lair, about three hundred yards in advance, and started forward among fallen rocks. They followed rapidly, and gained upon him fast. Having reached within one hundred paces of the end of the ravine, he stood hesitating, and looked back, seeming inclined to double and make a rush to pass them. From this circumstance the Cossacks knew that some other animals were in the pass; and as tigers are often found here they did not fire, but gradually approached. The stag went slowly on, evidently in fear. Having passed some large blocks, two huge bears sprang out into the ravine close behind him.

The stag suddenly bounded into the air to a pinnacle of rock, standing detached from the precipice, and leaving a chasm thirty feet wide. One of the bears, springing after him, rushed over the cliff, falling more than four hundred feet, and thus ended his career. The other stood on the brink of the chasm, growling, and in a fearful rage at his disappointment. The hunters advanced, and when they came within twenty paces he stood up and gave a savage growl of defiance. But this was his last—a leaden messenger sent him rolling after his companion.

The maral stood gazing at the hunters without showing any sign of fear, while they admired his beautiful form and noble horns. To the honor of the Cossacks be it told, he was left in peace, great as was the temptation to these ill-paid men. Within a few paces were the coveted horns, equal in value to the annual pay of five of their body. The fellows were, however, as good as they were brave.

After noting some peculiar marks on the animal's body, by which to recognise him again, they departed. Retracing their steps was a most difficult and dangerous task, which they had

not felt during the excitement of the chase. The following day they sought the bears at the bottom of the precipice, when, to their great delight, they discovered that the maral had re-leaped the chasm on to a ledge below the brink, and had escaped. When the Cossacks joined their companions at the picket, the whole of the circumstances were related. A correct description of the maral was given; and, greatly to the credit of these men, he long remained king of his native wilds. *Atkinson's Siberia.*

A CHINESE LANDSCAPE.

WHILE I am still on a little eminence, from which I have been viewing man, let me turn to other and not less beautiful works of nature. Behind me lies a large and fertile valley,—the same through which I had passed during the night,—intersected in all directions with navigable canals, and teeming with an industrious and happy people. As it was now “the bonnie month of May,” the rice crop had been some time in the ground, and the valley was consequently covered with dense masses of the loveliest green. Water-wheels were observed in all directions, some worked by men, and other and larger ones by bullocks, and all pouring streams of water upon the rice crops, from the various canals which intersect the valley.

At the foot of the hills, near where I stood, were numerous small tea-farms, formed on the slopes; while groups of junipers, and sombre-looking pines, marked the last resting-places of the wealthy. The ancient tombs of the Ming dynasty are also common here, but they are generally in a ruinous condition; and had it not been for the huge blocks of granite, cut into the forms of men and other animals, of which they are composed, there would have been long ago no marks to point out the last resting-places of these ancient rulers of China. So much for human greatness!

Higher up on the hill-sides, the ground was cultivated, and ready to receive the summer crops of sweet potatoes and Indian corn. Beyond that again were barren mountains, covered with long grass and brushwood, which the industry of the Chinese is never likely to bring under cultivation. Both below and above, on the roadsides, in the hedges, and on every spot not under

cultivation, wild flowers were blooming in the greatest profusion. But look a little higher up, to that gorgeously painted hill-side, and see those masses of yellow and white flowers. Among these, and scattered over the hill-sides, are azaleas, having flowers of many different hues, and all very beautiful.

It is still early morning; the sun is just appearing on the tops of the eastern mountains; the globules of heavy dew sparkle on the grass and flowers; the lark and other sweet songsters of the feathered race are pouring out of their little mouths sweet and melodious songs. I looked with delight on the beautiful scene spread out before me, and thought within myself, if nature is so beautiful now, what must it have been before the fall, when man was holy?

Fortune.

A DAY IN THE JUNGLES OF CEYLON.

WITH the first glimmering of dawn, the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed haunts, in which to hide them from "day's garish eye;" the jackal and the leopard steal back from their nightly chase; the elephants return timidly into the shade of the forest, from the water-pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the deep-toned bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest. Day breaks, and its earliest blush shows the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys.

The sun bursts upwards with a speed beyond that which marks his progress in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with ruddy lustre:—

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

At no other moment does the verdure of the mountain woods appear so vivid; each spray dripping with copious dew, and a pendent brilliant twinkling at every leaf; the grassy glade is hoar with the condensed damps of night, and the threads of the gossamer sparkle like strings of opal in the sunbeams.

The earliest bird upon the wing is the crow, which leaves its perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flapping his

wings in the sky. The parroquets follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which fly inland to their breeding-places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew; and, stretching their awkward legs behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore.

The songster that first pours forth his salutation to the morning, is the dial-bird, and the yellow oriole, whose mellow, flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle cock, unseen in the dense cover, shouts his reveille, not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in a rich melodious call, that ascends from the depth of the valley. As light increases, the grass-warbler and maynah add their notes; and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resembles the distant lowing of cattle. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad; the bulbul lights on the forest trees, and the little gem-like sunbirds (the humming-birds of the East) quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers.

At length the fervid morn approaches; the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to yield to the oppression of his beams. The green enamelled dragon-flies still flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect instinctively seeks the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky, to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in search of seeds and larvæ. The squirrels dart from bough to bough, uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada, on the stem of the palm-tree, raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility have won for him the expressive title of the "knife-grinder."

It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion; the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth replete with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian, the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every

animal disappears, escaping under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees as though their filmy bodies had been parched by the brief exposure; and at last silence reigns so profound that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and watercourses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves, to drive away the flies that perplex him; and the deer cower in groups under the over-arching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves, the bright green lizard springs up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each dart to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest re-echo with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water, which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, as he keeps his lonely watch above it.

So long as the sun is about the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams, and linger in the closest shade. Man himself, as if baffled in all devices to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveller, abroad since dawn, reposes till the midday heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone upon the ground, their legs extended far in front and behind, as if to bring the utmost portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

As day declines, nature recovers from the languor and exhaustion; the insects again flutter across the open glades, the birds venture once more upon the wing, and the larger animals saunter from under cover, and move away in the direction of the ponds and pastures. The traveller recommences his suspended journey, and the husbandman, impatient to employ the last hours of fading night, hastens to resume the interrupted labors of the morning. The birds which had made distant excursions to their feeding-grounds, are now seen returning to their homes; the crows assemble round some pond, to dabble in the water and re-adjust their plumes before retiring for the night; the parroquets settle with deafening uproar on the crowns of the palm-trees near their nests; and the pelicans and sea-birds, with weary wing, retrace

their way to their breeding-place, near some solitary watercourse or ruined tank. The sun at last

"Sinks, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall;"

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their midday torpor, and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawk-moths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening suade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar, with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

Darkness at last descends, and every object fades in night and gloom, but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they have hung suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds; and across the grey sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night-moths, on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely betrays its pulsations.

The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the cocoa-nut, where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie, emerging from some hollow tree, steals along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds. Meanwhile, among the grass, already damp with dew, the glow-worm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fire-flies, whose pale green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness, till day returns, and morning "pales their ineffectual fires."

Emerson Tennyson's Ceylon.

THE BROKEN PANE.

HAVE you ever had occasion to witness the fury of the honest burgess, Jacques Bonhomme, when his scapegrace son has broken a pane of glass? If you have, you cannot fail to have observed that all the bystanders, were there thirty of them, lay their heads together to offer the unfortunate proprietor this never-failing consolation—that there is some good in every misfortune, and that such accidents give a flip to trade. Everybody must live. If no windows were broken, what would become of the glaziers? Now, this formula of condolence contains a theory which it is proper to lay hold of in this very simple case, because it is exactly the same theory which unfortunately governs the greater part of our economic institutions.

Assuming that it becomes necessary to expend six francs in repairing the damage, if you mean to say that the accident brings in six francs to the glazier, and to that extent encourages his trade, I grant it fairly and frankly, and allow that you reason justly. The glazier arrives, does his work, pockets his money, rubs his hands, and blesses the scapegrace son. This is what we see. But if, by way of deduction, you come to conclude, as is too often done, that it is a good thing to break windows—that it makes money circulate—and that encouragement to trade in general is the result—I am obliged to cry, Halt! Your theory stops at what we see, and takes no account of what we don't see.

We don't see that since our burgess has been obliged to spend his six francs on one thing, he can no longer spend them on another. We don't see that if he had not had this pane to replace, he would have replaced, for example, his shoes, which are down at the heels; or have placed a new book on his shelf. In short, he would have employed his six francs in a way in which he cannot now employ them.

Let us see, then, how the account stands with trade in general. The pane being broken, the glazier's trade is benefited to the extent of six francs. This is what we see. If the pane had not been broken, the shoemaker's, or some other trade, would have been encouraged to the extent of six francs. This is what we don't see. And if we take into account what we don't see, which

is a negative fact, as well as what we do see, which is a positive fact, we shall discover that trade in general, or the aggregate of national industry, has no interest one way or other, whether windows are broken or not.

Let us see, again, how the account stands with Jacques Bonhomme. On the last hypothesis, that of the pane being broken, he spends six francs, and gets neither more nor less than he had before, namely, the use and enjoyment of a pane of glass. On the other hypothesis, namely, that the accident had not happened, he would have expended six francs on shoes, and would have had the enjoyment both of the shoes and of the pane of glass. Now, as the good burgess, Jacques Bonhomme, constitutes a fraction of society at large, we are forced to conclude that society, taken in the aggregate, and after all accounts of labor and enjoyment have been squared, has lost the value of the pane which has been broken.

F. Bastiat.

BEFORE WE TRY TO FORCE PROVIDENCE TO AN
"ALTERATIVE," IT WERE WISE TO CONSIDER
WHAT THE ALTERNATIVE MIGHT BE.

"It is I that support this household," said a Hen one day to herself; "the master cannot breakfast without an egg, for he is dyspeptic and would die, and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle, doing nothing earthly, and gets thrice the victuals I do, and is caressed all day. I vow they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg!" But much as she cackled and croaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain; whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dunghill, and did nothing but cackle and croak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) drew her neck, and purchased other eggs at sixpence the dozen.

Man! why frettest thou, and whinest thou? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead. Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low!

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

IN the time of fairies, things went on no better than they do at present. John Hopkins, a poor laborer, who had a large family of children to support upon very scanty wages, applied to a Fairy for assistance. "Here am I half starving," said he, "while my landlord rides about in a fine carriage; his children are pampered with the most dainty fare, and even his servants are decked with gaudy liveries: in a word, rich men, by their extravagance, deprive us poor men of bread. In order to gratify them with luxuries, we are debarred almost the necessities of life." "'Tis a pitiable case, honest friend," replied the Fairy, "and I am ready to do all in my power to assist you and your distressed friends. Shall I, by a stroke of my wand, destroy all the handsome equipages, fine clothes, and dainty dishes which offend you?" "Since you are so very obliging," said honest John, in the joy of his heart, "it would perhaps be better to destroy all luxuries whatever; for if you confine yourself to those you mention, the rich would soon have recourse to others; and it will scarcely cost you more than an additional stroke of your wand to do the business outright, and get rid of the evil, root and branch."

No sooner said than done. The good-natured Fairy waved her wand, and, wonderful to behold! the superb mansion of the landlord shrunk beneath its stroke, and was reduced to a humble thatched cottage. The gay colors and delicate texture of the apparel of its inmates faded and thickened, and were transformed into the most ordinary clothing; the greenhouse plants sprouted out cabbages, and the pinery produced potatoes. A similar change took place in the stables and coach-house; the elegant carriage was seen varying in form, and enlarging in dimensions, till it became a wagon; while the smart gig shrunk and thickened into a plough. The manes of the horses grew coarse and shaggy, their coats lost all brilliancy and softness, and their legs became thick and clumsy: in a word, they were adapted to the new vehicles they were henceforward to draw.

Honest John was profuse in his thanks, but the Fairy stopped him short. "Return to me at the end of a week," said she: "it will be time enough for you to express your gratitude when you can judge how much reason you have to be obliged to me."

Delighted with his success, and eager to communicate the happy tidings to his wife and family, John returned home. "I shall no longer," said he to himself, "be disgusted with the contrast of the rich and poor. What they lose must be our gain; and we shall see whether things will not now go on in a different manner." His wife, however, did not receive him with equal satisfaction; for on having gone to dress herself (it being Sunday) in her best cotton gown, she beheld it changed to a homely stuff; and her China teapot, given her by her landlord's wife, and on which she set no small store, though the handle was broken, was converted into crockery ware!

She came with a woeful countenance to communicate these sad tidings to her husband. John hemmed and hawed, and at length wisely determined to keep his own counsel, instead of boasting of being the author of the changes which had taken place. Presently his little boy came in crying. "What ails you, Tommy?" said the father, half pettishly, and somewhat suspecting that he might have caused his tears also. "Why, daddy," replied the urchin, "as I was playing at battledore with Dick, the shuttlecock flew away, and was lost, and the battledore turned into two dry sticks, good for nothing but to be burnt." "Psha!" cried the father, who was beginning to doubt whether he had not done a foolish thing. In order to take time to turn over the subject in his mind, and console himself for his disappointment, he called for his pipe. The good wife ran to fetch it, when, lo and behold! the pipes were all dissolved! There was pipe-clay in plenty, but no means of smoking. Poor John could not restrain himself from anger, and, in order to pacify him, his wife kindly offered him a pinch of snuff. He took the box; it felt light, and his mind misgave him as he tapped it. It was with too much cause, for, on opening it, he found it empty! At length, being alone, he gave vent to his vexation and disappointment. "I was a fool," cried he, "not to desire the Fairy to meddle with the luxuries of the rich only. God knows, we have so few, that it is very hard we should be deprived of them. I will return to her at the end of the week, and beg her to make an exception in our favor." This thought consoled him for a little while; but, long before the end of the week, poor John had

abundance of cause to repent of all he had done. His brother Richard, who was engaged in a silk manufactory, was, with all the other weavers, turned out of work. The silk had disappeared. The manufacturers, with ruin staring them in the face, had sent their workmen out upon the wide world. Poor John, conscience-struck, received his starving brother into his house. "You will see great changes for the better soon," said he, "and get plenty of work." "Where, and how?" cried Richard. But that was more than John would say. Soon after, Jack, his eldest son, returned home from the coachmaker with whom he worked—all the carriages being changed into wagons, carts, and ploughs. "But why not remain with your master, and work at the carts instead of the coaches?" said the father. "Nay, but he would not keep me; he had no work for me. He had more carts and wagons than he could dispose of for many a day. The farmers, he said, had more than they wanted, and the cartwright business was at an end as well as coachmaking."

John sighed; indeed, he well-nigh groaned with compunction. "It is, however, fortunate for me," said he, "that I earn my livelihood as a laborer in the fields. Corn and hay, thank God, are not our luxuries; and I, at least, shall not be thrown out of work."

In a few days, however, the landlord on whose estate he worked walked into the cottage. John did not immediately know him, so much was his appearance altered by a bob-wig, a russet suit of clothes, and worsted stockings. "John," said he, "you are an honest hard-working man, and I should be sorry you should come to distress. Here are a couple of guineas to help you on till you can find some new employment, for I have no further occasion for your services." John's countenance, which had brightened up at the sight of the gold, now fell most heavily. He half suspected that his landlord might have discovered the author of all the mischief (for he could no longer conceal from himself that such the change really was); and he muttered that "he hoped he had not offended his honor?" "Do not 'honor' me; we're all now, methinks, peasants alike. I have the good fortune, however, to retain my land, since that is not a luxury; but the farm is so much larger than, in my present style of living, I have any occasion for, that I mean to turn the greater part of it into a sheep-walk, or let it remain uncultivated." "Bless

your honor, that would be a sad pity!—such fine meadows and such corn! But cannot you sell the produce as before? for corn and hay are not luxuries.” “True,” replied the landlord; “but I am now living on the produce of less than half my estate, and why take the trouble to cultivate more? For there are no luxuries to purchase. I want no more money than to pay my laborers, and buy the homely clothes I and my family are now obliged to wear. Half the produce of my land will be quite sufficient for these purposes.”

Poor John was now reduced to despair. The cries of distress from people thrown out of work everywhere assailed his ears. He knew not where to hide his shame and mortification till the eventful week had expired, when he hastened to the Fairy, threw himself on his knees, and implored her to reverse the fatal decree, and to bring back things to what they had been before. The light wand once more waved in the air, but in a direction opposite to that in which it before moved; and immediately the stately mansion rose from the lowly cottage; and heavy teams began to prance, and snort, and shook their clumsy harness, till they became elegant trappings: but, most of all, was it delightful to see the turned-off workmen running to their looms and their spindles; the young girls and old women enchanted to regain possession of their lost lace-cushions, on which they depended for a livelihood; and everything offering a prospect of wealth and happiness, compared with the week of misery they had passed through.

John grew wise by this lesson, and whenever any one complained of the hardness of the times, and laid it to the score of the expenses of the rich, took upon him to prove that the poor were gainers, not losers, by luxuries; and, when argument failed to convince his hearers, he related his wonderful tale. One night, at the public-house, Bob Scarecrow, who was one of the listeners, cried out, Ay, it was all fine talk being turned out of work if there were no luxuries; but for his part, he knew it to his cost, that he, at least, lost his livelihood because his master spent his all in luxuries. The young lord, whom he served as gamekeeper, set no bounds to his extravagance, until he had not

a farthing left ; and then his huntsman, his hounds, his game-keeper, and his laced livery-servants were all sent off together.

"Now I should be glad to know, honest John," added Bob, "whether we lost our places because there was too much luxury or too little ?" John felt that there was some truth in what Bob said ; but he was unwilling to give up the point. At length a bright thought struck him, and he triumphantly exclaimed, "Too few, Bob ! Why, don't you see that as long as your master spent his money too freely in luxuries, you kept your places, and when he was ruined and spent no more, you were turned off ?"

Bob was a sharp fellow, saw the weakness of John's argument, and replied that it was neither more nor less than a quibble fit for a pettifogging lawyer ; "for," said he, "suppose that every man of substance were to spend his all and come to ruin, a pretty plight we poor folks should be in !" And John was above disowning it. "I grant you," said he, "that there may be too much luxury as well as too little, as was the case with your young lord ; but then you must allow that if a man don't spend more than he can afford—that is, if he don't injure himself—we have no reason to complain of his luxuries, whatever they may be, because they give us work ; and that not for a short time, after which we are turned off, as was your case, but regularly and for a continuance."

John now went home, satisfied that the expenses of the rich could do no harm to the poor, unless the expenses first injured the rich themselves. No bad safeguard, thought he ; and as he trudged on, pondering it in his mind, he came to this conclusion :—

"Why, then, after all, the rich and the poor have but one and the same interest. That is very strange. I always thought they had been as wide apart as the east is from the west. But now I am convinced that the comforts of the poor are derived from the riches of the rich."

Mrs. Marcel's Story Book.

MONEY.

THE directors of industrial operations produce commodities with a view to obtain other commodities in exchange. Laborers dispose of their labor to their employers with a view to obtain a small portion of a great many articles of wealth. Landlords let their farms and houses, also with a similar object in view. The most cursory observation of what is involved in the undertaking and fulfilling of all the engagements between these several parties, must satisfy everybody of the difficulty, if not of the impossibility, of meeting the wishes of all without adopting something which, being given and received in exchange, should enable the possessor of it to obtain the commodities for which he felt a preference.

Two examples will illustrate the kind of difficulty against which this "something" is meant to provide. A grazier possessing an ox, needs bread, groceries, clothing, and many little requisites for domestic comfort. A butcher would gladly have the ox, but can give in exchange none of the commodities which the grazier wants; and not one of the proprietors of those commodities is at all inclined to receive an ox in exchange. A house proprietor wants a tenant for one of his houses, the rent of which is to supply him with victuals and clothes. An ironmonger offers himself as tenant; he is satisfactory in all other respects, but can only pay his rent in nails, screws, and other articles of iron, which, although much needed in a populous neighborhood, would neither furnish pantry nor wardrobe for the landlord. What is needed in these cases is, evidently, "something" that everybody should be willing to receive in exchange for the commodities he was prepared to part with, knowing that, in his turn, he could obtain in exchange for it commodities of equal value to those he had parted with. In other words, there is needed something suited to act in the double capacity of a medium of exchange and a measure of value. Not only has this want been felt, it has been supplied; and to that by which the want is supplied a name has been given—"money."

Any remarks that might suggest themselves in regard to the

qualities required in the material out of which money is to be made, will be advantageously deferred till we have before us a description of some one of the many systems of money prevailing in different parts of the world. The system which we will select for description is the one in which we are the most interested, that of our own country.

The unit standard measure of value, as by law established in this country, is made of gold; not of pure gold, but of gold mixed with copper, in the proportion of eleven-twelfths of pure gold to one-twelfth of copper, or, as it is sometimes called when used in this way, alloy. The gold so alloyed is commonly spoken of as gold of the mint standard of fineness. This unit measure is a trifle more than a quarter of an ounce troy in weight; it is of a circular form, is stamped in a peculiar manner to mark its authenticity, and is called a *sovereign*, and also a *pound sterling*. For a perfectly accurate statement of its weight, we need but to know that forty pounds troy weight of gold of the mint standard is divided into eighteen hundred and sixty-nine equal parts, or sovereigns, which gives for the weight of a sovereign 5·136 dwts. troy.

The operation of turning metal into money is performed at the mint, and is called coining; and the metal so turned into money is called coin. Every person who possesses uncoined gold is entitled by law to take it to the mint, and to receive back, after the lapse of a few days, the same weight of coined gold. Hence it follows that the coined and uncoined gold must always be of the same value; unless, indeed, we take into account the trifling deduction that ought to be made from the latter, to compensate for the few days necessarily occupied by the process of coining.

The sovereign, or pound sterling, is made, by addition and multiplication, to serve as a measure for the largest values; and in the statements of accounts of extensive industrial concerns, millions of pounds are frequently to be met with. In the daily interchanges of industrial life, values of considerably less than a pound need to be provided for. The pint of milk, the loaf of bread, the pound of meat, the day's wages, the week's rent, may be cited as instances in which values estimated in gold require the use of fractional parts of a sovereign or their equivalents,

varying from one one-hundred-and-twentieth to one-fifth. As one step towards meeting this want, we have half-sovereigns, which are pieces of gold similar in all other respects to the sovereign, but of only half its weight. For measures of smaller values, gold is not employed; pieces of gold less than a half-sovereign, to be carried about, and given and received as measures of the smaller values, would be inconveniently small. On this account another metal—silver—has been employed, to make what in fact, for the purpose of computation, is the principal fractional part of a sovereign—the shilling, or one-twentieth of a sovereign.

The silver coinage is conducted in this manner. The mint standard of fineness is thirty-seven-fortieths of pure silver, and three-fortieths of copper; or, out of 19 oz. of silver of the mint standard, 11 oz. 2 dwts. are pure silver, and 18 dwts. are copper, or alloy. One pound troy of silver, of the mint standard, is coined into sixty-six shillings; or one ounce into 5s. 6d. Of late years a new silver coin has been introduced—the florin, or one-tenth of a sovereign; perhaps with a view to introduce the decimal system into our money and accounts. If this should be determined upon, the further issue of silver coins of the value of 2s. 6d., 4d., 3d., or one-eighth, one-sixtieth, and one-eightieth of a pound sterling would be discontinued, and a new silver coin, a cent, or one-hundredth of a pound, or one-tenth of a florin—equal to 2d. and two-fifths of our present money—would, with the florin and other multiples of a cent, be substituted in their place. Persons are not compelled by law to accept payments of values exceeding two sovereigns in shillings, or silver coin; nor can they, as with their gold, obtain at the mint, in exchange for uncoined silver, an equal weight of coined.

The mint purchases the silver which it requires in order to supply the public with silver coin; and, as amid all the fluctuations in the relative values of gold and silver, since our present mint regulations were established, one sovereign has been, on an average, worth four ounces of silver, or an ounce of silver worth 5s., or one-fourth of a sovereign, it follows that, on an average, the mint has realised sixpence out of every ounce of silver coined. The obvious consequences of these mint arrangements are, that the coin of the country is essentially gold; the silver coin being subordinate, and exclusively employed to mark the fractional

parts of a sovereign, which it does as faithfully as if it were gold, while it is more convenient than gold, on account of its size as compared with its value. The silver coin does not fluctuate in value with the uncoined silver, but with the sovereign, and consequently with uncoined gold. So long as the value of an ounce of silver is less than 5*s.* 6*d.*, or eleven-fortieths of a pound, the mint obtains a profit from the coinage of silver, putting aside the expense of coining; and if the value of silver were to rise above 5*s.* 6*d.* an ounce, the Government would be compelled to reduce the weight of the silver coins, or they would be melted, and disappear from circulation, on account of their being more valuable as silver than as coin.

For the same reason that gold is ill suited to mark smaller values than those of sovereigns and their halves, silver is ill suited to mark smaller values than those of cents. But the wants of society call for coins of much smaller value, and to supply these wants copper has been resorted to. Our principal copper coin is a penny, or one-twelfth of a shilling, or one two-hundred-and-fortieth of a pound; with the other principal coins already mentioned, it makes up the *£. s. d.* so familiar to everybody.

The copper coins, like the silver, are subordinate, being used exclusively to mark the smaller fractional parts of a sovereign, and not being a legal tender, that is, their acceptance in discharge of a debt not being compulsory for larger values than one shilling. The mint purchases the copper that is required to keep up the supply of copper coins. One pound avoirdupois of copper is coined into twenty-three pence, or one ton into 51,520 pence, equal to *£*214 13*s.* 4*d.*, or about double the average value of a ton of uncoined copper. It need hardly be added that the penny fluctuates in value, not with copper, but with the sovereign, or gold. If so great a change were to take place in the value of copper that it should rise above *£*214 13*s.* 4*d.* per ton, pence would then be melted and disappear from circulation, unless the weight of the penny were to be so reduced as to adapt it to the altered value of copper.

There are smaller copper coins, such as a halfpenny, equal to one four-hundred-and-eightieth of a pound, and a farthing, equal to one nine-hundred-and-sixtieth of a pound; and the projectors

of a decimal coinage recommend, in case their suggestion should be adopted, the discontinuance of all these copper coins, and the substitution in their place of a mil, or one-thousandth of a pound, and such multiples of a mil as might be considered most convenient. Four of these mils would be equivalent to one penny, less one twenty-fifth, or to twenty-four twenty-fifths.

We may now ask ourselves—does the system of money, the particulars of which have just been described, answer the purposes intended? Does it supply a ready medium of exchange, and act as a convenient measure for values? It might be presumed at once that it does, since it is universally adopted. Money is everywhere willingly received in exchange. The system of money, it is true, is determined by law; but the parting with merchandise for money is not compulsory, it is voluntary. Money, indeed, is sought after as eagerly as tools and utensils, on account of its supplying a want not otherwise to be relieved. The grazier gladly takes twelve sovereigns for his ox, knowing that with them, or their equivalents in shillings and pence, he can supply his various wants, from bread and groceries, down to tapes, buttons, and pins, for the use of his family.

The universal practice of measuring values in money has caused a name—"prices"—to be specially applied to values so measured. In our country the price of a commodity means the sovereigns or fractional parts of a sovereign obtainable for it; or it means its value measured in *£. s. d.* Names also have been appropriated to the process of exchanging commodities for money, and money for commodities—the former being called "selling," and the latter "buying."

The whole of the advantages derivable from the use of money, as a means for facilitating interchange, can only be enjoyed by a people in full possession of all the industrial qualities shown to be indispensable in order to turn to account the other contrivances for facilitating interchange already enumerated.

Phænomena of Industrial Life.

"A TIME OF UNEXAMPLED PROSPERITY."

In the course of a voyage from England, I once fell in with a convoy of merchant ships bound for the West Indies. The weather was uncommonly bland, and the ships vied with each other in spreading sail to catch a light favoring breeze, until their hulls were almost hidden by a cloud of canvas. The breeze went down with the sun, and his last yellow rays shone upon a thousand sails idly flapping against the masts. I exulted in the beauty of the scene, and augured a prosperous voyage; but the veteran master of the ship shook his head, and pronounced this halcyon calm a "weather breeder." And so it proved. A storm burst forth in the night; the sea roared and raged; and when the day broke, I beheld the late gallant convoy scattered in every direction; some dismasted, others scudding under bare poles, and many firing signals of distress. I have since been occasionally reminded of this scene by those calm, sunny seasons in the commercial world, which are known by the name of "times of unexampled prosperity." They are the sure "weather breeders" of traffic.

Every now and then the world is visited by one of these delusive seasons, when "the credit system," as it is called, expands to full luxuriance; everybody trusts everybody; a bad debt is a thing unheard of; the broad way to certain and sudden wealth lies plain and open; and men are tempted to dash forward boldly, from the facility of borrowing.

Promissory notes, interchanged between scheming individuals, are liberally discounted at the banks, which become so many mints to coin words into cash; and as the supply of words is inexhaustible, it may readily be supposed what a vast amount of promissory capital is soon in circulation. Every one now talks in thousands; nothing is heard but gigantic operations in trade; great purchases and sales of real property, and immense sums made at every transfer. All, to be sure, as yet exists in promise; but the believer in promises calculates the aggregate as solid capital, and falls back in amazement at the amount of public wealth, the "unexampled state of public prosperity!" Now is the time for speculative and dreaming or designing men. They

relate their dreams and projects to the ignorant and credulous; dazzle them with golden visions, and set them maddening after shadows. The example of one stimulates another; speculation rises on speculation; bubble rises on bubble; every one helps with his breath to swell the windy superstructure, and admires and wonders at the magnitude of the inflation he has contributed to produce.

Speculation is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon its sober realities. It renders the stock-jobber a magician, and the exchange a region of enchantment. It elevates the merchant into a kind of knight-errant, or rather a commercial Quixote.

The slow but sure gains of snug per centage become despicable in his eyes. No "operation" is thought worthy of attention that does not double or treble the investment.

No business is worth following that does not promise an immediate fortune. As he sits musing over his ledger, with pen behind his ear, he is like La Mancha's hero in his study, dreaming over his books of chivalry.

His dusty counting-house fades before his eyes, or changes into a Spanish mine; he gropes after diamonds, or dives after pearls.

The subterranean garden of Aladdin is nothing to the realms of wealth that break upon his imagination. Could this delusion always last, the life of a merchant would indeed be a golden dream; but it is as short as it is brilliant. Let but a doubt enter, and the "season of unexampled prosperity" is at an end.

The coinage of words is suddenly curtailed; the promissory capital begins to vanish into smoke; a panic succeeds; and the whole superstructure, built upon credit, and reared by speculation, crumbles to the ground, leaving scarce a wreck behind:

"It is such stuff as dreams are made of."

When a man of business, therefore, hears on every side rumors of fortunes suddenly acquired; when he finds banks liberal, and brokers busy; when he sees adventurers flush of paper capital, and full of scheme and enterprise; when he perceives a greater disposition to buy than to sell; when trade overflows its accustomed channels, and deluges the country; when he hears of new regions of commercial adventure; of distant marts and distant mines, swallowing merchandise and disgorging gold; when he

finds joint-stock companies of all kinds forming; railroads, canals, and locomotive engines springing up on every side; when idlers suddenly become men of business, and dash into the game of commerce as they would into the hazards of the faro-table; when he beholds the streets glittering with new equipages, palaces conjured up by the magic of speculation, tradesmen flushed with sudden success, and vying with each other in ostentatious expense; in a word, when he hears the whole community joining in the theme of "unexampled prosperity," let him look upon the whole as a "weather breeder," and prepare for the impending storm.

W. Irving.

WORTH OF PROVERBS.

IN regard of the poetry of proverbs—whatever is from the people, or truly for the people; whatever either springs from their bosom, or has been cordially accepted by them; still more, whatever unites both these conditions, will have poetry, imagination, in it; for, little as the people's craving after wholesome nutriment of the imaginative faculty, and after an entrance into a fairer and more harmonious world than that sordid and confused one with which often they are surrounded, is duly met and satisfied, still they yearn after all this with an honest hearty yearning, which must put to shame the pallid indifference, the only affected enthusiasm, of too many whose opportunities of cultivating this glorious faculty have been so immeasurably greater than theirs. This being so, and proverbs being, as we know, the sayings that have found favor with the people—their peculiar inheritance—we might be quite sure that there will be poetry, imagination, passion, in them. So much we might affirm beforehand: our closer examination of them will confirm the confidence which we have been bold to entertain.

Thus we may expect to find that they will contain often bold imagery, striking comparisons; and such they do. Let serve, as an example, our own, "Grey hairs are death's blossoms;" or the Italian, "Time is an inaudible file;" or the Greek, "Man a bubble," which Jeremy Taylor has expanded into such glorious poetry in the opening of the Holy Dying; or the Turkish, "Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate," to

take up, that is, a burden of a coffin there; or this Arabic one, on the never satisfied eye of desire, "Nothing but a handful of dust will fill the eye of man;" or another, from the same quarter, worthy of Mecca's prophet himself, "There are no fans in hell;" or this other, also from the East, "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when heaven is raining gold;" improve, that is, to the uttermost, the happier crises of thy spiritual life; or this Indian one, to the effect that good should be returned for evil, "The sandal-tree perfumes the axe that fells it;" or this one, current in the middle ages, "Whose life lightens, his words thunder;" or, once more, this Chinese, "Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calumniators."

Or, consider how happily the selfishness and bye-ends which too often preside at men's very prayers, are noted in this Portuguese, "Cobblers go to mass, and pray that cows may die;" that is, that so leather may be cheap. Or take another, a German one, noting, with slightest exaggeration, a measure of charity which is only too common, "He will swallow an egg, and give away the shells in alms;" or this, from the Talmud, of which I will leave the interpretation to yourselves, "All kinds of wood burn silently, except thorns, which crackle, and call out, 'We, too, are wood.'"

The wit of proverbs spares few or none. They are, as may be supposed, especially intolerant of fools. We say, "Fools grow without watering; no need, therefore, of adulation or flattery to quicken them to a ranker growth; for, indeed, the more you stroke the cat's tail, the more he raises his back;" and the Russian, "Fools are not planted or sowed, they grow of themselves;" while the Spaniards, "If folly were a pain, there would be crying in every house;" having, further, an exquisitely witty one on learned folly, as the most intolerable of all follies—"A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool;" and here is excellently unfolded to us the secret of the fool's confidence—"Who knows nothing, doubts nothing."

But the glory of proverbs, that, perhaps, which strikes us as most marked and most forcible in regard of them, is their shrewd common sense—the sound wisdom for the management of our own lives, and of our intercourse with our fellows, which so many of them contain. In truth, there is no region of practical life

which they do not occupy, for which they do not supply some wise hints, and counsels, and warnings. There is hardly a mistake which, in the course of our lives, we have committed, but some proverb, had we known and attended to its lesson, might have saved us from it.

Trench.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

I LIKE to meet a sweep. Understand me, not a grown sweeper; old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive,—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek; such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow, or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their ærial ascents, not seldom anticipating the sunrise!

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots, innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and who, from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind. When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation; to see a chit, no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the jaws of death; to pursue him in imagination as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns; to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost for ever!" to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight; and then (Oh, fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, brandishing the weapon of his art victoriously, like some flag waved over a conquered citadel!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts: the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed trouser, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularly of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk

westward,* a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough, yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened; when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with delight. There he stood irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

* * * * *

My pleasant friend, Jem White, in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, as he allowed himself to fancy they might be, instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper, held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper, was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with drapery, not so fine as substantial; and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages.

* The author alludes to his engagements at the India House, and to his characteristic want of punctuality.

The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table, and myself ordinarily ministered to the other two—there was much clambering and jostling, to be sure, who should get at the first table. Oh, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngster lick in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings! How he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors; how he would intercept a morsel, even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating;" how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony; how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom, with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking! Then we had our toasts—"The King," "The Cloth," which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering; and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!"

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered Feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

C. Lamb.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

THE clock has just struck two: the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius; but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked

before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a forward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but that of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog: all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude will be made continual, and the city itself like its inhabitants, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, great as this, have once triumphed in existence,—had their victories as great; joy as just and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession. "Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there, their senate house—but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples, theatres, stood here—now only an undistinguishable heap of ruin."

They are fallen from luxury, and avarice first made them feeble. The reward of state conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society.

Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defenders into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the door of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses have given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering persons have once seen happier days.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief! The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness

of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulses? Tenderness, without the capacity of relieving, only makes a man more wretched than the object which sues his assistance.

Goldsmith.

NECESSITY AND LUXURY.

Those who are skilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare that iron is everywhere to be found; and that not only its proper ore is copiously treasured in the caverns of the earth, but that its particles are dispersed throughout all other bodies.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, I believe it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty which the condition of life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

Iron is common and gold is rare. Iron contributes so much to supply the wants of nature, that its use constitutes much of the difference between savage and polished life, between the state of him that slumbers in European palaces, and him that shelters himself in the cavities of a rock from the chillness of the night, or the violence of the storm. Gold can never be hardened into saws or axes; it can neither furnish instruments of manufacture, implements of agriculture, nor weapons of defence: its only quality is to shine, and the value of its lustre arises from its scarcity.

Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, necessities are as iron, and superfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain; so readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonness of abundance, confounded

natural with artificial desires, and invented necessities for the sake of employment, because the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is sustained with so little labor that the tediousness of idle time can not otherwise be supported.

Thus plenty is the original cause of many of our needs; and even the poverty which is so frequent and distressful in civilised nations proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, "*How many things are here which I do not need!*" And the same exclamation may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life. Superfluity and difficulty begin together. To dress food for the stomach is easy,—the art is to irritate the palate when the stomach is sufficed. A rude hand may build walls, form roofs, and lay floors, and provide all that warmth and security require; we only call the nicer artificers to carve the cornice, or to paint the ceilings. Such dress as may enable the body to endure the different seasons, the most unenlightened nations have been enabled to procure; but the work of science begins in the ambition of distinction, in variations of fashion, and emulation of elegance. Corn grows with easy culture; the gardener's experiments are only employed to exalt the flavors of fruits, and brighten the colors of flowers.

Johnson.

TRAVELLING IN A STAGE-COACH.

SOME years since I was engaged, with a coach-full of friends, to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humor and complacency to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter, which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humor the next morning

for no other reason, that I could imagine, but because I chanced to get into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word. The rest of our company held out very near half the way; when, on a sudden, Mr. Sprightly fell asleep, and, instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side of Exeter, I was taken with a fit of sullenness that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it was for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me, "the old gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humor to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities; for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us who were altogether strangers to them, until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened or broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship; and sometimes grow cool even in the midst of the honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose souls are of a happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humor to the last stage

of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications, both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable. *Addison.*

CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

It is a very wise rule in the conduct of the understanding, to acquire early a correct notion of your own peculiar constitution of mind, and to become well acquainted, as a physician would say, with your idiosyncrasy. Are you an acute man, and see sharply for small distances? or are you a comprehensive man, and able to take in wide and extensive views into your mind? Does your mind turn its ideas into wit? or are you apt to take a common sense view of the objects presented to you? Have you an exuberant imagination, or a correct judgment? Are you quick or slow? accurate or hasty? a great reader, or a great thinker? It is a prodigious point gained if any man can find out where his powers lie, and what are his deficiencies; if he can contrive to ascertain what Nature intended him for: and such are the changes and chances of the world, and so difficult is it to ascertain our own understandings, or those of others, that most things are done by persons who could have done something else better.

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes triangular, some square, some oblong; and the persons acting

these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes ; we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

But while I am descanting so minutely upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge! What is the use of so much life?—what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us?—and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct—love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make me call it justice—love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud! Therefore, if any young man here has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations

in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world's comprehensive acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations of life, and in all the offices of life.

PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

One of the rarest sorts of understandings we meet with in the world, among the numerous diversities which are produced, is an understanding fairly and impartially open to the reception of the truth, coming in any shape, and from any quarter; and it will be of considerable use, in a discussion on the conduct of the understanding, to consider what those causes are which render this sort of understanding so very rare. One of these causes, and the first I shall mention, is indolence. Repose is agreeable to the human mind; and decision is repose. A man is made restless by opinions; he does not choose to be disturbed, and he is much more thankful to the man who confirms him in his errors, and leaves him alone, than he is to the man who refutes him, or who instructs him at the expense of his tranquillity. Again; our vanity is compromised by our opinions: we have expressed them, and they must be maintained; the object is, not to know the truth, but to avoid the shame of appearing to have been ignorant of it.

Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth. It is a most inestimable habit in the conduct of the understanding—before men put their solemn sanction to any opinion, before war, before peace, before expatriation, and all the great events of life—that men should ask themselves whether or not the motive by which their conduct has been influenced has really any meaning; and if so, whether they have the meaning in such instances intended to be affixed to them. Definition of words has been commonly called a mere exercise of grammarians; but when we come to consider the innumerable murders, proscriptions, massacres, and tortures which men have inflicted on each other from mistaking the meaning of words, the exercise of definition certainly begins to assume rather a more dignified aspect. Then comes association as another disturber. A man has heard such opinions very

often; or, "I have heard them when I was young; and therefore they must be right." "I hate all Dissenters;" or "all Roman Catholics;" or, "I cannot endure Americans;" and such other shocking opinions, upon which men act all their lives—and act very badly, and furiously, and very ignorantly, merely because such opinions have been instilled into their earliest infancy, and because they have never had the power of separating two ideas which were accident first associated together. The cure for this confined and narrow species of understanding is to see many things and many men; to taste of the sweetness of truth in science, and to cultivate a love of it; to have the words Liberality, Candor, Knowledge, often in your mouth, and at length they will get into your heart; to ask the reason of things, and find the meaning of words; to hear patiently any one who confirms what you thought before, or who refutes it; to propose to yourself the same object as the law proposes in the examining of evidence—to get at the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Sydney Smith.

BATTLE OF THE CLOUDS: TENERIFFE.

If there had been generally any part of the sea not amenable to influences of north-eastern wind, and not covered in by those clouds, it was to leeward of the Peak.* There long extents of water had been occasionally seen from Guajara.† These were now precisely the regions that had become filled with a strange *south-west* cloud. Cumulo-stratus‡ in character, and at the same height above the sea as the north-east stratum, this new cloud advanced to the charge, its masses of mist hurtling on over each other, as though they were eager for conflict.

The first shock seemed to take place near Grand Canary, whose tortuous ravines and bristling peaks offered many vantage grounds for fight. The advance guard of the south-west cloud rode high up that side of the island, well supported by its main body on either flank; but the north-east cloud was not to be disturbed, that time, from its strong position. Then, filling up all the

* Peak, i.e. Teneriffe. † Guajara, one of the heights of the island.

‡ Cumulo-stratus, a species of cloud of a mixed structure, viz., dense, conical, or overhanging heaps and level sheets.

space behind Guajara, the invader charged successfully up along the southern coast of Teneriffe, carrying all before him as far as Santa Cruz. Next he tried to cross the backbone of the island near Laguna. Now, Laguna is sadly fated to be a battle-ground for clouds. As modified by the form of the island, two aerial currents ordinarily meet there—the north-east and south-west—and the result of such conflict is generally a fall of rain; but on this occasion all petty local animosities were merged into the grand contest of north-east and south-west, which now, with equal forces, contended by night and by day for the possession of this cloud-loved spot.

It was, in sober truth, most exciting to watch the varying success of the combat that was going on—really, high in air, but, for us, far below our feet—and to witness the science with which it was conducted. A gallant band of the south-west sallied bravely up the hills, seized the summit, and were having it all their own way, when a rush was made by heavy columns of the north-east. They recovered the lost ground; but being nearly expended in so doing, and their weakness discovered by the enemy, he came on quickly from his main body in overpowering numbers, crowned the ridge, and began pouring down the opposite side.

This was too dangerous a success for the north-east to allow; so it moved up all its masses, and, by a well-directed attack at some weaker part of the enemy's line, compelled him to call in his troops, towards the centre, in vital defence. At other times the north-east tried to push out his opponent by main force; and then, if well balanced, they both, from their slightly inclined opposing forces, rose high, vertically, in the air—a conspicuous example to the multitudes in either army—and dissolved away in the contest, or fell over, maimed and mangled, to their respective sides.

All day long this engagement had been waged, and, on the whole, with such equal success, that we could not say by the evening which party was in the ascendant; but our hearts were with the north-east; for a predominance of that current was the symbol of summer.

Piazzi Smyth.

A TRAGIC DEATH.

ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts; then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect for condition. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine,* and hot smoke, that wrapt and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed on under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time.

A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvas, and a shower of all things combustible flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and, fortunately for us, fell inward. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of

* One of the hills of Rome.

Statilius Taurus had caught fire ; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle after circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length, a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena.

The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broken from their dens. Maddened by fright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore ; they ran howling round and round the circle ; they made desperate leaps upward through the blaze ; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, to die raging.

I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest ; a man who had been either unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked.

He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne ; the fire was above him and around him, and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below ; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the help of man.

Croly.

THE SICK SCHOLAR.

SHORTLY after the schoolmaster had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sun-burnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly dog-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and then one with a flaxen poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but grey, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbour, behind his hand. Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing “odd or even” under the master’s eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other, in sport or malice, without

the least reserve ; and cutting their initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson "off the book," looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to his master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page ; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master *did* chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look ; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh ! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it would go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

Heat ! Ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day at that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself ? Monstrous !

The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more quiet time ; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by

their sick companion, and bid him take it as a model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no grimaces for full *two minutes* afterwards.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half-holiday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away first, out of the village, I mean: I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray don't forget, my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and don't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye, all."

"Thank'ee, sir," and "Good-bye, sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining, and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines, and the birds only sing, on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb, and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread

themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. "'Tis natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them: "I am very glad they didn't mind me."

Toward night the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "Oh, dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy—quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was; I meant to be, God knows!" said the poor schoolmaster. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dulness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening-time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips, too, but no voice came from them, no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The boys at play upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more; and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * *

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

Dickens.

PIECES FOR RECITATION.

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

WHAT would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery; lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat,
But moderate your expenses now (at first),
As you may keep the same proportion still;
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours;
Except you make or hold it.

Ben Jonson.

AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:

Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved :
To bliss domestic lie his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried :
The still tears, trickling down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride :
Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;—
Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew
None his superior, and his equals few :—
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd ;
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors train'd ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied ;
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honor'd head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there :
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

Crabbe.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry :
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfry borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay.
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door ;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear
The harp a king had loved to hear.
He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.
The minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,—
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree :

In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !
When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone ;
And of Earl Walter—rest him, God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain ?
Though stiff his hand, his voice grown weak,
He thought e'en yet, tho' sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.
The humble boon was soon obtain'd :
The aged minstrel audience gain'd.
And when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied ;
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please :
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain !
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;

And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank in faithless mem'ry void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

Scott.

TIT FOR TAT.

A LAW there is of ancient fame,
By Nature's self in every land implanted ;
Lex Talionis is its Latin name ;
But if an English term be wanted,
Give your next neighbor but a pat,
He'll give you back as good, and tell you—*tit for tat*.

This *tit for tat*, it seems, not men alone,
But Elephants for legal justice own ;
In proof of this a story I shall tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that swell'd the state
Of Aurengzebe the Great,
One day was taken by his driver
To drink and cool him in the river.
The driver on his neck was seated,
And, as he rode along,
By some acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.

A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a shell, both hard and tough.
The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
Working and sweating,
Fuming and fretting,
To find out its inside,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
" Who'll reach me up," he cries, " a stone
To break this plaguy shell ?

But stay, I've here a solid bone,
May do, perhaps, as well."
So half in earnest, half in jest,
He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An Elephant, they say, has human feeling,
And full as well as we, he knows
The difference between words and blows,
Between horse-play and evil dealing.
Use him but well, he'll do his best,
And serve you faithfully and truly ;
But insults unprovoked he can't digest,
He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil," thought the creature,
"Was never, certainly, the will of nature ;
So, master, mine, you may repent."
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter ;
But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it ;
He *felt* the wrong—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elapsed : one market day
Again the beast and driver took their way ;
Through rows of shops and booths they past,
With eatables and trinkets stored,
Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,
Where cocoa-nuts lay piled upon the board.
"Ah !" thought the Elephant, "'tis now my turn
To show this method of nut-breaking ;
My friend above will like to learn,
Though at the cost of a head-aching."

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
And waved it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,
And on the hapless driver's sconece
He laid a blow so hard and full,
That crack'd the nuts at once,
But with them crack'd his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclined
To rompish sports and freedoms rough,
Bear *tit for tat* in mind,
Nor give an Elephant a cuff
To be repaid in kind.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must humble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garland withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds ;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Herbert.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door ;
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, " tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door :
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you "—here I open'd wide the
door ;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
" Lenore ! "
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
" Lenore ! "—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window
lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd
he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber
door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perch'd and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly
shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Never more."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he utter'd; not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown
before—
On the morrow *he* will leave us, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Never more."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—never more.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird and bust and
door—
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of
yore
Meant in croaking "Never more."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, never more.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—~~is~~ there balm in Gilead?—tell me, tell me, I implore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—never more!

Edgar Poe.

FALL OF WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new-open'd: Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirits wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep;
 I am fallen indeed!

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell:
 I know myself now; and I feel within
 A mace above all earthly dignities—
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy: too much honor—
 Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of fortitude of soul, I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden ;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; and his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,—
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king—
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord !
Must I, then, leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—

The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be!
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me no more must be heard of,—say I taught thee
Say Wolsey,—that once trode the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, |
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
Then take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
Shakespeare.

THE RURAL POSTMAN.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch !
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But, oh, the important budget ! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Cowper.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.*

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sail'd the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten'd in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons white,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripp'd with silver rain ;
But where he pass'd there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the Main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sail'd ;
'Three days or more seaward he bore,
'Then, alas ! the land-wind fail'd.

Alas ! the land-wind fail'd,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon his deck,
The Book was in his hand :
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it pass'd,
Seem'd to rake the passing clouds.

* Uncle of Sir W. Raleigh. He was wrecked on his return from an unsuccessful attempt to form one of the earliest settlements in America.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell roll'd.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main,
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

Longfellow.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters, like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate : twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

* * * *

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave ;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she sucks with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he dies.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloft his fate;
Little he said, and now and then a smile,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wish'd-for showers at length did come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sank down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Byron.

TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, from which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou :
Unchangeable do thy wild waves play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear ;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And drooping and hooping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Southey.

PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No ;
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :
I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower—
The crown imperial. Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend, good old man :
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began :
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat ;
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it : and that repose,
 And peace, which ev'rywhere
 With so much earnestness you do pursue,
 Is only there.

Herbert.

PITT—NELSON—FOX.

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings :
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory reappears.
 But, oh ! my country's wintry state,
 What second spring shall renovate ?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise ?
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasp'd the victor-steel ?
 The vernal sun new life bestows,
 E'en on the meanest flower that blows ;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine,
 Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine,
 And vainly pierce that solemn gloom
 That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallow'd tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,
 Oh ! never let those names depart !
 Say to your sons—Lo, here his grave !
 Who victor died on Gadite* wave ;
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given ;
 Where'er his country's foes were found,
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
 Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
 Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd, and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
 Who bade the conqueror go forth,
 And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
 On Egypt, Hafnia,† Trafalgar ;

* *Gadite*, belonging to Cadiz, near which is Cape Trafalgar.

† *Hafnia*, the classical name of Copenhagen.

Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave ;
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er the wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride he would not crush restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud and danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering thrones.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh ! think how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's* unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the helm gave way ;
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolled church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound ;
But still upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;

* *Palinure*, the pilot of *Æneas*, whom Virgil describes as clinging to the helm even in death.

While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He who preserved them—Pitt, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat** dumb,
Lest it be said, o'er Fox's tomb,—
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd and wanted most ;
Mourn, genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;—
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things,
Lay heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung :
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
All peace on earth, good will to men ;
If ever from an English heart,
Oh ! here let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave ;
E'en then dishonor's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colors to the mast !
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honor'd grave ;
And ne'er held marble in its trust,
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

Scott.

* *Requiescat in pace*, "may he rest in peace!" a common prayer for the dead.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade, for the leaves, when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest, on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again, I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;
And when sunset may breathe on the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love ;
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above ;

With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet—
Which only the angels hear—
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky, fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of air are chain'd to my chair,
In the million-color'd bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass'd through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a strain,
The pavilion is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air;
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise, and upbuild it again.

Shelley.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Scenes of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The never-failing-brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd that coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please,—
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
A time there was ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: Trade's unfeeling train,
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlet rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look and brighten'd all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elapsed, return to view,
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share,
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst the humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;—
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom horns and hounds pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexation past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
Oh, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There as I past with careless steps and slow
The mingled notes came soften'd from below,—
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
These, all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is shed ;
All but yon widow'd solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread ;
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Goldsmith.

BALLAD ON THE ARMADA.

IN eighty-eight, ere I was born,
As I can well remember,
In August was a fleet prepared,
The month before September.

Spain, with Biscay and Portugal,
Toledo and Grenada—
All these did meet, and made a fleet,
And call'd it the Armada.

Where they had got provisions,
As mustard, peas, and bacon,—
Some say two ships were full of whips,
But I think they were mistaken!

There was a little man of Spain,
That shot well in a gun—a;
Don Pedro hight, as good a knight
As the knight of the sun—a!

King Philip made him admiral,
And charged him not to stay—a;
But to destroy both man and boy,
And then to run away—a!

The King of Spain did fret amain,
And to do yet more harm—a,
He sent along, to make him strong,
The famous Prince of Parma!

When they had sail'd along the seas,
And anchor'd upon Dover,
Our Englishmen did board them then,
And cast the Spanish over.

Our Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could you more desire—a?
For whose sweet sake, Sir Francis Drake
Did set them all on fire—a!

But let them look about themselves,
For if they come again—a,
They shall be served with the same sauce
As they were I know when—a!

TABLE SHOWING THE PART THAT $\frac{1}{2}d.$, ETC., IS OF $\pounds 1$, ETC.

	of $\pounds 1$.	of 10s.	of 6s. 8d.	of 5s.	of 3s. 4d.	of 2s. 6d.	of 2s.	of 1s. 8d.	of 1s.	of 10d.
s. d.	$\frac{1}{2}$
10 0	$\frac{1}{2}$
6 8	$\frac{1}{2}$
5 0	$\frac{1}{2}$
3 4	$\frac{1}{2}$
2 6	$\frac{1}{2}$
2 0	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 8	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 4	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 3	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 0	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 10	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 8	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 6	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 5	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 4	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 3	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 2	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 1	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
0 0 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$

TABLE OF WAGES, ETC., FROM $\pounds 1$ TO $\pounds 150$ PER ANNUM.

Y.	Pr M	Pr W	Pr D	Y.	Per M.	Pr. W.	Pr. D.	Y.	Per M.	Per W.	Pr. D.
\pounds	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	\pounds	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	\pounds	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1	18 0	44 0	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	0 18 4	4 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	2 10 0	0 11 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
2	3 4 0	92 0	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	1 0 0	4 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	40	3 6 8	0 15 4	2 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	5 0 1	12 0	0 2	13	1 1 8	5 0	0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	50	4 3 4	0 19 2	2 9
4	6 8 1	64 0	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	1 3 4	5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	60	5 0 0	0 1 3	3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
5	8 4 1	11 0	0 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	1 5 0	5 9	0 10	70	5 16 8	1 6 11	3 10
6	10 0 2	3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 4	16	1 6 8	6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	80	6 13 4	1 10 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
7	11 8 2	84 0	0 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	17	1 8 4	6 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	7 10 0	1 14 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 11 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	13 4 3	04 0	0 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	1 10 0	6 11	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	8 6 8	1 18 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
9	15 0 3	54 0	0 6	19	1 11 8	7 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	125	10 8 4	2 8 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	16 8 3	10 0	0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	20	1 13 4	7 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	12 10 0	2 17 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

THE RATE PER CENT. ON A POUND AND A SHILLING,
FROM $\frac{1}{2}$ TO 10 PER CENT.

Per cent.	In the \pounds .	In the s.	Per cent.	In the \pounds .	In the s.
	s. d.	d.		s. d.	d.
$\frac{1}{2}$ is ...	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$...	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ is ...	0 9	...
$\frac{1}{4}$...	0 0 $\frac{1}{4}$...	5 ...	1 0	...
$\frac{3}{4}$...	0 1 $\frac{1}{4}$...	6 $\frac{1}{2}$...	1 3	...
$\frac{1}{2}$...	0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$...	1 6	...
1 ...	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$...	8 $\frac{1}{2}$...	1 9	...
1 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0 3	...	10 ...	2 0	...
2 $\frac{1}{2}$...	0 6	...			

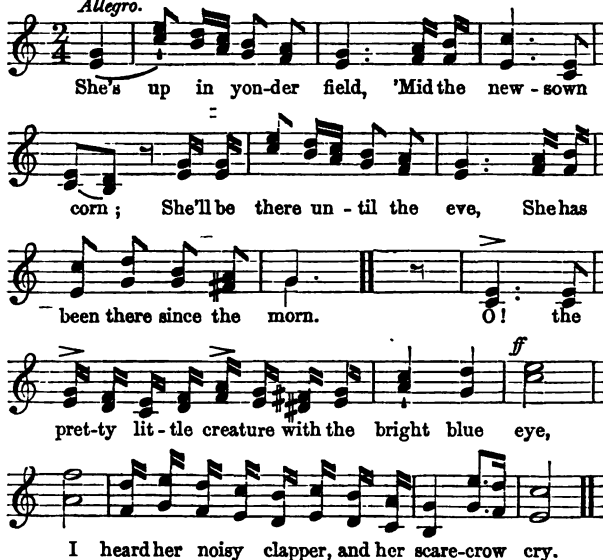
The little Scarecrow.*

FOR TWO VOICES.

Poetry by E. CAPERN.

THOMAS MURBY.

Allegro.



She's up in yon-der field, 'Mid the new - sown
corn ; She'll be there un - til the eve, She has
been there since the morn. O! the
pret-ty lit-tle creature with the bright blue eye,
I heard her noisy clapper, and her scare-crow cry.





I paused to mark the child—
She was ¹very pale and young.
She told me "she was six,"
With her merry little tongue.
O the pretty, &c.

In her hand she held her hat,
Which the wild wind swayed;
And purple were the feet
Of the little scare-crow maid.
O the pretty, &c.

More happy than a queen,
Though ¹scanty was her food,
The child that sang her song
To that clapper-music rude.
O the pretty, &c.

This the maiden's simple lay,
As she ¹warbled in her nook,
"Here, clapping every day,
I scare the robber rook."
O the pretty, &c.

* Re-arranged from "New Tunes to Choice Words."

¹				
ve	-	ry	pale	and
scan	-	ty	was	her
warb	-	led	in	her

SUPPLEMENT.

1. The following picture of London conveys a pretty accurate view of our overgrown condition:—"The growth of London is not only its own growth, but that of the country too. The progress of the nation must carry with it the progress of the metropolis. Within the last fifty years the population of Great Britain has all but doubled. It was but 12,500,000 in 1811, whereas it was 21,000,000 in 1851, and is perhaps above 23,000,000 now. Obviously the British capital in 1859 must assume very different dimensions from the same city in 1809. But, besides this, the metropolis has become more metropolitan. It is more everybody's town than it used to be. A visit to London was once a great event in the life of a provincial Englishman, and in many of the more remote counties it was a thing scarcely heard of, even among the gentry. Now-a-days, people of all classes come to town regularly, either for the operas or the exhibitions; for the Crystal Palace or Exeter Hall; for shopping, sight-seeing, recreation, or business. The results are before our eyes in the means taken to meet the new demands. New theatres are built, each larger and more commodious than the last. New dining-halls and hotels are established—the latter on a gigantic scale, and yet insufficient still. Get up any spectacle of a novel or extraordinary kind—add but the least intensity to the standing attractions of the metropolis, and London becomes instantly too small for its visitors. Beds are not to be had, cabs are not to be hired, accommodation of any kind is out of the question, and newspapers report with thankfulness the morning after the event that no lives were lost in the crowds of the previous day. All this must needs be accompanied with an extension of public works. That same principle of expansion which adds a supplement or 'Junior' to the Pall Mall clubs, which provides a second opera-house for the lovers of music, which creates single hotels as large as all the old hostelries in the Borough, and single 'tabernacles' as large as a dozen churches, must find its expression also in new streets, new bridges, and new public edifices."

2. At a public dinner at Romsey, the toast of "the Press" was thus given by Lord Palmerston:—"I rise to do homage to that which may properly be said to be one of the wonders of modern civilisation. I mean 'The Press.' (Cheers.) If any man compares now a newspaper published in the last century with one of those wonderful sheets we read every day, the contrast is the most striking that the mind of man can imagine. I have heard that towards the end of the last century there was a man of the name of Woodfall, who used to publish debates; and how did he do it? It is said that he used to go to the House of Commons, listen attentively with his face in his hands to what passed, go home, drink two pots of porter, go to bed, get up next morning, and, from his dreams and his recollection, make out what he called a report of a debate. (Laughter.) Now, it is quite marvellous to see the accuracy with which debates in the House of

Commons are reported. When the speeches are such as are calculated to attract attention, they are reported word for word as they are uttered; and how it is possible for the human hand to follow with such rapidity and such exactness I am at a loss to conceive. I once, as many others have done, began to learn shorthand, but I confess that I found out two difficulties which turned out to be quite insurmountable. The one was to write it—(laughter)—and the next and greatest was to read it when it was written." (Loud laughter.)

3. Lord Elcho has been among the most strenuous promoters of volunteering, and most diligent students under General Hay, at Hythe. Lord Elcho is an old and a crack deer-stalker; and to his mortification he found, at Hythe, strive as he would, he could not get into the first class. Among his more successful competitors was a by-no-means distinguished-looking Londoner—a true son of Cockneydom—who gradually outstripped all his fellow shooters, and ended by carrying off the first prize. The Londoner was evidently no novice at ball practice, yet he was, just as evidently, the last man in the world likely to have had any shooting in a deer forest. Lord Elcho, curious to learn how he had gained his proficiency, asked him how he had acquired it. "Oh," was the unpretending reply, "on cats in my garden, at Brompton."

4. Two soldiers, both dragoons, one a sergeant, the other a private, entered a railway carriage. The sergeant fell asleep; the private stealthily took out a razor, and, to the horror of the passengers, began to sharpen its edge. He allayed their fears for a moment by cutting bread and meat with the weapon. Then he put the remainder away, and continued to sharpen the razor. The excitement of the passengers was now fearful to behold. Suddenly the sergeant awoke, and seizing the private by the throat, disarmed him. The private was a lunatic, *en route* * to an asylum.

5. Some years ago, a young gentleman was anxious to procure a commission in a regiment of dragoons, and not possessing those mental qualifications which the commander-in-chief now requires, procured a substitute to pass the necessary examination. The substitute duly presented himself to the examiners in London, and received a first-class certificate, which was recorded in the name of the aspirant who had employed him. In a month or two afterwards, the latter was gazetted to a cornetcy. The substitute continued for nearly ten months to harass the young cornet, and to procure from him, by threats of exposure, large sums of money, till at last he was unable to meet these inordinate demands. The substitute then addressed an anonymous letter, mentioning the circumstances of the fictitious examination, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge,

* *En route* (*route* pron. *root*), on the way.

commander-in-chief, who communicated with the officer, desiring to know the truth of the statements. The cornet was obliged to admit the fact, and was, in consequence, removed by her Majesty from the regiment, and the value he paid for his commission was forfeited to the Crown.

6. A correspondent of one of the London papers thus described the sufferings of the wounded soldiers from the battle-field of Magenta* in the summer of 1859:—"The Milanese, immediately after the Austrian évacuation, sent up trains to fetch the wounded. The trains consisted of nothing but third-class carriages and goods waggons, partly covered, partly open. Those who were only slightly wounded, and could walk, were put into the carriages; while the others were laid in the goods waggons, which had been made as soft as the circumstances admitted, by putting straw and hay at the bottom. To these the unfortunate wretches were carried, in agonies of pain caused by the movement. A large barrel of cooling drink, made of water and syrup, was near, as well as another filled with wine, with which to assuage the fiery thirst caused by their wounds. Boughs were cut to make an awning over the open goods trucks, so as to protect their miserable inmates from the rays of a real Italian sun. This station, and the railway train itself, were certainly the most shocking scenes of misery which one can possibly conceive. It was the darker side of a brilliant victory—looking behind the scenes by daylight; wounded in all stages of agony and pain, only half clad, torn, dusty, and muddy in their own blood. The priests walking about, all prepared to administer the last sacrament to the dying; the glazed eye of death in some, showing that they had ceased to suffer; the working eyes of others, and the kneeling priest before them, showing that they were on the point of sighing their last; near them were others, whom you would have thought dead, had it not been for the imperceptible movement of the eye, or a convulsive twist of the limb. You became involuntarily silent when you entered, and took off your cap at the sight of so much misery. Even the lively French soldiers, who ministered to the wants of these defaced specimens of humanity, became grave; and this dead silence was only broken from time to time by the solemn words of the priest, a faint sob, a frantic shriek of pain, or a weak sigh. You forgot almost that there was a victory to redeem this dark scene."

7. Among the hazards to which miners are exposed, is that arising not merely from the use, but from the custody, of gunpowder. An accident illustrative of this lately occurred. It appears that in certain collieries the "butty colliers" are expected to take charge of certain quantities of powder, to keep the material somewhere in store, and to serve out as much to the men in the pit from day to day

* The first great battle in the Italian campaign, in which France and Sardinia fought against Austria.

as the operations immediately in hand are likely to require. In pursuance of this arrangement, a butty collier had received his quarter-cask of powder, containing 25lb., and had placed it for safe keeping in the kitchen of his own house. Before proceeding to his work in the morning, he went to the powder-barrel to take out the day's allowance for the use of the pit. His wife at that moment was getting the breakfast ready, and as it happened, blowing the fire. A spark flew across the narrow room and fell upon the cask. In an instant the house was shivered almost to atoms, and the poor man himself shockingly injured.

8. A pleasant *mot** is running the round of our social circles. Amongst the cases of insolvents recently heard before a certain facetious commissioner, was one of a person who was proved to have defrauded his mother and sister, under circumstances of flagrant heartlessness. Upon this part of the case the commissioner made some severe remarks, when the insolvent interrupted him, declaring that he had borne an unblemished character all his life, and that the commissioner should not judge of him by isolated transactions, but by the whole tenor of his conduct. "You should consult my antecedents," exclaimed the insolvent. "I would rather consult your relatives," replied the commissioner.

9. Some of the leading members of the government have what is called an official residence, though the ministers themselves seldom reside in them. It came to pass, however, that a young gentleman of more than ordinary shrewdness got appointed to a confidential post about a cabinet minister, and having, therefore, the run of the official residence, it occurred to him that there was a vast amount of comfort and convenience going to waste. Filled with this idea, he, having first obtained the permission of his chief, proceeded in the most quiet and methodical manner possible to appropriate to himself a suite of most comfortable apartments, and to arrange a most effective bachelor's establishment. Everything was just completed; the rooms were charmingly fitted up; the private lodgings, hitherto so contentedly occupied, were thrown up, and possession was just about to be taken, when, lo! the astounding information was received that the ministry were out! It was too true; the cabinet had resigned; and this pleasant arrangement, so well planned and so well carried into effect, was, with all the other advantages of office, handed over intact, for the special enjoyment of a political opponent, and one who thoroughly enjoys the comforts so unwittingly provided for him by his predecessor.

10. A number of very interesting facts are contained in the second annual report of the Acclimatisation Society.† In the class of

* *Mot* (pron. *mō*), saying.

† Society for introducing species of animals and plants which are natives of other climates.

mammals* there are three species to which the attention of the society is now being devoted. The first of these is the Chinese sheep. We are assured that before twelve months are over, the "permanent and extensive establishment of the Chinese sheep in England" will, in all probability, be "an accomplished fact." The society hopes that important results may be obtained from the "hybridisation"† of the deer tribe, in which some advance has already been made. The third animal which the report takes notice of is the eland; but the objection to it appears to be that it is a long time in coming to maturity, and that therefore the meat would always be expensive. In birds the society hopes to do great things. Turkeys appear to possess extraordinary capabilities, and we seem to know as little about them at present as we should of apples if our only specimen were a codling. There are most excellent Turkeys in Australia and Central America, closely allied, in one instance, to the bustard, but said to be delicious in flavor. "Guans" and "curassows," too, are fowls with a plumage exceedingly ornamental, and a flavor "well spoken of." Then there are numerous varieties of grouse, Canadian, American, and Chinese, all more or less eligible. A new duck has already been produced by hybridisation,† of which the qualities are not a little remarkable. We have it on the authority of Lord Craven, corroborated by the experience of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, that the "pintailed cross" has the charming faculty of always remaining tender. However old he may be, he is never tough, but "may be killed all the year round as excellent for the table, never acquiring the hardness to which the meat of the tame duck is liable when grown to maturity." Yet even this most convenient fowl would be surpassed in merit by the "Wonga" of Australia, rightly designated "the queen of the pigeon tribe." Imagine our dove-cotes full of these birds, selling, let us hope, at 1s. or 1s. 2d. a couple, and "combining in the most delicate proportion the flavour of the pheasant and the grouse!" Consignments of the Wonga pigeon have been bespoken, and it is to be hoped that they may find nothing uncongenial in the climate of these isles. The "Murray cod," and a new species of perch, are the only new fish which the society appears to have in view, and there is little immediate chance of success with either. In vegetables, attention seems to be concentrated on the Chinese yam, but there are material differences of opinion as to the real merits of the root. Several authorities, including members of the society itself, pronounce against it.

11. The experiment of establishing kitchen gardens for the soldiers has completely succeeded in France. The space cultivated at Châlons is five acres for each regiment, which is found to be quite sufficient, and the saving effected in the victualling of the troops during four months was 1500*l.* for each corps. That sum is far from represent-

* *Mammals*, animals that give suck.

† *Hybridisation*, mixture of two species, of which the mule is an example.

ing the real benefit which might be derived from the plan. The engineers who were charged with the distribution of the seed gave out this year 60,000 cabbage plants. These were sufficient for 24,000 men, counting 100 cabbages each day to each regiment. The cost of seed and labor hardly reached 50f. for each regiment.

12. A "smart" fellow in New York advertised lately on Joseph Ady's plan: that any person who would send him one dollar should have positive information to avoid the conscription. He received above six hundred applications, enclosing the dollar, in one day. The information was duly forwarded: "Enlist." The transaction was considered quite legal, and the police could do nothing.

13. It appears surprising to be told that during the last ten years we have coined more than twice as many sovereigns as we have coined shillings; that we have coined nearly as many half-sovereigns as florins; and that among our small silver coinage we may reckon not only sixpences, fourpences, and threepences, but even groats, twopences, and pence, in the same material.

14. It turns out that the recent inquiry into the constitution and management of the diplomatic service has not led to any important changes. A series of new resolutions respecting the service has lately been published under the authority of Earl Russell. The novelties introduced are very few and very minute. The mode of examining *attachés* on their first entering the service, and subsequently on their receiving higher appointments, is slightly changed. The pay of the young gentlemen is put upon a definite footing. At the end of four years of gratuitous labor they are to receive the magnificent salary of £150 a year. Paid *attachés* are no longer to be called *attachés*, but are to rejoice in the higher style of second and third secretaries. The basis of the present system, however, is left untouched. The diplomatic service is still to be filled by the class of young gentlemen who have interest enough to obtain a nomination from the Foreign Minister, and who can afford to pass four years in looking forward to the happy day when they can proudly say they earn £150 a year.

15. A wealthy citizen of Berlin is periodically attacked with a desire to knock off hats, for which diversion he cheerfully pays at the rate of three dollars a hat. In the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of 267 hats. At a recent musical festival, 53 hats were sacrificed to this curious frenzy, and for the evening's entertainment he paid 159 thalers.

16. The indefatigable registrar-general, who appears to take actual pleasure in his work, and is continually giving us something "novel or strange" in the way of vital statistics, has just issued a table of

the deaths in every sub-district in England in the ten years 1850-60, the accounts furnished not being susceptible of further subdivision. From this curious statement it appears that, in the entire district of the Isle of Wight in ten years, the deaths averaged no more than 17.1 to every thousand living; in the sub-district of Godshill, comprising that tropical little nook, Ventnor, the death-rate was only 15.4. At the delightful watering-place of Torquay it was 17.1; at Broadwater, Worthing, and Lancing, not quite 17.2; at Eastbourne and Seaford, 17.3; at Clifton, about 17.6; at Hastings and St. Leonard's, nearly 18.3; at Tunbridge Wells, 18.7; at Ramsgate and Broadstairs, 19; the same at Cheltenham; in the sub-district of Weymouth, 20. At Bath, at Brighton, and at Scarborough, the mortality was 22; at Whitby, 22.1; and at Margate, 22.3.

17. Corsica now occupies a regular place in the circuit of autumnal touring, and we learn from recent letters that the vast monolith of granite now lying in the quarries of Algajola is one of the lions. It is said to be the largest perfect mass of granite in the world, and is intended for the gigantic pedestal on which the statues of Napoleon I. and his brothers are to be erected at Ajaccio, their birth-place.

18. A curious announcement lately appeared in the Dublin journals. It professes to come from an officer of the Indian army, at present resident in England, who is desirous of obtaining the agency of an Irish estate. He is of business habits, and has the highest testimonials from general and other officers with whom he has served; but these are not the grounds upon which he rests his fitness for the office. He coolly winds up the list of his qualifications by stating that he "does not mind being shot at!"

19. Blondin is a humorist, as everybody who has witnessed his comical feints on the high rope may have observed. The most characteristic instance we have heard of his humor and coolness, is an anecdote of one of his exploits at Niagara. He was carrying a nervous man on his back over the Falls, and the man showed so much uneasiness that Blondin said to him very calmly, "I must request you to sit quiet, or I shall have to put you down." Here was a horrible joke. Conceive being put down on a rope over Niagara, by way of relieving one's nerves!

20. A writer in the last number of *Frazer's Magazine* gives us the following striking picture of the home of Charlotte Brontë* in the West Riding of Yorkshire:—"A melancholy home, in truth, for a spirit like Charlotte Brontë's, must have been that dreary Haworth parsonage; no trees sheltering or shrouding it, and yet all pleasant

* A noted authoress.

views shut out; nothing visible from its windows but the desolate-looking, walled-in garden, with one stunted lilac tree in the middle of it; along its walls a row of thorn bushes, and beyond, the wide crowded churchyard encroaching more and more upon the grim silent moors, crossed often, as on the day we were there, by fitful gleams of sunlight or by wreaths of mist, more welcome because partially concealing their harsher features, and somewhat softening their dreariness. Whether the home may have looked more cheerful in poor Charlotte Brontë's lifetime we cannot tell; nothing, however, can be more desolate and forlorn than the aspect which it wears at present; the garden entirely neglected, no gentle hand to tend its flowers; the little gate leading into the churchyard blocked up with a rank growth of grass and weeds; the windows of the house partially closed with shutters; no sign of life or cheerfulness about it externally. Very sad, too, and lone must be its interior now, its only inmates the aged childless father and the bereaved husband." Nor is the sketch of Charlotte Brontë's father less interesting. "The attendance was small in the morning, but better in the afternoon, when Mr. Brontë preached; owing to his advanced years, he is not able to attend the whole of the service, but comes into church when the afternoon prayers are half over. A most affecting sight, in truth, it is to see him walking down the aisle with feeble steps, and entering his solitary pew, once filled with wife and children, now utterly desolate, while close beside it rises the tombstone inscribed with their names. Full of sorrow and trouble though his life has been, the energy of the last survivor of the race seems not a whit abated; his voice is still loud and clear, his words full of fire, his manner of earnestness. Lucid, nervous, and logical, the style of his preaching belongs to a by-gone day, when sermons were made more of a study than they are now, and when it was considered quite as necessary to think much and deeply, as to give expressions to those thoughts in language not only impressive and eloquent, but vigorous and concise. It would not be easy to give a faithful picture of the impression which Mr. Brontë evidently produces upon his hearers, or of his own venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit. He used no notes whatever, and preached for half an hour without ever being at a loss for a word, or betraying the smallest sign of any decay of his intellectual faculties. Very handsome he must have been in his younger days, for traces of beauty most refined and noble in expression even yet show themselves in his features and in his striking profile. His brow is still unwrinkled; his hair and whiskers snowy white; lines very decided in their character are impressed about the mouth; the eyes are large and penetrating. In manner he is, as may have been gathered from what has been already said, quiet and dignified."

21. A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from the Cumberland River, gives a humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic African. He says:—"I noticed upon the hurricane to-day an elderly darkey, with a philosophical and retrospective

cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting himself against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donnellson battle, and part of which was abroad, I began to interrogate him on the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me. 'Were you in the fight?' 'Had a little taste of it, Sa.' 'Stood your ground, did you?' 'No, Sa, I runs.' 'Run at the first fire, did you?' 'Yes, Sa, and would have run soona, had I known it war comin.' 'Why, that was not very creditable to your courage.' 'Dat isn't in my line, Sa,—cookin's my perfeshun.' 'Well, but you have no regard for your reputation?' 'Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life.' 'Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?' 'It's worth more to me, Sa.' 'Then you must value it very highly.' 'Yes, Sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million of dollars, Sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashum am de fust law wid me.' 'Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?' 'Nuffin whatever, Sa,—I regard dem as among de vanities.' It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage."

22. The following anecdote is from the *Court Journal*:—"It is said that, on a recent visit to the House of Commons, Lord Clyde, in a moment of forgetfulness, put on his hat. A peer is not, however, entitled to remain covered in the House of Commons; and as the Speaker could not fail to observe the 'breach of privilege' committed by the military hero, he sent a message to Major Gavin to beg that he would inform Lord Clyde that peers must not assume their hats in the Chamber. It was amusing to witness the hot haste in which the old soldier pulled off his *chapeau*, and squeezed it between his knees, like a school-boy detected in some overt breach of scholastic decorum. Major Gavin, his 'friend,' in this affair, however, soon put him at his ease, by assuring him that as no disrespect to the House was meant, it was unnecessary to offer any apology."

23. A sensible mode of detecting Post-office robberies was exemplified the other day in a case brought before the Bow Street police magistrate. A letter-sorter was accused of having abstracted a letter, which was made up for the purpose of testing his honesty. Among other matters it contained eighteen postage stamps. These were found on the prisoner, but he asserted he bought them honestly. The policeman applied a chemical test to the stamps, and there stood out plainly certain private marks, which the detective had previously written with invisible ink. Of course the prisoner was committed for trial.

24. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* gives the following photograph of Mr. Lincoln :—"To say that he is ugly, is nothing ; to add that his figure is grotesque, is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man six feet high, and thin out of proportion ; with long, bony arms and legs, which somehow seem to be always in the way ; with great, rugged, furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours ; with a long scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms at its side. Add to this figure a head cocoa-nut-shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough, uncombed, and uncombable hair, that stands out in every direction at once ; a face furrowed, wrinkled, and indented as though it had been scarred by vitriol ; a high narrow forehead ; and, sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows, two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seem to gaze through you without looking at you ; a few irregular blotches of black bristly hair in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow ; a close-set, thin-lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth ; and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black, creased, soiled, and puckered up at every salient point of the figure (and every point of this figure is salient) ; put on large ill-fitting boots, gloves too long for the long bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty, puffy crape ; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness ; and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln."

25. The Zoological* Society have had a notice of a talking canary—the second instance of the kind on record. The bird in question was, owing to the neglect of its parents, brought up by hand, and so became more familiar with human speech than ornithological† warblings. At the age of three months it began to talk, and has gone on adding to its vocabulary, and now repeats for hours a succession of phrases comprehending about a dozen words, whistling from time to time a bar of "God Save the Queen."

26. The subject of Chinese poisons is treated of by Dr. Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favorite project with the Celestials,‡ and sanctioned by the military authorities ; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton

* *Zoological*, belonging to animals.

† *Ornithological*, belonging to birds.

‡ *Celestials*, or the heavenly nation, a term by which the Chinese vain-gloriously distinguish themselves from others.

with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation. The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of Chinese morality—in *filicide*.* Dr. Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. Parents, as everybody knows, do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. The doctor quotes a case in point by way of conclusion. A government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. "To effect the object without publicity no small *finesse* was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver*† another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours."

27. "Where all the toys come from?" is a question which a paper in *Once a Week* thus answers:—The vast majority are made in Saxony. The glass comes from Bohemia. The bottles and cups are so fragile that the poor workman has to labor in a confined and vitiated atmosphere, which cuts him off at thirty-five years of age. All articles that contain any metal are the produce of Nuremberg and the surrounding district. This old city has always been one of the chief centres of German metal-work. The workers in gold and silver of the place have long been famous, and their iron-work is unique.‡ This speciality has now descended to toys. Here all toy printing-presses, with their types, are manufactured; magic lanterns; magnetic toys, such as ducks and fish, that are attracted by the magnet; mechanical toys, such as running mice, and conjuring tricks, also come from Nuremberg. The old city is pre-eminent in all kinds of toy-diablerie. Here science puts on the conjuror's jacket, and we have a manifestation of the Germanesque spirit of which their Albert Dürer was the embodiment. The more solid articles which attract boyhood,—such as boxes of bricks, buildings, &c., of plain wood—come from Grünhainscher, in Saxony. The Londoners alone are capable of making the finest and most expressive dolls. The French, clever as they are, cannot touch us here. Some of the higher class English dolls are perfect models; the eyes are full of expression, and the hair is set on like nature itself. The faces are originally moulded in clay, and the wax is put on in successive layers. The highest class of workmen alone are capable of this kind of work. The beauty of Grecian sculpture is ascribed to the fine natural forms which their

* Killing of a son.

† *Papaver*, poppy.

‡ *Unique* (*ique* pron. *eeek*), alone of its kind, unequalled.

artists had to copy. Possibly we owe to the beauty of our women, in a like manner, our superiority in dolls, which now rank almost as works of art.

28. The following story of a "hermit" (perhaps we should rather say of "an unfortunate lunatic"), is supplied by a correspondent of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*:—"A few miles from Stevenage, and not more than thirty from the metropolis, there is a living hermit. Visiting a friend in the above locality not many days ago, I was invited to see this extraordinary character. Indeed, hermits are no common mortals in the nineteenth century. I am familiar with hermits, as most people are, only by name. I have doubted if ever such beings existed, but to be told that such an one was existing at a short distance, acted like electricity upon my nerves. As I walked through some delightful scenery, of various tints and hues, amid the falling leaves of autumn, I came at last within sight of the spot which had excited my curiosity. I had pictured to my mind a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, a massive girdle, and a profusion of books, and an hour glass, in a cell of picturesque beauty and neatness. Alas, how soon was I to experience that imagination is one thing and reality another! I shall not venture in future to speculate upon objects so unearthly. At the termination of the road, a mansion of no ordinary size met my view, but better and happier times had reigned within. Without, all was desolation and ruin: time, that destroyer of all things, had done its work here; every inlet was barricaded by the rude axe and hammer; its portals no mortals had passed for eleven long years. The interior, which was once rich in design and comfort, is now mouldering to decay; no cheering voice is heard within its walls, only that of rats and vermin. In tracing my steps to the scene of the hermit's cell, which is situated at the back of the building, and looking through the wooden bars of a window devoid of glass, I perceived a dismal, black, and dirty cellar, with an earth floor; not one vestige of furniture, except a wooden bench and a few bottles, with the remnants of a fire. It was with difficulty, by the faint rays of light admitted into this loathsome den, that I could trace a human form clothed only in a horse-rug, leaving his arms, legs, and feet perfectly bare; his hair was prodigiously long, with a beard tangled and matted. On my addressing him, he came forward with readiness. I found him a gentleman by education and birth, and most courteous in his manner; he anxiously enquired after several aristocratic families in Staffordshire and adjoining counties. It is evident he had at one period mixed in the first circles, but the secret of his desolate retirement is, and probably ever will remain, a mystery to his neighbours and tenantry, by whom he is supplied with food (chiefly bread and milk). Already eleven weary winters has he passed in this dreary abode, his only bed being two sheep-skins, and his sole companions the rats, which may be seen passing to and fro with all the ease of perfect safety. During the whole of his seclusion he has strictly abstained from ablution,

consequently his countenance is perfectly black. How much is it to be regretted that a man with such high intellectual powers, and in the prime of manhood, should spend his days in filth and seclusion, in waste of time and in misery !”

29. The *Times*, in describing the battle of Solferino,* says:—“Imagination toils in vain to realise the story of more than 300,000 men engaged in mortal conflict over an area, the front of which extended twelve miles. The common incidents of a battle, the plunging cannon-shot, the devouring grape, the advance of long-drawn columns, the resistance of dense masses, the furious charges of cavalry, the sudden deploy into lines lengthening in long vista, and meeting in stern and furious collision, bayonet to bayonet, are all in such a mighty battle as this multiplied to indistinctness. We seek in vain to single out the details of slaughter, and the mind hovers hopelessly over a mist of carnage. After sixteen hours of thundering sounds and dense smoke, and shrill death shrieks, and the rush of squadrons shaking the earth, and the measured tramp of many thousands marching to death, and of the shouts of multitudes in strong excitement, the turmoil subsides, and we are told that upon one side alone 35,000 killed and wounded are stretched upon the plain. It is difficult to come down from the highly strained emotions that are created by such an event as that which we announce to-day, and to measure it by the ordinary rules of strategy. It is not often that we have to consider the movements of such large armies as those which met face to face on Thursday last [June 23, 1859]; and we have not many precedents for a campaign so vast as that which on Friday last attained what must be at present considered as its decisive determination. The Austrian army, when it arrived on the eastern bank of the Mincio, retreating from all points, gaining the inclosure of its fortresses, and coming within the co-operation of its reserves, cannot be estimated at less than 150,000 men. The French, increased by a continuous stream of reinforcements, rapidly pushed up to the front, was probably not inferior in numbers. In the course of the retreat and the pursuit they had approached each other until, the pursuers having passed the Chiese, and the retiring force having passed the Mincio, only the latter river separated them. It was thought throughout Europe that the Austrians had reached their chosen battle-ground, and the continental authorities best taught in the strategies of the seat of war had confidently predicted that the line of the Mincio was the appointed spot of the decisive battle. The Austrians, however, with that fatal weakness of purpose which seems to actuate them in all their military movements, and which causes them to vacillate† between precipitancy and timidity, on Thursday night retraced their steps, recrossed the Mincio in four enormous divisions, doubled back upon their pur-

* The decisive battle of the Italian campaign of 1859.

† *Vacillate*, hesitate.

suers, and, as the Austrian account states, came upon a superior body of the enemy on the Chiese. If this be true, nothing could be more suicidal in strategy than for an inferior force to cross a great river in order to seek out a superior enemy, and to engage him with that river in the rear. This inequality in force, however, was probably only momentary; and the superior force of the enemy, which turned out to be the main body of the French army, was quickly confronted by the whole force of the Austrians in Lombardy, with the Emperor Francis Joseph at their head. The battle began at four in the morning, but at ten o'clock, allowing thus six hours for concentration, the collision of the two entire armies took place. The left wing seems to have commenced the attack, and to have advanced nearly as far as the Chiese, thus, as the Austrian account rather insinuates than asserts, forcing back the French right. It is claimed also that the Austrian right wing had an early success against the Sardinians, who were upon the ground nearest to Brescia and Peschiera. But unfortunately for the Austrians it happened that while their two wings were thus victorious, their centre was broken. The French emperor directed his early efforts against this part of his enemy's line; and the Austrians gently say, 'The order of our centre could not be restored.' From that moment the battle seems to have been lost. It was a matter of course that when the centre was broken, powerful masses should be directed against the wing which had pressed hardest upon the French, and was still successful against the force opposed to it. It was in accordance also with all military experience that, under this pressure, the losses should be extraordinarily heavy, that the main body should advance, and that the army whose centre had been broken and wings driven back should retreat. That retreat began late in the evening. The Austrians recrossed the Mincio, which they had so unaccountably passed upon this disastrous errand, and Napoleon III. slept in the room which had been occupied by his brother emperor on the morning of the battle."

30. The recent death of the Marshal de Castellane, has revived the story of a domestic circumstance which occurred in the early days of his married life. On one occasion, after having parted from his wife to go to a distance on his military duties, a heavy presentiment took possession of his mind, and having ridden down to the end of the avenue, he was so overcome by a vague dread, that he returned to take another farewell. As he approached the *château* * he beheld the ruddy glare of fire through the casement. Bursting into the chamber he found the marquise senseless, and enveloped from head to foot in flames. To seize her, and stifle the flames by rolling her senseless form in carpet and curtains, was but the work of an instant. Life was not extinct, that was all that could be said; but the whole frame was one mass of burns. For more than three months did the marquis watch by the bedside, night and day. To save the body from

* *Château*, pron. *shatō*, castle.

scars was impossible, and his whole care was to save the face. It is certain that it was successful, for not the slightest stain or scar was visible upon the face, while it appears that the neck and shoulders were seamed all over, which furnishes the key to that peculiar toilette, reaching high to the throat, by which the lady was ever afterwards distinguished. They say that the marquise preserved, all through her life, that troubled and frightened expression stamped upon her countenance at the moment of the catastrophe, and that the strangeness of the look was thought to form her greatest charm. The marshal formed, in some respects, a strong contrast to his wife. He was a perfect grandee, had a weakness for orders, and was very fond of the use of his bâton of marshal. But, with the exception of these pardonable vanities, and the excessive love of his uniform,—displaying it, as he did, on every occasion,—his character was manly and noble.

31. General "Stonewall" Jackson is said to have received his *soubriquet* after the battle of Bull Run. During that affair General Lee asked if his brigade had not better retire under the heavy fire they were sustaining. "No, sir," said Jackson, "I will stand here like a stone-wall!"

32. In a small church at a little village near Brighton, the congregation recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact and convenient instrument, playing forty tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it a-going, and how to stop it; but, unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business; and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more, then stopped a little; but just as the clergyman had completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked, and started a fresh tune. The minister waited patiently, and on its stopping once more, repeated the words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the proper spring, but no one could stop it; so four stout men were got to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church, playing away all the while, into the church-yard, where it continued clicking and playing until the whole forty tunes were finished.

33. An attempt is said to have been made some time ago, at Warsaw, on the life of the Marquis Wielopolski, by means of a poisoned letter. Being near-sighted, and the letter being designedly written in a very small hand, he was obliged to hold it very near his eyes, and thus inhaled the poisoned aroma. The story is very good, but hardly credible. It throws out a capital suggestion, however, for the use of melodramatists, by which they will be enabled to vary the old trick of poisoned bouquets.

34. A return of the London statues belonging to the nation contains the names of six sovereigns :—Charles I., at Charing Cross; James II., in Whitehall Gardens; Queen Anne, in the two Queen Squares; George II., in Golden Square; George III., in Pall Mall East and at Somerset House; and George IV., in Trafalgar Square. The Duke of Kent is in Portland Place. Of warriors, there are Richard Cœur de Lion, in Old Palace Yard; Lord Nelson, in Trafalgar Square; the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner and on Tower Green; and General Sir C. Napier, and Major-General Havelock, in Trafalgar Square. Achilles, in Hyde Park; Canning, in New Palace Yard; and Dr. Jenner, in Kensington Gardens, complete the list, unless we were to reckon the statues in the New Palace of Westminster.

35. A veteran of the old French army, who once had very nearly the honor of running the Emperor Napoleon through the body with his bayonet, was recently received at Fontainebleau by Louis Napoleon, who conversed with him for a considerable time. The historical incident that has covered this veteran with glory occurred in 1809, after the victory of Eversberg. The soldier was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building in which the emperor had taken up his quarters. His orders were not to allow anybody to pass unaccompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening, a person wearing a grey overcoat appeared and wanted to pass. The soldier lowered his bayonet, and called out that nobody should pass; but the person in the grey coat went on without noticing the challenge, and the soldier, bringing his bayonet to the charge, was about to run him through, when the noise brought out the whole staff. Of course the little grey coat was the emperor. The soldier was committed to the guard-house, and told that he was lost. But the emperor sent for him, and gave him a decoration. "Grenadier," said he, "you may put a red ribbon in your button-hole. I give you the cross."

36. An odd piece of economy has been effected in the printing-office of the *Invalides Russe*. An *e* mute in Russian orthography is added to every syllable terminating in a consonant. This useless letter it has been resolved to suppress, and a saving of three per cent. in the expense of composition is the result.

37. The Napoleon porcelain in its primal condition is not materially different from the common potter's clay. The governess of the Prince Imperial read his youthful royal highness a lesson the other day on the necessity of "behaving prettily." The next day she declined to accede to one of his irregular wishes, when he immediately threatened her with, "If you don't give me what I want, I'll make faces at people!"

38. At an agricultural meeting at Dorking, a Mr. Wise was once so unfortunate as to remark "that he could venture to say that, at all events, not a man of the Surrey Rifle Volunteers would hide behind a bush or a tree." This observation brought down upon the unhappy gentleman the wrathful and bitter sarcasms of the late General W. Napier. That gallant officer addressed a letter to the *Times*, proclaiming that the art of hiding behind trees and bushes, rocks, sticks, and stones, was the very essence of modern warfare. "The teaching regular soldiers how to move in masses," said Napier, "is an absolutely necessary foundation to support the superstructure of real warfare, which is, in fact, this very hiding behind sticks and stones. A great deal is said about bayonet charges and solid onsets of heavy columns, but much less of that takes place than is supposed by men who only read of war; three-fourths of every battle between regular armies depend upon the stick and stone practice, and the whole of a battle, as between volunteer rifle corps and regular troops, will depend upon the former's skill in hiding." The general proceeded to give some practical directions as to this mode of defence, and added:—"I feel sure that with this system England may be successfully defended against any numbers, but I do not think London can be defended so easily; it is too near the coast, and there must be for its defence combinations between the regular army outside, and the metropolitan volunteers inside, who must be taught how to occupy lines of houses, and docks, and canals, and bridges; and the best of those lines should now be examined and marked upon maps for the instruction of the city volunteers, if any should be enrolled."

39. A proposal is made to take a short cut through the Alps, *via* Mount Simplon. It would take a tunnel about 5000 feet long, which, albeit a tough bit of work, would be completed years before the tunnel of Mount Cenis is accomplished, if it ever will be a *fait accompli*. The short cut to Milan would be of vast importance to Italy.

40. An artist of one of the Berlin theatres invented the following stratagem to fill the house at his benefit. Some days before the performance, the journals of the town published an announcement in which an anonymous person demanded for his niece, who possesses a fortune of 15,000 thalers, and a manufactory, a young man who would marry her, and undertake the management of the concern. Hundreds of letters were sent in response to the announcement by persons disposed to accept these conditions. Each of the writers immediately received a letter, which ran thus:—"It is most important to know whether my niece pleases you. I will come with her then this evening into box No. 1 of the theatre —. If you wish it, will you speak to us on that occasion?" Those who had received this reply naturally flocked to the theatre, but the uncle and the niece were waited for in vain.

41. A peep into the statistics of luxury yields some curious results. Take a few prominent items from the tax returns for the last year. The tax upon cards and dice produced £13,637; it has been rather a declining tax for the last two years. The tax upon armorial bearings brought in £57,010; ten years ago it produced £70,000. The tax upon hair-powder is constantly falling off; it is now down to £1,116, and we may soon find that all is lost. Racehorses are improving, and produced £8,957 last year. Game certificates and licences produced £140,984, being some thousands more than ten years ago. Patent medicines, which ten years ago contributed only £37,233 to the revenue, supplied £46,237 last year. Dogs, if they may here be added, were taxed £196,616 last year. The dogs of Ireland enjoy an exemption from taxation, but not for their own merit, for a recent return showed that large numbers of sheep are worried and killed by them.

42. A very simple and ingenious letter-box, which defies the art of the most expert thief to abstract the letters therefrom, has just been made public. The invention consists of the ordinary letter-box, the flap of which, on being pressed for the purpose of putting in the letter, causes two guards to rise and receive it. The instant the flap is allowed to spring back to its original position, the guards fall, and the letters drop to a lower chamber, thereby securing the contents of the box from the introduction of any instrument to abstract the letters, &c. In consequence of the many successful attempts to obtain letters from boxes by means of instruments, this invention is well-timed.

43. The death of Duc Pasquier, which occurred at Paris in 1862, was an irretrievable loss to the lovers of good dinners. He was remarkable for his hospitality, and was particularly fond of having at his table three times in each week members of the Académie Française, and was known as "*la fourchette d'or*." His dinners were remarkable for their taste. He was fond of good living, and attributed his long life to his alimentation. He looked upon the digestion as the centre of all the affections, feelings, and ideas. He presided over the organisation of the kitchen himself, leaving the manipulation to a female. His excellent dinners were said to have had much influence during his ministry.

44. In a Paris letter in the *Gironde* we read:—"The Japanese ambassadors, it is said, met with a disappointment at London. Most of the European governments have kept them at the expense of the Treasury, and they imagined that it would be the same in Great Britain. They, however, moderated their expenses, and their bill only amounted to the modest sum of 100,000*fr.* They sent the document to Earl Russell, who replied to them, 'I cannot pay it.

The English constitution does not authorise me, and I should require a bill of indemnity from Parliament.' They then paid the money like persons who know how to expend when necessary."

45. One of the most disastrous railway accidents that have ever occurred in Scotland, took place on the 13th of October, 1862, near Winchburgh, on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. The accident was caused by a collision between the passenger train leaving Edinburgh for the north at six o'clock in the evening, and the ordinary passenger train which left Glasgow at five o'clock. It appears that for some time previously, repairs had been making on a portion of the line between Winchburgh and Linlithgow, and during the repairs, the trains had been running there on a single line for a short distance. The Edinburgh train, not having stopped at Winchburgh, was running at a fair, but not unusual, rate of speed due west; the Glasgow train, having to stop at Winchburgh, and being a parliamentary train, was running probably at a less speed, but due east. They were on the same line of rails, and the shock of the collision may be conceived. The engines dashed into each other with the force of a thunder-clap; then reared on end, and stood fixed, with their fore-wheels elevated, funnel to funnel. The shock and the stoppage drove the carriages into the air, and they bounded like living things, one on the top of the other, till the pile, as spectators tell us, was as high as a three-story house. All this was in the first gloom of night, and in a deep and dark cutting, with sharp rocks on each side. Presently the furnaces of the engines set fire to the carriages, and thick clouds of smoke rolled over the mass of ruin. The lamps had been extinguished, and, except for the flakes of flame from the burning heaps, nothing could be distinctly discerned. In the long history of railway accidents, there is no scene more terrible than this. Its single relieving feature is to be found in the proximity of a city, from which assistance of every kind, and medical aid especially, could be quickly obtained. The telegraph brought a strong staff of surgeons to the spot, the smoking ruins were excavated for the dead and dying, and while the killed were despatched to Edinburgh, the wounded were treated on the spot, as on a battle-field. The total loss could not at first be computed. Eleven dead bodies were dug out at once, and seven were afterwards added to the score. As even the lighter of the two trains had two third-class carriages full of passengers, it may be conceived how many lives were put in peril, and how fearful was the scope for havoc. In all, between a hundred and a hundred and fifty were injured. One gentleman had a compound fracture of the left leg, and a lady a compound fracture of the right leg. A traveller from Glasgow was severely burned, with his wife, and another from Aberdeen was so scalded that his outer skin came off from head to foot. A whole crowd had injuries about the head. The excitement caused in Edinburgh and Glasgow, when the news of the accident spread through the cities, was very great. At Edinburgh, to which the chief portion of the dead and wounded were brought:

dense crowds surrounded the station, and the scene shortly before midnight was most striking. As the several special trains arrived from the scene of the disaster an appalling index of its extent was given. The dead bodies were taken to the police-office, and the more severely injured were conveyed away through the crowd upon stretchers. Those whose bruises were less serious, were eagerly surrounded and pressed with questions by many who had friends or relations among the sufferers; and several were to be seen limping away, with cut faces and blood-soiled garments, each the centre of an anxious and inquisitive crowd.

46. An ingenious invention for increasing the wearing capabilities of umbrellas was lately made known. The silk of an umbrella, as everyone knows, wears into slits at the folds, long before the rest of the fabric betrays symptoms of unsoundness. To obviate this premature decay, the inventor gets silk expressly woven for his purpose, with stripes of an inch wide and of a double thickness. These stripes being arranged on the frame so as to run in the lines of the folds enables the silk to sustain double the wear at those places. The stripes are of the same color as the rest of the silk, and are invisible except on close examination. But we suspect they must be apparent when the umbrella is held up to the light. Nevertheless they may possibly be rendered ornamental.

47. "I was lately travelling," writes a correspondent of the *Durham Advertiser*, "by a railway on the English side of the borders of South Wales, when we happened to pass a field strewn with a most luxuriant growth of mushrooms. I had hardly remarked the circumstance to my companion, when we felt the train suddenly stop, and looking out to the front we saw, to our astonishment, the driver jump off the engine, vault the fence, and proceed to fill his hat with the treasure. In a moment the guard was over the fence following his example, which, as may be supposed, was infectious, for in less than half a minute every door was thrown open, and the field covered with the passengers, every one of whom brought back a pretty good hatful. Not till this desirable result was attained did we proceed on our journey, some of us wondering whether we had been dreaming, and whether, instead of the Welsh borderland, we were not travelling by some newly-constructed forest line in the far west of America. We begged the guard, who did not seem quite comfortable about the joke, to have the place entered for the future in his line of route as 'The Mushroom station.'"

48. We take the following extract from a letter about Garibaldi, written in 1859, by an Englishman who had just paid him a visit:—"Garibaldi is generally simple and mild in his manners, but when the hour for severity comes—when he appears among his men with the brim of his cap pulled down over his stern brows—there is no

officer or soldier who would not rather face the greatest danger than hear the sound of his angry voice. His manners are of such a plain and simple character, that when he is seen among his officers, nobody would believe that he is one of the greatest men of our times. He was at dinner when I went to see him about two o'clock. Having sent my name and errand to him, I was admitted into his dining-room without difficulty. He was sitting at the table surrounded by six officers of the staff, and was partaking of a modest dinner, which was served by a common soldier, who wore the uniform of his former legion. After the meal was over, I had a long talk with one of those officers, who told me that the great leader never drinks wine, and never eats more than two sorts of meat at his dinner. At eight o'clock in the evening he goes to bed, and regularly gets up at two o'clock in the morning. He then reads for two hours some military book, and at four o'clock he despatches his private correspondence. At eight o'clock he has his breakfast, after which he goes into his office to transact military business. Garibaldi is never seen in public, except on duty. Even when he wants to get the fresh air of the sea, he rides out of the town, taking the shortest and quickest way which leads to the *marina*. Loaded with stars and medals by more than one monarch, he never wears any decoration or distinction whatever; and when he is obliged to wear his uniform, he does it with such *nonchalance** that you would scarcely believe that he is the hero of so many exploits of almost fabulous daring."

49. A gentleman is mentioned by Dr. Beattie, who, after a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, but did not appear to have lost anything else. A frequent modification consists in putting one name for another, but always using the words in the same sense; thus a gentleman affected in this manner, when he wanted coals put on the fire, always called for paper, and when he wanted paper, called for coals; and these words he always used in the same manner. Dr. Gregory used, in his lectures, to mention the case of a clergyman, who, while laboring under an affection of the brain, spoke nothing but Hebrew—the last language he had acquired. Dr. Prichard mentions an English lady, who, in recovering from an apoplectic attack, always spoke to her attendants in French, as she had absolutely lost the knowledge of the English language. This continued about a month. The celebrated Dr. Broussonet lost, after a slight apoplectic attack, the power of pronouncing substantive nouns, whether in French or Latin. Thus, when he wished to pronounce "apple," he described it by its qualities. When the noun was shown to him, written or printed, he immediately recognised it, but he had no power to designate it spontaneously. Cuvier, in his lectures, relates a similar case of a person who had only lost the memory of substantive nouns, but could pronounce all adjectives.

* *Nonchalance*, indifference.

50. The recently introduced smokeless grate is a useful improvement. The coals are placed on an iron tray, fixed to the front of the stove, at the bottom of the fire, so as to burn the whole of the gases given off. Along the tray, by the action of a right and left handed Archimedeian screw, joined together about the middle of the grate, the coals are carried under the lighted fuel, which is thus lifted or stirred by the rotation of the screw as it deposits fresh coals. No smoke is given off; the combustion of the coals is quicker and more entire, and the amount of heat is greater. The apparatus may be fixed to any grate at a cost of £1 at most. Furnaces could be fitted with it. If the screw were moved by a lathe band from steam machinery, it would deliver coals into the fire with undeviating regularity, and no need would exist for slacking the draught by opening the furnace door.

51. "One hears," says *Punch*, "of little Toussoun Pacha, heir-apparent to the Viceroy of Egypt, visiting Paris and London with his suite, and chatting fluently in French and English, all at the precocious* age of seven. Let us hope the young Egyptian may not turn out too fast, as well as Toussoun."

52. Originals are getting rare in our all-levelling days of rail and steam; but there are a few yet left, one of whom died a few days ago at Paris. His real name was Lutterbach, or rather Dr. Lutterbach, for he held a medical diploma† from one of the German universities; but either because this name was too difficult for pronunciation to Parisians, or from some other cause not known, the learned gentleman generally passed under the cognomen‡ of *Fourage*, and under this appellation was extensively known throughout the French metropolis. His great purpose during life, on which he spent all his fortune, his time, and his patience, was to *drill* mankind, and, in the first instance, the French portion of it; for, according to him, all the evils under which poor human beings suffer was chiefly owing to their *not walking upright*. To remedy this, he not only lectured and wrote numerous books and pamphlets, but likewise invented a great number of mechanical contrivances.

53. A poor widow, named Sarah Dyer, was charged with stealing ribbon and silk braid, before the assistant-judge, at the Middlesex Sessions. She had been in prison three weeks, and was now on her trial as a shoplifter. She pleaded guilty. The respectable firm who prosecuted her had known her as a customer for years, and had no doubt that she was really a hardworking woman, who had struggled hard for a living. In her defence it appeared that she was a widow, who for many years had been stitching, morning, noon, and night, to

* *Precocious*, advanced, mature. † *Diploma*, certificate, degree.

‡ *Cognomen*, surname.

support herself and her son, whom she had apprenticed to a trade. She had borne a good character all her life, and had been driven to a dishonest act through sheer distress. The landlord of the house in which the prisoner had lodged for eleven years, came forward to bear witness in her behalf. The simple history he told was as follows:—“She was a widow, hard working and well conducted, and had a son, whom she had put to a business, and worked until two, three, and four o'clock of a morning, at dressmaking, to earn her living and to support her son. He could say that she was driven to do this in consequence of ladies, for whom she worked, not paying her for the work she did for them. They had her labor, and poor as she was, they would not pay her except upon long credit, which she could not afford to give; but money she could not get; and not having the means to purchase materials to finish work she had in hand, she had unfortunately resorted to stealing them. There were several ladies who owed her money—£10, £11, or £12—but she could not get a penny from them—one in particular, in Montague Place, Russell Square, owed her about that sum for her work; and though the prisoner was ill for five weeks at one time, and sent to the lady time after time, and day after day, she could get nothing, and her recent applications were unheeded. Another lady living in Highbury Terrace, Islington, had owed her a similar sum since last December; and though she begged and prayed for some part payment, the lady had not paid her anything; and if she resorted to compulsory steps, her connection would be destroyed. It was entirely through being thus kept out of money which was due to her from the sweat of her brow, and the work by night and day, that she had been driven, as he believed, to do that which had placed her in her present position, for a more honest, striving woman he had never known. Had it not been for this, he believed she would have starved, as she was in arrear of rent at the time, which very much preyed upon her mind, and she wanted to finish the work she had in hand to pay for it, as these ladies would not pay her.” The assistant-judge dismissed the case, with a few words of sorrow and pity. “Should what had been stated,” said he, “find its way into publicity, those who had so cruelly used this poor creature, by depriving her for so long of the reward of her labor, would understand what must be thought of their conduct.”

54. In a paper in *Once a Week*, on the subject of “*Cartes de Visite*,”* we read:—“Some special circumstance or action raises the value of these portraits; for instance, the pluck displayed by the Queen of Naples resulted in a sale of 20,000 of her portraits; and Miss Jolly was only a month ago the rage in Ireland. The sudden death of a great man, as we have before said, is immediately made known to the wholesale *carte de visite* houses by an influx of orders by telegraph. There was a report the other day that Lord Palmerston was dead, and his *carte de visite* was immediately in enormous

* Pron. *Kart deh vee-zeet*.

request; and Lord Herbert to this day sells as well as any living celebrity. Literary men have a constant sale; Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope are bought for every album. Scientific men, again, sell well; but theatrical or operatic celebrities have a run for a short time, owing to some successful performance, and then are not sought for more. It is a curious fact that the *cartes de visite* have for the present entirely superseded all other sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing; and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get forty portraits for a couple of guineas, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture gallery of those he cares about, as well as those he does not, for we are convinced some people collect them for the mere vanity of showing, or pretending, they have a large acquaintance. There is still another advantage: *cartes de visite* are taken two at a time, stereoscopically, that is, a little out of the same line, hence solid portraits can be produced by the aid of the stereoscope."

55. Mr. Tuffen West, of the Linnean Society, has been making some curious investigations into "the appendages to the feet of insects subservient to holding or climbing." The ability of insects to walk on the ceiling, or up a pane of glass, has been ascribed to two causes. First, to the entire cushions of flies' feet acting as suckers, just as the schoolboy raises a stone with a piece of wet leather at the end of a string. Second, to a gummy fluid secreted from the hairs on their feet, which enables them to stick to the glass, &c. The feet of certain earth-beetles are found to possess similar appendages, and these insects have, accordingly, as perfect powers of walking on glass as flies. But it appears from Mr. West's observations, the question is not yet satisfactorily solved whether it is a minute hook, a sucker, or a gum, which enables flies or other insects to suspend themselves, or walk freely against gravity.

56. A contributor to *All the Year Round* thus refers to the Zouaves* of the Guard, in describing the triumphal entry of the French army into Paris after their victories in the Italian campaign of 1859:—"Compact as a rampart stalks the haughty Guard, proud of the rusty shako and the white-seamed coat. Behind, we catch, bobbing in the distance, the turbans of the Zouaves. The excitement of the roofs and garrets is appalling. Ladies lean frantically over the balconies;

* Zouaves, pron. Zoo-avv.

gentlemen cast clouds of cigars into the open space, as the great Zouave drum-major throws his stick high into the air, catches it, twirls it round and round upon his finger, twists it behind his back, and jerks it forward over his head, all to the time of the drums, and walking at a brisk pace! He makes a great sensation, to which he appears to be supremely indifferent—just as indifferent as the majestic dog at his side is. To be dog of the Zouaves of the Guard, is to be the king of dogs. And the dog marching before all Paris, with a decoration upon his proud canine chest, and his general military costume, is equal to his brilliant destiny. You can see it in the solemn step with which he heads his battalion, and in the lofty calmness with which he meets the cheers of the populace. The dust of Italy is upon his paws; possibly the fleas of Italy are in his coat. He may well be proud to head the battalion that struts boldly behind him. He can even afford to look down upon the goat of the Chasseurs.* Made for fighting, handling muskets as lightly as toothpicks, self-sufficient everywhere, light as osiers, patient under a burning sun, and with a keen sense of the enjoyment of fighting, and the pleasure of ploughing human flesh with those long, broad-sword bayonets, these Zouaves look terrible and cruel."

57. In a speech at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, Mr. Horsfall, M.P., once told the following story:—"When in Staffordshire a very short time ago, four seamen came to the door,—at least four parties who represented themselves as seamen,—and said they were in great distress, having been shipwrecked off Hull. I went to speak to them, as my sympathies are, and I hope they always will be, with seamen. ('Hear,' and applause.) As soon as I saw them, I knew that one was a seaman; but, as we say in Lancashire, I saw with half an eye that the other three were 'hail, fellows, well met,' picked up on the road. I said, 'I am very sorry to hear of your accident; what vessel were you wrecked in?' They said, 'The *Elizabeth*.' I told the seaman to stand where he was. I told the first of the other three men to go ten or fifteen yards to the right; the second to retire ten or fifteen yards to the left; and the third man to stand off in front. Well, they could not tell what I was after; and I went quietly up to one and I said, 'I am very sorry to hear of the *Elizabeth* being lost; what was the captain's name?' 'Jones,' was the reply. I went to the next, told him I exceedingly regretted the accident, and asked the name of the captain of the *Elizabeth*. 'Captain Brown, sir.' I went to another, and I said, 'My good friend, I am exceedingly distressed on your account; what was the name of the captain?' 'Captain Smith, sir.' (Cheers and laughter.) I said, 'Come here, men. You are a pretty set of fellows here, to go and sail in the ship *Elizabeth*, and to have three captains. You might well be lost, and deserve it too.'" (Laughter and great cheering.)

* *Chasseurs*, pron. *Shass-ür*.

58. In a paper in *Once a Week*, Miss Martineau, after mercilessly exposing the folly of crinoline, speaks with decided approval of the dress of the male portion of the English population. "We are not thinking," she says, "of our soldiers, dressed in tight woollen garments, stocks, and heavy head-gear, in all climates and seasons alike. The mortality from that tremendous cruelty and folly is a separate item to be urged against the military authorities. Non-military Englishmen wear a costume which may be rendered warmer or cooler without losing its characteristics; which indicates the form, may fit it easily, at the wearer's pleasure, leaves the limbs free, and need press injuriously nowhere. Some years ago we must have pronounced the cravat, or stock, as dangerous; but the throat, with its great blood-vessels, and its importance as connecting the whole body with the brain, is now subject to so little pressure that we have only to hope that the relaxation will go on till there is none at all. Twenty years ago, people said you might know a philanthropist in America by his turn-down collar, as an evangelical lady was supposed to be known in England by a poke-bonnet; but the turn-down collars, with a mere black ribbon or light scrap of colored silk, long ago won their way far beyond the ranks of the professional friends of mankind. Those who have the sense and courage to wear the natural 'comforter,' which gives warmth without pressure—the beard—improve their chances for a sound throat, a clear head, and a long life. The hat is now, apparently, the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress, and so many strange devices are upon trial as a substitute for it, that we may safely leave it to the wearers to select some head-covering which shall defend the eyes and brain, be light and easy to carry, and admit air freely."

59. "An officer who had just 'done' the Indian campaign, arrived lately," says the *Court Journal*, "at a West-end hotel, with his luggage, amongst which was a box of peculiar proportions, about which he expressed great anxiety, and his repeated counsellings with regard to the trunk gave rise to the feeling that there was something mysterious attached to it. One of the girls, during the absence of the owner of the said trunk, hovered about it so long, and cast so many wistful glances, that she at length gave way to the evil genius of curiosity, and as the key was in the trunk, resolved to have just one little peep. Thought and done; but the fair partner of the great Blue Beard himself could not have been more horror-struck than the fair 'slavery' of the hotel. The lid dropped, and she fled in consternation to the mistress and the master, for nothing short of a horrid murder had been committed, according to her notions. At the instant when the excitement was at its height, the proprietor of the box arrived, and a word or two put him *au fait** with matters, and a malicious laugh showed that the trap Miss Curiosity had been warned not to fall in, perhaps, was laid. At any rate the result was

* *Au fait* (pron. *ô fay*), acquainted with.

well relished. The assembled company was then invited to an inspection. The box was opened; it contained, certainly, that which might have tried the nerves of the most courageous—half a sepoy, embalmed, and looking uncommonly fresh and lively. The eccentric owner had chosen to make him his travelling companion; probably with the view of presenting the body to some museum."

60. "England," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "has lost another of her bravest and noblest sons. John Jacob, the brilliant swordsman, the originator of a military system, the skilful inventor, the only Englishman who has founded and given his name to a town in India; for ten years the lonely and vigilant sentinel of the frontier of our Eastern empire, is no more. In the very flower and vigor of his manhood, he has been struck down by brain-fever. A frame of iron, and an unconquerable soul, which had endured for years immense labor under the burning sun of the Scinde desert, and, harder still, had waged perpetual battle with the 'Ephesian wild beasts' of official blindness, routine, and stupidity, suddenly gave way under pressure of the brain. Thus John Jacob has died a martyr to his devotion to duty, a word which he understood not merely as the fulfilment of routine employment, but as the liberty and opportunity of realising great designs of military and civil administration. Jacob was a soldier of a type rare in any army, but rarest in the armies of England. Like Sir Charles Napier—though with an even temper, an entire forgetfulness amounting even to disdain of self, which place him immeasurably above that great soldier in the scale of moral worth—yet, like him, Jacob was one of those rare souls who value and practise the military art only as the instrument and guarantee of civilisation and peace. Many noble soldiers hold this faith as an abstract principle; but few have, in the world's history, had the energy, the genius, and the opportunity of illustrating it with the force and beauty which characterise the labors of the creator of the Scinde Horse. The world ought to know that these extraordinary regiments, splendid in their organisation, splendid in their fidelity to the Englishmen, whom they knew only in such heroic types as Jacob, and the congenial spirits whom he knew how to gather round him, were made, by the leader whom they are now mourning, the nucleus of a new social order and progress. Some thirteen years since, John Jacob marched with his eight hundred Scinde horsemen to the desert frontier, which it was thenceforth to be his duty to guard, watching and subduing the wild tribes, whose vocation had been plunder and rapine since the commencement of the world. The spot where Jacob and his troopers pitched their tent was bare desert for miles around. But when Jacob breathed his last, on the 6th of December, 1858, there stood on that spot a fine new Eastern city, called after himself, Jacobabad, with 30,000 inhabitants, and the country around it had been changed under his fostering care to a productive garden, returning many thousands of pounds sterling in revenue to government. The solitary soldier, working far from the haunts of the

conventional civilisation of the world, had built canals, and gathered to the neighborhood of his standard a peaceful, thriving, and happy population. Of the country around, he was the fostering friend and guardian. While evoking the spirit of smiling peace out of the desert, Jacob matured and developed his military plans, studied with care the internal politics of the ill-known but important countries beyond the north-western frontier—throughout the length and breadth of which his name was a word of respect, and of that terror with which the Asiatic views the brave and good Englishman when bravest and best; and—not least of his merits—was unceasing in his denunciations of the state of the Bengal army, which were so vehemently resented at the time, and have been so fearfully verified in the events. Will those who closed their ears to the living voice hear him when speaking from the grave? May it be so.”

61. A paragraph appeared lately in different journals announcing the decease of a Monsieur D., at Paris, and fixing the hour for his funeral for six o'clock in the morning. Several persons believed that the printer must have made a mistake and put “six”* instead of “dix,”† and therefore did not go to the residence of the deceased until the latter hour, when they found that all was over. The singularity of the time was, however, the work of the deceased himself. He had, during the last twenty years of his life, spent his money on relatives, friends, and acquaintances, from many of whom he had met with ingratitude, and suspected it in others; and he therefore determined to put them to a singular test. In a special paragraph in his will, he ordered that if he should die between October and March, his funeral should take place at eight o'clock in the morning, but for the other months at six. He also ordered that every person who attended his funeral should sign a book prepared for the purpose, and receive in a week after a legacy of 5000f. for men, and 8000f. for women. He also ordered that the names of those who attended should be published, and that the paragraph in his will should be made known, as a punishment to the forgetful and ungrateful. Out of 400 letters which had been sent, only twenty-nine had been attended to. In a week after the funeral, all the persons who attended, were sent for by the notary of the deceased, and each received the amount of the legacy. It was agreed that each of the legatees should subscribe a sum of 1000f. for a monument to the deceased, and that MM. Renault and Danton should be charged with its erection.

62. “Why is it not made a part of education for every child to learn early to swim?” asks Miss Martineau in *Once a Week*. “Where is the difficulty? Where is the objection? Many years ago a boy was drowned in bathing in one of the great private schools of the Dissenters. The usher was with the party, but the boy got

* *Six* (pron. *see*), six. † *Dix* (pron. *dee*), ten.

beyond his depth, and sank, because he did not know how to keep himself up. Instead of taking measures to show every boy how to do that, the masters forbade bathing altogether; and a more awkward squad than the pupils of that school could not well be seen. They never learnt the proper use of their limbs; and they were consequently timid, where well-trained lads would have been without a thought of fear. A boy who can swim like a fish is pretty sure to do other things well: to row, to bowl, to drive, to ride; and every child ought to swim like a fish. See how this consideration again brings us back to the topic of mortality! Is there ever a summer when we do not see a succession of paragraphs about persons drowned in bathing? Is there ever a tourist season at the Lakes in which every considerable lake has not its victims? A skiff is upset—a bather has got out of his depth—an angler has fallen overboard; and as none of them can swim, they all go to the bottom. So we go on year after year. This year 1859 has been mournfully distinguished by coroners' inquests on this kind of needless death. Oxford and Cambridge have offered up their victims, and seas and rivers have sent their bad news to swell the indignation and shame with which we have to confess that we, a maritime nation, noted for our manly sports, have not yet learned to swim."

63. The metropolis has for some time been infested with a number of quacks, professing to cure deafness. Not very long ago, a certain John Bennett was formally convicted of fraud and punished accordingly. One of his many *aliases* * was Dr. Watters. A person calling himself Dr. Watters, and his assistant, were one day brought up before Mr. Norton, charged with defrauding a simple individual out of a guinea. Mr. Thomas Jones, the innocent victim, being troubled with deafness, went to a place named in a printed circular, to consult "Dr. Watters," and at different times paid sundry shillings, amounting in all to twenty-one, for sundry bottles of "stuff," the transcendent virtue of which was to have effected a cure in an astonishingly short space of time, but which did not have that effect, as may be guessed. Several other cases afterwards came up against the prisoners. One of the witnesses against them, narrated the particulars of an encounter she had with the "ear doctors," which created much laughter. She said that her husband had been affected with deafness, and in consequence of an advertisement, she accompanied him to the house of the prisoners, where he had been charged £1 17s. 6d. for medicine of the most worthless description. She afterwards, accompanied by a female friend, paid another visit, and pretended deafness. The person then in attendance desired her to take off her bonnet, "which," said the witness, "I did. He then examined my ears carefully, and after doing so, he placed some instrument in my mouth, and, looking into it, said, 'Oh, I see how it is! an "infemoration" going on in the throat has caused her deafness. I'll soon set that to rights.' 'You will,' says I, 'why I'm no more deaf than you are, nor have I any

* *Alias*, another name, as *alibi*, another place.

"information" in my throat. You are an old villain and an impostor, and if you don't give me back my £1 17s. 6d., I'll shake your life out!" She then gave him a good shaking, and he called for the door-porter to take her down stairs.

64. At the Mansion House, a somewhat novel smuggling case was investigated some time ago by the Lord Mayor. A M. Edouard Roussel was charged with being concerned in the illegal importation of three gallons of spirits into this country. The spirits, it appears, were confined in four large bladders, which were placed in a cask of cider. The cask was sent to the defendant by some friends of his in France, but it did not appear to be absolutely certain that he possessed a guilty knowledge of the contents of the cask. He was, however, fined in the mitigated penalty of £25, or six months' imprisonment.

65. A curious calculation respecting suicides in France has just been published. It shows that the number of suicides committed in France since the beginning of the present century, is not less than 300,000. The returns, however, are not complete, except from the year 1836. From that year to the year 1852, there were 52,126 suicides, being an average of 3,066 yearly. In 1858 there were 3,903 suicides, of which 3,050 were by men, and 853 by women. The last return given is for the year 1859, when there were 3,057 suicides committed by men, and 842 by women.

66. The following is a singular instance of delusion from the effects of a dream. Esther Griggs was charged at the Marylebone Police-court, with the murder of her child. Sergeant Simmonds, on duty in East Street, heard a woman crying, "Oh save my children!" He entered a house, and in an upper room, found a woman in her night-dress repeating the cry. In the meantime, an infant had been thrown from the window, and fatally injured. The woman cried out, "Where's my baby? Have they caught it?" The woman had, she says, dreamed that the house was on fire, and had jumped up and thrown the baby through the window. The constables were of opinion she would have thrown her two other children into the street, had they not arrived so opportunely. No evidence was given to show any intention to commit murder.

67. Amongst extraordinary recoveries from desperate wounds, Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance which occurred in Ceylon, to a gentleman, while engaged in the chase of elephants, and which, we apprehend, has few parallels in medical experience:—"Lieutenant Gerard Fretz, of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, whilst shooting at an elephant, in the vicinity of Fort M'Donald, in Oovah, was wounded in the face by the bursting of his fowling-piece, on the 22nd of January, 1828. He was then about thirty-two years of age. On

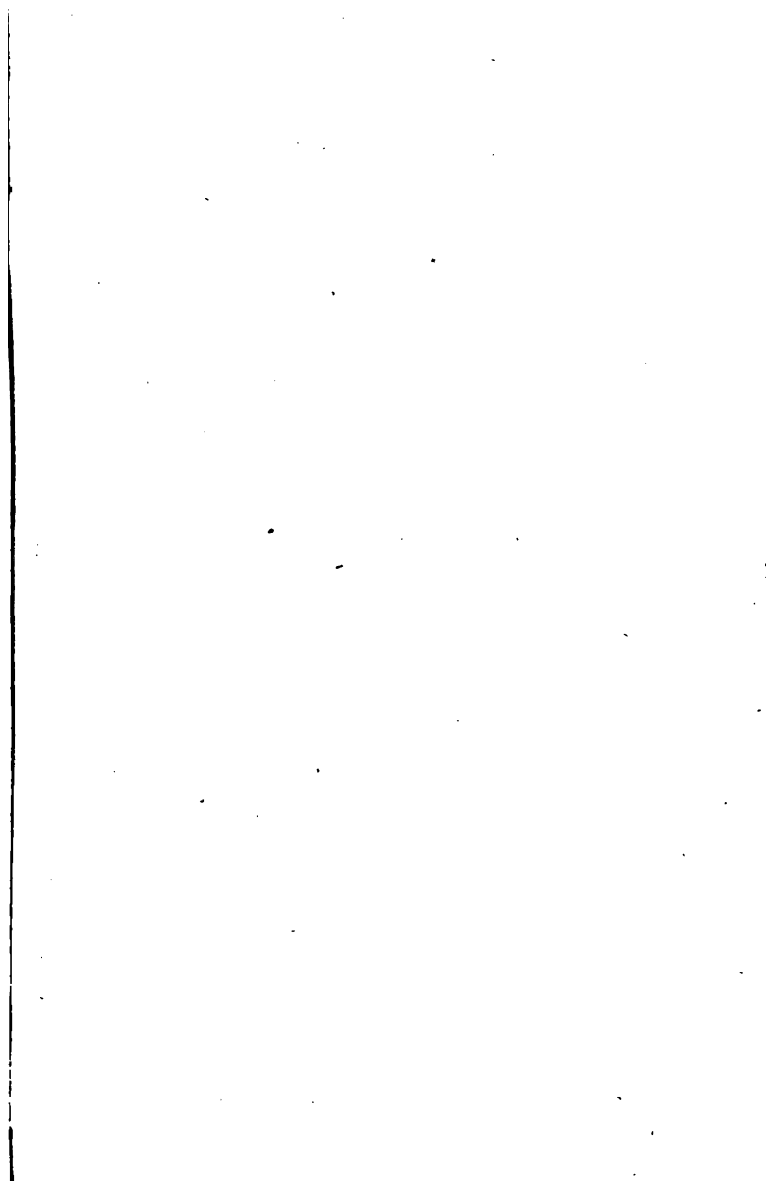
raising him, it was found that part of the breech of the gun, and about two inches of the barrel, had been driven through the frontal sinus,* at the junction of the nose and forehead. It had sunk almost perpendicularly, till the iron plate called 'the tail-pin,' by which the barrel is made fast to the stock by a screw, had descended through the palate, carrying with it the screw, one extremity of which had forced itself into the right nostril, where it was discernible externally, whilst the headed end lay in contact with his tongue. To extract the jagged mass of iron thus sunk in the ethmoidal and sphenoidal cells was found hopelessly impracticable; but, strange to tell, after the inflammation subsided, Mr. Fretz recovered rapidly, his general health was unimpaired, and he returned to his regiment with this singular appendage firmly embedded behind the bones of his face. He took his turn of duty as usual, attained the command of his company, participated in all the enjoyments of the mess-room, and died eight years afterwards, on the 1st of April, 1836, not from any consequences of this fearful wound, but from fever and inflammation brought on by other causes. So little was he apparently inconvenienced by the influence of the strange body in his palate, that he was accustomed with his finger partially to undo the screw, which, but for its extreme length, he might altogether have withdrawn. To enable this to be done, and possibly to assist by this means the extraction of the breech itself through the original orifice (which never entirely closed), an attempt was made in 1835 to take off a portion of the screw with a file, but, after having cut it three parts through, the operation was interrupted, chiefly owing to the carelessness and indifference of Captain Fretz, whose decease occurred before the attempt could be resumed. The piece of iron, on being removed after death, was found to measure two and three-quarter inches in length, and weighed two scruples more than two ounces and three-quarters. A cast of the breech and screw now forms No. 2,790 amongst the deposits in the medical museum of Chatham."

68. Much scandal was lately caused in New York by a great "sale of pews" in the church of that popular preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of the Plymouth church, New York. A certain scale of upset prices was affixed to the pews, according to their situation and comfort, and those who offered the greatest amount of premium on that price were declared their owners for a year. The sale was a scene of great excitement; extravagant sums were given for the best pews, and the amount realised was 25,000 dollars. The chapel will hold about 3000 people. The numbers who seek to enter it every Sunday are estimated at 6000, and one of the results of this mode of disposing of the pews is that 500 of the members of the church are excluded altogether. In reply to remonstrances which were made, Mr. Beecher wrote:—"A church, when it deals with material things, is subject to just the same commercial law as any other body. Buying and selling in a church are just the same as in a store. Both should be honest and equitable; and if they are, it is

all sham to talk of the church being too sacred for worldly things. Whenever a church comes to that part of its business which is secular, and requires commercial wisdom, then it must stand just like any other honest concern, subject to all the equitable laws of matter and money. The pews must be sold and taxed, or rented every year; and this must be done publicly, that all may have a chance. And if the pews are not much sought after, there will be but little trouble or complaint. But if the pews are fewer than the applicants; if ten men want seats when but one can be accommodated, how are we to select which shall have them? Shall there be a perpetual scramble? Then the strongest will get them. Shall they be rented privately? Then the alert and shrewd will get them. Shall they be rented openly and in fair competition? Then, inevitably, they must follow the commercial law, and the man who wants them most, and has the means of paying the most, must have them."

69. "The only general geological change which has taken place in Scotland since it has been inhabited by man," says a writer in the *Literary Gazette*, "is an elevation of the whole country to a height of from 15 to 30 feet above its previous level. Traces of this upheaval occur all round Scotland and its islands. From the present coast-line stretches inland in many places a strip of land representing the old sea-beach, terminated by the ancient coast-line, now a grassy bank, but retaining the general outlines impressed upon it by the action of the waves. This was only the last stage of a long course of upheaval by which Scotland was gradually raised from the icy sea which nearly covered it, during the pleistocene period; a time whose records are written chiefly in the characteristic Scottish *scurs*, or precipices of clay, enclosing boulders or masses of rock of all the earlier formations."

70. The Paris journals have recorded the following singular fact:—A physician, on his return from visiting a patient, ignited a lucifer match for the purpose of lighting his pipe. In doing this a spark fell upon his finger, stuck there, and burnt it. In an instant the pain increased to such a degree that he seized his incision knife, cut out the burnt part, and squeezed as much blood from it as he could. The pain continued to increase, and it was found necessary to amputate the finger. Some hours after, the pain seized the whole hand with great violence, and he was obliged to lose that member. But it did not end there. The arm was next seized with the same agony, and that was also obliged to be amputated. The following day the doctor died. On contemplating these circumstances the question naturally arises—Is it possible the mere burn of the phosphorus could have produced such a derangement of the system? How often has such a casualty happened without serious results? Is it not more probable that the knife, being in a foul state, may have poisoned the limb?



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